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LIFE OF MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN.

A MEMOIR

OF

MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

(PAULINE DE LA FERRONNAYS)

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY

MARIA CATHERINE BISHOP

THIRD EDITION

LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen
1896

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I ASK the indulgence of those friends of Mrs. Craven to whom her memory is dear for this imperfect sketch of her life as it was known to English people.

It is, I have reason to hope, only a prelude to an adequate French memoir, in which her large experience of European society in its various phases will be treated with the fulness it deserves, and with more ample knowledge.

By the great kindness of Mrs. Craven's niece, the Duchesse d'Ursel, and of the Comtesse François de Grünne, I have been allowed to translate parts of those private journals which, with Mrs. Craven's letters, give interest to this book.

My thanks are largely due to Miss O'Meara for her kind offices in obtaining the loan of these precious records of Mrs. Craven's inmost thoughts.

To the friends who have lent letters I offer my grateful thanks, especially to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, at whose suggestion the task of editing them was undertaken. The late Lord Emly, by his advice and approval, gave me encouragement, and I feel keen disappointment that he did not live to see the book in print.

To the Duchesse Ravaschieri, from whose Italian memoir of Mrs. Craven I have largely borrowed, my thanks are

offered; also to the Princess Sayn Wittgenstein, who so well summarizes Mrs. Craven's character in a letter to me.

To Lady Herbert, Lady Amabel Kerr, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. Fullerton, and Mr. Robert Percy ffrench I am much indebted.

To the three friends through whose hands this memoir has passed while preparing for publication, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude.

My task was a happy one. Of the numerous biographies by which the private records of society illustrate the century, few so well prove that it is possible to live in the world and yet be not of it.

Mrs. Craven's letters to her English friends were, for the most part, written in that language. The reader will see with what ease she managed it, though the style of her English letters may sometimes be wanting in the grace and fire of her native prose.

Her 'Récit d'une Sœur' reflects light on the first half of our century. Mrs. Craven's perseverance in the upward path, her unfailing faith, and hope, and charity through a long and troubled career, will bear witness to the realities of Christian life at all times.

M. C. Bishop.

White House, Tunbridge Wells,
October 27, 1894.

LIFE OF
MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

I.

In 1852, most of those living in London society and familiar with Lady Granville's and Lady Palmerston's world, with Holland House and Broadlands, Bowood and Worsley, had met Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven. Some of the people best able to judge, as, for instance, Mr. Charles and Mr. Henry Greville, could appreciate the perfectly accomplished woman of the world, the finished actress in drawing-room comedy, the woman of shrewd political instincts, the singularly well-read and cosmopolitan lady, who, as a good judge remarked, was 'the cleverest woman he ever met.' Few could have guessed that in 1852 Mrs. Craven had begun that 'Récit d'une Sœur' which is, and will remain, her title of honour throughout a wider world than her friends of that date imagined to exist, and for a long future when the gold is slowly sifted from the mixed products of human civilization. No one better than this lady of the great world has by her genius and sympathy renewed faith in the Christian conduct of life, and restored hope that in the glittering dust of European

society the forms of saints and confessors are still as present as at any time these eighteen hundred years.

Mrs. Craven in 1852 began to arrange the materials which supplied her story of family life. The portraits she drew had rare beauty, and the artist added her own distinction to theirs. She brightened their light by her own reflection of heaven. She fitted their examples for the use of pilgrims on the highway of social life. In writing of her family, it was consistent with Mrs. Craven's character and taste that mention of herself should be excluded, except when it was necessary to enhance the merits of others or to connect and explain their circumstances. But surely it may be well to point out, however imperfectly, her own well-marked footprints in the same track by which they had preceded her. The author of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur' lived for forty years beyond the date at which the story concludes. What seal was placed on the truth and consistency of that record by the witness of her own after-life? The aim of this Memoir is to show how its author herself fulfilled the ideals she had set before her readers.

Pauline Marie Armande Aglaé Ferron de la Ferronnays was born on April 12, 1808, at 36, Manchester Street, London. Her parents had emigrated during the French Revolution, and they were attached by special friendship to the Duc de Berri, and by special loyalty to his father, afterwards King Charles X. The child was baptized in the French chapel in King Street, Portman Square, and even twenty-six years later she was described at Rome in her marriage certificate as an Englishwoman. Her father, Comte Auguste Marie de la Ferronnays, was of that Breton stock which has illustrated France during the last century and a half. An ancestor of his was companion at arms of Bertrand du Guesclin, and the modern noble possessed his full share of Breton susceptibility where honour is concerned.

There is a remarkable strain of Celtic nature in some of the personages of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' They were of the race of Chateaubriand and of La Mennais, of Rio and of Renan, though with widely different records of achievement. Their gift of music, their enthusiasms, their faith in the unseen, their power of language, were distinctively Celtic, as was that vivacity which in its subtle spirituality differs so essentially from the mobility of the Gascon or the Provençal.

Mrs. Craven's mother, Marie Charlotte Albertine de Sourches de Montsoreau, was of a family that counted in its alliances many historic names, but in the pages of 'Le Récit,' as in the report of all who knew her, she had the rarer merit of being a singularly perfect wife and mother. By her were laid the foundations of the family unity and mutual affection of her children. Her courage and tact were always ready alike in the trials of the emigration, in the perhaps less manageable difficulties of the return to France with the Duc de Berri, and in the ruin of 1830. Her father and her husband's father were attached to the Prince de Condé's army; and she was married to the young La Ferronnays at Klagenfurth, in Carinthia, just before the break-up of the Royalist camp.

Of eleven children born to the La Ferronnays, four died in infancy. Charles was the eldest who survived, and Pauline was the first-born of the four sisters who live in the pages of 'Le Récit.' It is to be hoped that some day the journal of her mother during the emigration may be published. It tells of the faithful loyalty and courage with which the family bore poverty and discouragement during exile. It is possible that the personal friendship of the Duc de Berri may have hindered M. de la Ferronnays in a more independent career than that of a courtier, for he had more than sufficient ability to secure success in any.

But he and the young Prince were at least serious in their study of the somewhat dim chances of their return to France. At last the hour arrived. The Duc de Berri and his aide-de-camp, M. de la Ferronnays, landed together at Cherbourg. On the occasion of the Prince's marriage to Princess Caroline of Naples, Madame de la Ferronnays was appointed lady-in-waiting to his wife. To her mother, the Marquise de Montsoreau, was given the important office of governess to the expected children of France. Madame de Montsoreau was niece to that Duchesse de Tourzel who nobly filled the same post after the Duchesse de Polignac had resigned, during the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes and in the prison of the Temple. The Duchesse was godmother to Pauline, the subject of this Memoir.

All smiled on the La Ferronnays family when a hasty and insulting word of the Duc de Berri touched its honour to the quick. The word was struck from him in the heat of a misunderstanding touching the hesitation of the Marquise de Montsoreau, who had made a mistake in Court etiquette. She did not know whether the King's orders were to be obeyed without confirmation by the Duc de Berri in the disposal of the baby clothes prepared for his first child, who had died at birth.

The Prince offered to measure swords with his friend, but M. de la Ferronnays rightly refused a duel with the heir-presumptive to the throne. Two hours later, to the bitter annoyance of the Duc de Berri and of his father, the La Ferronnays family had left the Tuileries, where they had apartments, never to return there as residents.

During the Revolution they had lost nearly all their estate, and the indemnity provided for *émigrés* whose property had been confiscated had not yet been adjudged. To abandon his position at Court, and to mar the prospects

of his children and connections, was a serious sacrifice, but M. de la Ferronnays did not hesitate, and for months he was adrift without prospect of employment. The Duc de Berri meantime privately urged on the King the claims of the friend he had estranged. The Duc de Richelieu, then First Minister, gladly backed them, and M. de la Ferronnays was nominated Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

M. de la Ferronnays belonged to that school of Liberals in France who, though loyal to the Bourbons, did not anticipate, or even wish for, a return to the social state which was shattered in 1789. He desired reform and progress in the system of government, as much to correct Napoleon's absolutism as to satisfy the aspirations of a people at once stunned and excited by the events of the Revolution and of the Empire. He was anti-Turk and phil-Hellenic; opposed to Metternich, and equally opposed to Canning, he represented France at the Congress of Verona, and many of Mrs. Craven's sentiments in after-life are doubtless traceable to her early habits of feeling on these points. In 1827 M. de la Ferronnays returned to Paris and became Minister of Foreign Affairs by the special request of Charles X. In vain the ex-Ambassador pleaded his ignorance of France, its parties, and its general policy, which had resulted from his frequent and prolonged absences at his post in Russia. He urged his unfitness to cope with dangers he foresaw.

'If there are dangers,' exclaimed the King, 'will you refuse to share them with your friend?' Further objection became impossible, and a brilliant life at the summit of Parisian society opened to Pauline de la Ferronnays at nineteen. Any parents must have rejoiced in such a daughter; and there was no haste to exile her, by marriage, from the happy home presided over by her mother. Her intelligence had been developed by the vicissitudes of her

life. She was reared in that piety which is the inheritance of well-born girls in France, and it had been strengthened by the circumstances of her childhood. In her case the ties which bind a mother and her child together were drawn closer by the unlimited respect and the full sympathy that always existed between Madame de la Ferronnays and one who, dearly as she loved all her children, was ever her favourite daughter. It is not common to find so artistic, so enthusiastic a character as Pauline's anchored by a mother's side as she was. She threw her heart into all she had to do with—politics, religion, or social life; 'grande dame' in all, too much so to conceal her remarkable spontaneity, yet ever 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

The La Ferronnays family were at no time enervated by secure wealth. The members of it were trained to hardihood and sacrifice, and to a certain elasticity in change which gave to some among them that sense of pilgrimage on earth, and that habit of 'detachment,' which almost startles readers of 'Le Récit.' Their frequent changes of fortune did much to knit their devotion to one another. The identity of feeling and unreserve in its expression, which is so rare and touching a note in Mrs. Craven's narrative, is in some measure traceable to the pressure of circumstances which, when their story was given to the world, made the group she describes standard-bearers for the Christians of their class. But a yet larger share in the attractiveness of home to each member of it, in their several positions, is owing to the calm excellence, the tact and sympathy, of Madame de la Ferronnays. Breton ardour and spirituality, imagination and genius, were not wasted, but, under her influence, raised the members of her family to their singular beauty of Christian life.

When Pauline was first launched on the society of the

Restoration, it was in its most sparkling effervescence. Lamartine was the rising star of poetry, eclipsing all former ones. Talleyrand and Châteaubriand, in their tents, made their influence felt through the rising journalist-statesmen of that seething period. Even in religion the socialist Catholicism of La Mennais seemed to be singing the swan-song of the old order. Long-haired romanticists of the *Cénacle*, and the yet remaining spectres of the *Œil de Bœuf*, were making those strange fusions and confusions described by Stendhal and Balzac. In politics M. de la Ferronnays and his friends, Hyde de Neuville, Lainé, and Martignac, thought that the King should keep the pledges of the *Charte*, and from him, no doubt, his daughter Pauline inherited a desire that whatever was good in the Revolution of 1789 should be retained, and the legitimate rights of men be developed in the best way. The air was full of generous impulses and utopian schemes. Reconstructions were planned of all human institutions, from the Papacy to the *Maison de Molière*. With her keen sympathies, Mdlle. de la Ferronnays entered into the burning thoughts of the day. Disputes in all questions of art were especially interesting to her, for she was an artist in temperament, but of that art which always served religion as its first and final cause. Small and slight, her large dark eyes scanned her wide horizons with a certain dignified reserve until her sense of beauty, moral and material, illumined them. In them was the dominant charm of her countenance. Her smile was sweet, but it showed a hint of satire when her good sense was offended. She had beautiful teeth, perfect to the last, but in her indescribable dignity and distinction special criticism of perhaps too aquiline a nose, and too long a head for her height, disappeared. At Naples her young friends used to call hers 'il profilo del Dante'; but the charm of her expression

removed from it all the severity of the poet's face. The carriage of her head, the grace of her pose and gestures, were characteristic. Her decisive judgment in every moral question, her energy of enthusiasm for all noble thought and action, her instant appreciation of social circumstance, were qualities that sparkled on the surface of a faith, and hope, and love, too profound to be stirred by superficial excitements. To those she loved, and who knew her well, her inner and mystic life could sometimes be seen behind the veil of customary talk and every-day pains and pleasures. Never was the epithet, a 'golden voice,' better applied than to hers. Its modulations were accordant with her words—indignant, sympathetic, or severe—with changes that exactly suited her meanings. In the cosmopolitan world she lived in she only heard the best foreign idioms, and her vocabulary was enriched by her acquaintance with many tongues. Not that she confused them; but her gift as a linguist enabled her to converse with friends of such varying nationalities that her sympathies were indefinitely widened. Without conscious effort her conversation was a fine art.

A slight attack of paralysis towards the end of 1828 warned M. de la Ferronnays that he must for a time have rest, and he resigned his ministry without regret. He did not approve the Royalist drift towards the *Ordonnances* of 1830. At a later period Mrs. Craven threw the main incidents of her family's history, during 1829 and 1830, into a short narrative. Our readers will probably remember fragments of it given in 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' They are the best authority for her movements during those years, though Mrs. Craven uses them merely as an introduction to the love-story of her brother Albert and his wife.

When travelling in Northern Italy, M. de la Ferronnays was nominated as Ambassador to Rome. Mrs. Craven says:

'In January my father started for Rome, with my brother Charles and our young sister-in-law, his wife;* and I returned to Paris with our mother and Eugénie for the winter. It was only in April that we set out to rejoin my father in Rome.'

A young Breton gentleman, afterwards known to literary and æsthetic Europe as M. Rio, author of 'L'Art Chrétien,' had attached himself to M. de la Ferronnays with enthusiasm. In a semi-official post as a student of art and antiquities, he was leaving Paris for Rome at the same time as the Ambassador's family. He strikes the dominant note of that rare group so well that his first experience of it may be recorded here. M. de la Ferronnays had sent him an invitation to travel with his wife and children, with whom M. Rio had not been before acquainted. He writes:

'It was Albert who brought me the good news, and he who introduced me to his mother and sisters. They were not less pleased than I was by the prospect of a journey which was to bring us to the Eternal City. We prepared ourselves as well as we could by studies appropriate to the pleasures before us. We became daily more impatient to see the places and the objects which so worked on our imagination. After we had crossed the Alps we travelled slowly, and my companions were persuaded to stay at Pisa, that they might see the Campo Santo, and at Florence, to visit the Pitti and Uffizi galleries. We entered Rome by night, through the Piazza del Popolo. The silence was only broken by the dull roll of our wheels and the splash-

* Charles had married, in the preceding January, Emma de Lagrange, youngest daughter of General Comte de Lagrange and of Françoise de Talhouet, Comtesse de Lagrange. Her two elder sisters were already married, one to the Duc de Cadore, the other to the Duc d'Istrie.

ing of fountains; and when we had come to our journey's end, prayer seemed a greater necessity than food or sleep. Next morning our visit was paid where it was rightfully due —to the Basilica of St. Peter. The Ambassador himself took us there, and he was, as a father, glad to see traces of the emotions, for which he looked. Those who know "Le Récit d'une Sœur,"' continues M. Rio, 'may have a feeble conception of what I felt. All the personages of that drama, with the exception of her who is its heroine, were then receiving impressions, the varying depths of which were not sterile. Nothing can be imagined more unlike ordinary experience than the spontaneous and instinctive preferences of that rare company.'

M. Rio was the oldest and the most learned of the younger people, but he says that he 'received more than he gave,' and recognized how infinitely more fruitful is superiority of soul than excellence of intellect. 'The harmony between gifts of knowledge and gifts of grace was complete in that fortunate family,' he continues. On the occasion of a visit to the Catacombs, he says: 'We had asked that we should be unaccompanied by any official. Prayer and meditation were imperative necessaries to those highly-wrought souls whose levels I sought to reach. Thanks to our solitude, I witnessed a scene which attracted my attention as much as did the tombs and emblems around me. My companions passed slowly from sanctuary to sanctuary, and I tried to guess what were their prayers, that I might join in them. I almost envied the tears upon their cheeks when their bowed heads were raised from the ground. I had not shared their emotion, and as we went up the steps by which we had come down, I was sufficiently frivolous to wonder which of us could best interpret the feelings I had witnessed. Literary inexperience was rather desirable than otherwise for the task.' With earnest

promises of secrecy outside her own family, M. Rio at last persuaded Mdlle. de la Ferronnays to put some of her impressions on paper.

And so was written her first fragment of prose. It did not remain as unknown as she had intended; she wrote in her 'Reminiscences' (note, p. 173): 'Having taken up my pen in this way during one hour in 1830, I laid it down not to use it again until thirty-seven years later, when I ventured to publish the memories which belonged to that period of my life.' The Abbé Gerbet not only published the impressions Pauline had received in that visit to the Catacombs in his periodical, *L'Université Catholique*, but in 1837 incorporated it in his 'Esquisses de Rome Chrétienne.' Remarking how suggestive of beautiful thought is a visit to the ancient Christian haunts, he writes:

'This characteristic seems to me admirably stamped on the lines I am about to cite. They were written by a young Christian girl of twenty,* and they have their fitting place here. I am glad to conclude this chapter on the ancient cemeteries of the martyrs by a page which so well links modern piety to that of the earlier time.'

We give but the conclusion of Mdlle. de la Ferronnays' reflections:

'We left the Catacombs by the stair that had been used by the Christians. When I was on its steps, the different impressions I had received in succession broke on me in their fulness. The steps were the same as those the martyrs trod on their way to death. I longed to cast myself on the ground and kiss their footprints. I longed to stay and weep without stint. I felt that there I could have given utterance to the feelings with which my heart was full. Then I thought that the young girls who went up those slopes to die heroically saw me from their height in heaven,

* Pauline was twenty-two.

and prayed for me who was so little like them. I liked to think that they might perceive in my heart the thoughts I could not articulate, and that perhaps they were patrons of my prayer. I felt unworthy to place my feet where theirs had been, and yet it was inexpressibly sweet to me to follow the steps which they had gone up in quietness and joy, such as I did not feel, to the death that awaited them at the summit.

'My soul overflowed with thoughts. I could not resist the satisfaction of kissing those sacred stones before I returned to the church. When again in it, I knelt down and longed to remain there. I had felt emotions never before experienced by me. I owed them to the religion in which, happily, I was born. I felt the need of thanksgiving and of prayer to God that all my life should be an expression of my gratitude and of my love towards Him.'

II.

When Pauline wrote thus, she was at, perhaps, the brightest point of her worldly career. She had fully entered into the excitements that the society of Paris had given her. She had singular capacity for enjoyment of all the beauty and pleasure of existence under such favourable circumstances, and she had just then a full cup of pleasure at her lips. She says of the Palazzo Simonetti, then occupied by the French Embassy: 'We did not long inhabit it, but we were very happy there, and our thoughts often reverted to that time, though our short stay in Rome left slighter traces in our memory than those we received there in after-years. But what fixed that epoch in our thoughts were the events then close at hand—events which, contrary to our expecta-

tion, suddenly terminated our delightful existence, and the enjoyment of that high position of rank and fortune.

'In July we left Rome for Naples, for my father was beginning to suffer from the heat, and was ordered change of air. It had been at first settled that he was to go alone, in which case our subsequent life would probably have turned out a very different one; for if the news of the events of July had reached us at Rome, we should probably have left Italy immediately and never seen Naples at all. As it was, we had all been settled there three weeks, when tidings of the revolution of 'the three days,' July 28, 29, and 30, burst upon us like a thunderbolt.

'My father instantly sent in his resignation, and we were all going back to Rome in order to pack up our things and leave Italy altogether, when suddenly my two little sisters, Olga and Albertine, fell so ill that my mother was not able to leave them. Thus, no plans could be made for the future, and everything that had been arranged was unsettled. My sister-in-law Emma and I accompanied my father to Rome. Again after that short interval of three weeks we beheld our home in the Palazzo Simonetti, now half unfurnished and dismantled, and filled with packages lying about in sad confusion. Some fine horses and an open carriage, which had been sent from Vienna for my father, were to be sold on the morrow. We took our first and last drive in it round the walls of Rome. That evening was melancholy enough. I regretted Rome exceedingly, and, even more, the pleasant kind of life which I had led since my childhood, and which was then at an end for me. But I was not sad for long. My father had so accustomed us to the idea that the position in which we had lived and its most brilliant accessories depended on circumstances which might change any day, that when the day came I felt as if I had always expected it. I soon recovered my spirits

and my resolution to bear this reverse of fortune with firmness. I determined not to increase my father's sadness by my own. He, indeed, suffered on our account rather than on his own, and for France even more than for himself or for us.

'I returned to Naples in the beginning of September, delighted to rejoin my mother and Eugénie, whom we found established at Castellamare in a little villa which I believe had been lent to us for a time. It was not really uglier than many others, but it seemed to us very dilapidated and wretched, and a complete contrast to the home we had left. The little room which I shared with Eugénie and Emma was especially miserable, but it had so beautiful an outlook that I could not be unhappy in it. Nor were we unhappy. On the same story was a gallery quite unfurnished, but from its many windows we could see the bay and the mountains of Castellamare. We all brought our chairs and tables there, Emma, Charles, Albert and I, and we passed our mornings in reading, writing, talking, and much laughter, notwithstanding the serious forecasts for the future of which we often spoke. We could not imagine what would happen to us. We fancied that we might find ourselves in the same extreme poverty which our parents had borne during the emigration, and we made plans accordingly. Eugénie said that she could teach music, and I thought that I might be governess to very young children.'

Pauline had a special capacity for enjoyment, even in trifles. 'How I am amused!' she often exclaimed in much later life, and she had the wit, which is too rare, to lay up stores of future amusement from passing incidents. 'How I shall amuse myself by the thought of this!' was her not infrequent observation. Yet at this juncture of her life she must have been the most tried of her brothers and sisters. She knew best what her parents felt, and, fond of politics as

she was, she understood the loyal sacrifice her father had made in leaving a public career which was still open to him, and in which his patriotism would have found abundant opportunities for good, to follow the fortune of the child who was heir to the elder branch of the Bourbons. Though the words written after her visit to the Catacombs reflect her profounder feelings, Pauline de la Ferronnays was not ascetic by temperament. It was in later life that she learned, not only the bracing value, but the sweetness of self-conquest. What was distinguished and beautiful delighted her artist nature, in the details of human environment, from the fittings of a dressing-case to the treasures of the Vatican. Few people felt so vividly the charm of magnificence in furniture or gardens or costume. She liked to possess pretty things, but they were equally pleasant to her when they belonged to others. She seemed to move in ideal scenes, yet scenes of intensely human interest. In all her books her stage is spacious and well furnished. Yet her delight in splendour was but such as Catholics love to see in their churches — the appropriate dress of a resplendent personality.

The words written after her visit to the Catacombs represented her profoundest feelings. She linked, as M. Rio had observed, the faith of the Catacombs with fullest perception of every noble after-growth from its roots. Her sense of the dignities of human life made her dwell on their manifestation and setting. To the last, the author of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur' was careful that her dress should be as perfect, her drawing-room as well arranged, as she could afford. She was as sensitive to visible environment as she was faithful to the invisible realities of life.

The charm of Castellamare soothed her in her keen sense of reverse, and in her own family she found interests that compensated for her temporary social eclipse. Her brother

Albert was especially dear to her. He was nineteen, and even in feature he must have been like her. He had her large dark eyes, and they were bright with many of the same enthusiasms.

M. Rio throws supplementary light on 'Le Récit' when he describes Albert after the change in his father's position:

'A great trial and a great shock were required to reveal the treasures latent in his soul, treasures of affection, of intellect, and of pious resignation. Dating from the catastrophe which cast his family down from the highest diplomatic rank, his correspondence, which had been superficial and purposeless, became serious. He profoundly regretted his inability to help his family. He was eager to study and to work.' M. Rio proposed that he should for a time act as tutor to the young man. M. de la Ferronnays could not at that moment come to a decision, but meantime he wrote: 'The resignation and the courage with which my children submit to the sacrifices of all kinds which result from the course I pursue are at once a consolation for me and a source of pride. A family such as I have the honour to possess makes a man strong to meet misfortune. Do not, then, pity me too much.'

In their difficulties their home never became gloomy. Their own love-light kept shadows at bay, and it was Pauline's task as elder daughter and sister to think of others' happiness rather than her own. A very special devotion to her mother, as specially returned, was a principal trait in both.

'My mother, my dear mother,' she wrote, 'loved us all with great tenderness, but Eugénie was right when she declared that if in her mother's heart there was a preference, it was perhaps for me. I returned her love by a more absolute trustfulness and a warmth of affection greater than that of any other of her children.'

In following the first years of Mrs Craven's career, it is almost impossible to avoid constant reference to 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.'

Even from her narrative, in which she stands so shadowed by her humility in the background, it is clear that Pauline, in her strong vitality, had a wider range of sympathies than had her brother Albert and her sisters. Few persons have employed their powers in so many and such varying directions. Few have the imaginative faculty which she used in habitually rising above her daily pains or pleasures, very real as they were, to wider horizons, political or ecclesiastical, literary or social. She did not avoid pleasure or what is called the 'world'; in it she was gayest of the gay, but it remained subservient to her for a hundred good purposes.

It was not extraordinary that M. de la Ferronnays should find friends and help to tide over his immediate necessities, nor that his family should not for long be suffered to exile themselves from society. Instead of the solitude they had looked forward to, it was so arranged that, in January, 1831, the La Ferronnays found themselves settled for the winter in an apartment near the beautiful palace of Sir Richard Acton, on the Chiaja, of which his mother then did the honours.*

Lady Acton was an old friend of Pauline's parents, and, as she linked whatever was best of Neapolitan with English society, her circle was extremely brilliant in that brilliant time. There were a great many young people in it who danced and sang and acted on the private stage and in tableaux vivants.

* Sir Richard Acton was son of Sir John Acton, the famous minister of Ferdinand I., King of Naples. He married in 1831 a daughter of the Duc de Dalberg, and the present Lord Acton is their son.

In a note to the page of her 'Récit' in which Mrs. Craven speaks of Albert's journey to Rome with M. de Montalembert she reminds us who were those friends they were to meet there, and on how memorable an occasion. It has been said that two fragments of literature will never cease to be read—the prophecies of Isaiah and the *Avenir*. It was a daily paper, the Don Quixote of journals, of which the first number appeared on October 16, 1830, not three months after the rout of Charles X. and his reactionary Ministers.

Fed by such books as Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' by De Maistre's 'Considérations sur la France,' prepared by those discussions on the Vicomte de Bonald's system of traditional certainty, which had paved the way for La Mennais' doctrine of 'general consent' as a secure basis of faith, of all which she must at least have heard, Pauline de la Ferronnays' enthusiasm can be gauged. It would have been impossible for her ardent intelligence to have remained indifferent in the conflict between Gallican Jansenism and Ultramontane Unity.

When churches were sacked, and crosses trampled under foot, and cassocks insulted by the populace throughout France, it was evident, and perhaps most evident to those who had Christianity most at heart, that there must be a change in the ways its interests were served. We cannot doubt but that the *Avenir* was read by every member of the family at Castellamare, and perhaps most eagerly by Pauline. In its first sixteen numbers there were five articles of La Mennais, two by the Abbé Gerbet, perhaps his most intimate and attached disciple, and seven by Lacordaire. Just then Montalembert, a boy of twenty-one, was in Ireland observing the power of O'Connell over the Irish Catholics. He wrote to La Mennais offering his services in the cause of democratic Ultramontanism. It was at that

time a correct designation of the party. European nations were to be rebaptized into the pure Roman faith, which was to be infallibly expounded by the Vicar of Christ. European democracies must as a preliminary be educated. The old system of universities and State endowment must be overthrown, as had been feudalism and the Court of Versailles in 1789. There were prophets in the land, and M. de Montalembert writes of that year: 'Our generation can form no idea of the strong and generous emotions which then set hearts on fire.' Twelve months later, and just before the suppression of the *Avenir*, Lacordaire wrote to a friend: 'Though the period was short, nothing can take away the joy of the year we have spent. It will remain for ever in my thoughts as a virgin who is just dead.'

When the three active editors of the paper found their ideas challenged by ecclesiastical authority, they determined to go to Rome and submit themselves to the Supreme Pontiff. It was a unique pilgrimage. Afterwards it was said, and probably with unhappy truth, that the Abbé La Mennais meant to 'dominate Rome from the height of his obedience'; but Lacordaire and Montalembert were sincere in their appeal to the *Confirmateur infaillible*, as, three centuries before, St. Francis de Sales has described the successor of Peter.

That Albert de la Ferronnays should be admitted to the friendship of these paladins of Christian liberty was already a proof of his high qualities of intellect and enthusiasm for noble aims. It is difficult to doubt that the companionship of his sister Pauline had encouraged it.

Meantime she continued at Naples her happy social life. She is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his Diary, and she enters into the legend of Neapolitan enchantments for all who can recall the impression she and her family left even on the children of their acquaintances. In her 'Récit'

Mrs. Craven at this point devotes herself henceforward to the history of Albert's and Alexandrine's love, and leaves all other subjects in the shade, the better to enhance its marvellous beauty. We get but fragments of her correspondence with her brother; we hear no more of her iridescent life. She keeps the attention of her readers fixed on the successive tragedies interwoven in the texture of her narrative, if, indeed, suffering and death are ever really tragic, when, beyond all, is the vista of fuller life. There is, perhaps, a more pathetic interest in her own attitude as she follows her beloved to their graves with such tender care and reverence. As she portrays their beautiful souls we know how she felt herself what beauty is. A common possession of their faith and love gives that truth to her story before which incredulity retires abashed.

It is to be taken almost for granted that the readers of this Memoir know the story of Albert's passion; and few proofs of Mrs. Craven's art are stronger than the skill with which she lingers on what Sully Prudhomme rightly calls *le meilleur moment des amours*

'Où les respects sont des aveux.'

The following November M. de la Ferronnays at last consented to his son's marriage with Mdlle. d'Alopeus. He was naturally anxious about the young people's future. Albert seemed disinclined to persevere in a diplomatic career; and his enthusiasms, his ideals of life, even his close friendship with the leaders of the religious revival in France, seemed unfavourable in his father's eyes to the stability of character and purpose which M. de la Ferronnays wished for him.

We who know the sequel can see how Albert's few years of life justified and ennobled the effervescence of his boyhood. He had the martyr fever on him, the 'devotion to

something afar from the sphere of' his 'sorrow'—afar, yet sometimes within touch, with sudden vision that it only is real, and our daily round of toil and moil a dream. Echoing St. Augustine he could exclaim, 'Tout ce qui finit est si court,' and find the world wearisome 'qui n'a de grand à vous offrir que le vide.'

III.

THE winter of 1833-34 was an important one for Pauline; she was frequently in the society of her future husband, Mr. Augustus Craven, and by the growth she so well knew how to describe in the love of Albert and Alexandrine she could measure the progress of her own. For many years Mr. Keppel Craven had lived at Naples. He was the youngest son of that Margravine of Anspach who had been Lady Craven, and who has left the world an account of her career. The Margrave of Anspach had no children, and his heir presumptive was the King of Prussia. To him he ceded his sovereignty, under an arrangement by which a pension of twenty thousand florins a year was assigned to his widow. In her widowhood the Margravine lived at Naples in considerable state, and on her death she left Mr. Keppel Craven a palace on the Chiatamone, a villa at Posilippo, and a castle surrounded by forest near Salerno The post held by Mr. Keppel Craven in the household of Queen Caroline is known to all readers of Court annals during George IV.'s reign. He had been the unhappy Princess's most constant and prudent friend as well as servant. He had shielded her on many occasions from the consequences of her own recklessness in the management of her affairs. His son Augustus was born in 1806, and

much of his childhood was passed at Brandenburg House. The boy's birth remained always a mystery, and while he was the pet of his grandmother, the Margravine of Anspach, his mother's name remained unknown. While yet but a boy he was gazetted to a commission in the line, and was sent to Gibraltar to join his regiment. In 1830 he left the army and was appointed attaché to the British Legation at Naples, where society welcomed cordially the extremely handsome and accomplished young man, for his own sake not less than for his father's. Mr. Keppel Craven, the intimate friend, as well as colleague in Queen Caroline's service, of Sir William Gell, had the same taste for art and antiquities. He had gathered about him an intellectually as well as socially distinguished circle; and in it, of course, the La Ferronnays were of the first rank. It may be imagined how well suited Augustus Craven was to please Pauline de la Ferronnays, for he had her artistic sense. He loved Italy and Dante as she did, and he had been so much in very varied but very cosmopolitan society that they had a great deal in common. The circumstance which chiefly at first attracted her was his sympathy for all things Catholic, whether mediæval or modern. He was ready to respect her Church. He was a student, and he recognized the share that it could claim in the noblest Italian traditions. He was readily converted to the standards of life which he recognized in the La Ferronnays family. They were new to him, and no one better than he could appreciate the group which counted in its composition Albert and Alexandrine, Pauline and Eugénie.

Mdlle. de la Ferronnays was at the time of his courtship much occupied by hopes and fears for the 'Alberts,' as she used to call her brother and Alexandrine, and she was slow to be won. Religious differences were then more real than they are now, and Mr. Keppel Craven was violently anti-

Catholic, however socially liberal, when there was a question of his son's marriage. The difficulties seemed to deepen the affection of Pauline. It became more serious, and almost without knowing it she found herself in love. Mr. Keppel Craven threatened to disinherit his son. Augustus Craven, in reply to his father's menaces, respectfully but firmly asserted his English freedom to obey his conscience whatever might be the consequences, and his courage no doubt impressed Pauline's imagination. His father withdrew his opposition, and after some months of constraint and doubt the lovers were engaged. Mr. Keppel Craven settled on them a yearly sum equivalent to £532. It represented a capital of £17,066, which was to revert to the settler in case of his surviving the young people. Mr. Keppel Craven died in 1851, and, with other property, left his son residuary legatee as regarded his interest in this fund.

At that time no Newman had led a Tractarian movement, and the political aspects of the recent Catholic emancipation in England had roused much bitterness of feeling, particularly in the class to which Mr. Craven belonged. In the eyes of Bridgewater House, for instance, where he was a friend, the change from Anglicanism to Popery was a loss of caste. To face it was almost to destroy success in any English career.

Albert and Alexandrine were married on April 17, 1834. 'A few days later,' writes Pauline, 'we joined them at Castellamare, where they were established in a charming house. It was in the course of that summer that I was married, and the event interested the dear people around me very nearly as much as it did myself. Happy days followed that on which my marriage was finally decided. The joy of Albert and Alexandrine seemed a foretaste and a pledge of our own, while ours completed theirs. The

serious thoughts which necessarily preoccupied us during those days were also brightened by Fernand's gaiety; and Eugénie in her tender devotion and sympathy was as lively as a bird, and as bright as a sunbeam. We generally finished the evenings in Charles and Emma's room, whose cordial goodwill was all we could wish it to be. I think my father and mother had never been so fully satisfied in the love of their children, nor ever had they tasted such calm happiness as in seeing us all round them. We had reached the summit of earthly content, and it must be owned never was summit gilded with a brighter light. If ever it could be said of happiness that its brightness could not last, it might have been said of ours. It was during that time that Eugénie exclaimed, "How lovely is life! what, then, can heaven be? Is death better than all this?"'

Yet Death completes the beauty of human life, for

'The dusky strand of death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

A letter written a few days later by Albert to the Abbé Martin de Noirlieu,* says:

'I hope you have received a letter from my sister Pauline. If it has not reached you, I will repeat the news it contained. In it she told you of her approaching marriage, with which we are all pleased. It may, perhaps, seem strange that such zealous Catholics as we are should marry Protestants; but we have reason to thank God if He makes use of us to bring others to love the Church and the true faith. There is no vanity in saying this, for our share in these conversions is but very indirect, and they would have taken place without our co-operation. My future brother-in-law is a Catholic in heart, and he will be received into the Church soon after his marriage. It is only on account of the false interpretations which might be given to this act that he delays it for the present.'

* Appointed assistant tutor to the Comte de Chambord by Charles X, and later Curé of St. Louis d'Antin in Paris.

On August 24, 1834, Monsignor Porta united Augustus Craven to Pauline de la Ferronnays, in the chapel of the Acton Palace at Naples. The Protestant rite followed, and the same day they started for Rome. 'Three dates,' Mrs. Craven writes, 'mark important crises in my life. In 1830, when for the first time my parents took me with them to the Vatican, and we entered the presence of the Pope, I little knew how rare in life are the days when we are conscious of boundless happiness. I was too young to foresee the clouds that might overshadow it, but old enough to enjoy the pleasure of the day in its fulness. The effect Rome had on me during my first stay there had been, I may say, extraordinary, though I had not then sufficient experience to measure the very different elements which made up the magic of the scene. I felt it to the full as for the first time I went up the stairs of the Vatican. I seemed to walk on sun-gilt clouds. I remember that at the beginning of 1830 the word "revolution" had for me only a historical sense. The thing itself seemed as distant as the Crusades, the mediæval "truce of God," or ordeal by combat. I often wondered to myself how people could live in those days. When, four years later, I knelt at the feet of Gregory XVI., my dreams were over, and when I for the first time received from Pius IX., in his exile, another Papal benediction, I asked myself, as I still ask, if we shall ever see the end of that fatal period [of revolution], which has lasted a century. The hour of illusion which passed across my youth was as quickly over as a gleam of sun in a stormy day.'

Before they left Rome, Mrs. Craven had the joy of seeing her husband received into the Church; and in October they rejoined her family at Naples, and settled near them in an apartment of the Palazzo Serra-Capriola, on the Chiaja.

In a letter written at that time, Albert said of Mr. Craven's conversion: 'He has changed his religion, but not

the least from the motives the world ascribes. Neither my father, my mother, nor Pauline would have approved of this step, if such unworthy motives had prompted it. An act like his would be exceedingly impious, if it were not the result of thorough conviction. While I feel that the dictates of conscience are imperative when once we perceive the truth to be on one side and not on the other, so I blame and earnestly deprecate conversions based on human considerations, whether of interest or affection.'

Sir William Temple was at that time British Minister at Naples, and his young attaché was petted both by him and by his brother, Lord Palmerston. Mr. Craven's diplomatic duties were chiefly social, but no doubt both Mr. and Mrs. Craven laid then the foundation of their heartfelt sympathy with Neapolitan reformers, and meditated not in vain on their Dante's rebuke of cruelty and corruption in high places. Writers of the best class, poets and philosophers, English Whigs and Frenchmen who were believers in the Revolution of 1789, met in Mrs. Craven's drawing-room, where the air was already charged with the enthusiasms of Lacordaire and Montalembert, and of Gerbet, who had not yet entirely dissociated himself from the falling star, La Mennais. It was a delightful arena for the perpetual *Fronde* that is kept up between old and new ideas in each generation.

In 1835 the La Ferronnays circle was broken up. Mme. d'Alopeus, Alexandrine's beautiful mother, was in Russia with her new husband, Prince Lapoukhyn. Montigny, M. de La Ferronnays' property in Touraine, had been sold, and Boury, in a bleak part of Normandy, near Gisors, replaced it. It was decided that his family home should be there. After his death in 1842, Boury was resold, and to purchasers who cared little for the tastes and relics of the family. Fortunately it came many years later into the

possession of its present owners, and it is again in nearly the same condition as in 1842. The mausoleum of the La Ferronnays family is well cared for, and to the mortal remains of Albert and Alexandrine are now added those of Mr. and Mrs. Craven.

From the 'Récit d'une Sœur' we get but little information about its author, Mrs. Craven. Albert and Alexandrine but lifted a corner of the veil in which Pauline enshrouds herself, as they passed through Naples on their way from Pisa to Korsen, in the Ukraine, where Alexandrine's mother, Princess Lapoukhyn, lived with her husband in great magnificence. The sea-voyage, it was hoped, would be good for Albert, whose health gave his family uneasiness, though without definite fear of the consumption which was rapidly gaining ground. Alexandrine went with Pauline while at Naples to a party at the Duchessa San Teodoro's. It was her last amusement of that sort in Pauline's company. She mentions some slight impatience she showed to Albert, and how next day she went 'to confess her crime to Pauline, who laughed heartily.'

In 1836 Mr. Craven brought his wife to England. Albert and Alexandrine had arrived at Venice, whither he had been ordered by doctors. It was hoped that its calming air and influences might at least prolong his life. We can imagine the alternating grief and gaiety of Mrs. Craven's life while those letters of hers were written, which she has printed in 'Le Récit.'

In Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences,' published some forty years later, we see in extracts from her journal how on her arrival in London she was at once placed in the innermost temple of English society. The Cravens arrived in April, 1836, and their first visit was to Sir Thomas Hardy, then Governor of Greenwich Hospital, where they stayed a short time.

To the charming society of Bridgewater House, which included both Mr. Charles and Mr. Henry Greville, they were heartily and at once welcomed with an affection that lasted as long as its members lived. We know much of it through the Greville Memoirs. They show us as in a mirror the politics, the interests, the fashions, whether of thought or manners, which, with her readiness to reflect the best and brightest hues of her environment, Mrs. Craven made her own.

The life of Pauline at this time is a striking instance of the dual existence which was so frequently hers. Readers of 'Le Récit' will remember the letters written to and by her when Albert's life was flickering away. Every member of her family leant on her judgment, even when she was absent, and in their several griefs sought for her sympathy.

'Pray for me more than ever, my Pauline, for I pray badly,' was the frequent appeal of Alexandrine.

Again, Eugénie writes from Venice:

'My Pauline, how sad you are! but, thank God, you know how to pray. There is, after all, no sorrow without comfort; for we can always pray, and in prayer there is endless solace.'

The dying man reached Paris with his family, having been travelling by slow stages from April 10 to May 11.

Though she did not know him personally, it was to the Abbé Gerbet that Alexandrine looked for spiritual advice. The La Ferronnays had many friends among the more distinguished French clergy, and particularly of that school formed by La Mennais before his rebellion and fall. The Abbé Gerbet was the last of his disciples to forsake him, and his influence, as one who had been in happier days La Mennais' second self, largely coloured Mrs. Craven's opinions throughout her life. Gerbet had been, as it were, the master of the semi-religious house of La Chesnaie when

La Mennais was Provost. He has been called the David of that intellectually towering Saul.

The Abbé Gerbet remained a leader for many of the young men who could no longer follow La Mennais; but it was as a writer rather than as the head of a party that he was henceforth known, until, in 1854, he became Bishop of Perpignan. He was the founder, with his friend the Abbé Salinis, afterwards Bishop of Amiens, of a college which might be called a school of reconciliation between religion and science—between old and new truths; though in later life Gerbet had much to do with, if he did not actually arrange, the celebrated syllabus. The first number of his literary organ, called *L'Université Catholique*, was published in January, 1836, and there is little doubt that it influenced Alexandrine de la Ferronnays in her resolve to become a Catholic.

The Abbé Gerbet was the intimate and beloved friend of every member of Mrs. Craven's family, as of herself. In her character may be read the reflection of much in his. In the letters to her, of which we have cited fragments, we see the undercurrent of her life, on which floated so much social distinction. The combination is, perhaps, less rare than persons who only look at the surface of life may suppose, and the Abbé Gerbet was eminently calculated to prove once again 'how beautiful are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace.' Sainte-Beuve devotes to him one of his most sympathetic articles, and describes Gerbet's part in what was tenable and good of La Mennais' social theories. Whatever may be said of the doctrine that 'general consent' is a sufficient and only true basis for theological dogma, common-sense is certainly one of the many foundation-stones of the Christian faith. The Abbé Gerbet, however, did not confine his labours for religion to seconding the 'new Tertullian.' In 1829 he had published

a work which purposed to prove the continuity of the Eucharistic sacrifice from remote antiquity. It eloquently supported the conception of an ever-present God, with whom communion is possible if not obligatory; and in its pages are some noble thoughts quoted by Sainte-Beuve for their beauty, and by Mrs. Craven for their truth, in 'Le Récit.' If Gerbet had not been beforehand with her, she herself might have written: 'The Christian revelation is, when taken altogether, a great alms bestowed on a great poverty.' 'Prayer is the confession of an indigence that has not lost hope.' 'The Gospel has revolutionized the human soul. It has reversed the action of the two emotions, between which it is swayed in turn. Love has replaced Fear in governing men's hearts.' Of Gerbet it might be said even more truly than of Lacordaire, 'Fort comme le diamant, plus tendre qu'une mère'—words used by the great Dominican himself to describe what a priest should be. Gerbet's remedy for the rents of Christian Society, and the apparent decline in Christian faith and sentiment after the events of 1789, was not to reverse the tendencies of human progress, but to sanctify them by 'procuring the presence of God,' and by evangelizing both rich and poor. Both his and Lacordaire's mission, though they did not follow exactly parallel lines, was, as they believed, to prepare and soften souls for seeds of faith, rather than to scatter broadcast by authority the conclusions which, after all, are, many of them, unauthorized by the Church.

Gerbet's treatise on the Eucharist is a contribution to that Divine unction which calms the troubled sea of egotism. If much has been here said of him, it is because it is his influence which largely coloured Mrs. Craven's opinions, though she has said little of what they were in the story of that time in her life.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven were not in Paris at the time of Albert's death.

'It is only now, as I look over those papers and letters,' writes Mrs. Craven when preparing them for publication, 'that I am able to discern the consolation and, if I may so speak, the hidden meaning of that absence, which at the time materially added to my sorrow. In consequence of my absence, my sisters wrote me full accounts of all that followed, as they had written of all that preceded my arrival. Had I been present, those letters would not have been written, nor would their journals have been so scrupulously kept, for it was partly for my sake that everything was so minutely recorded. I should have been obliged to have trusted to my troubled memory for a record of those solemn days. It would have but confusedly retraced the details of that time, though the impression left on me is ineffaceable. The effect of what I saw and heard, the impression I received from the change that love and faith had wrought in Alexandrine, and from the manner in which Eugénie shared that love and faith, were strange and unexpected. It was the first time that I had come in close contact with sorrow and death. Humanly speaking, it was impossible to witness a more heart-breaking scene, yet it left that strange impression of which I write. It suggested a happiness compared with which the pleasures of those whom I was about to rejoin in England seemed illusions. Eugénie and Alexandrine were lifted above the world during those sad days, and, as the Abbé Gerbet said, "it appeared as if the veil which separates the visible from the invisible world had become transparent."'

Duty brought for Pauline then, as so often in her after-life, some of those spiritual experiences which were to her as draughts of water to a tired wayfarer. To leave her family at that juncture was sharp pain to her. To return

to London in June must have taxed even her high courage, for by doing so she lost the marvellous scene described by the Abbé Gerbet and quoted by Sainte-Beuve.*

Ten days after that divine mingling of earth and heaven, a new life, built on the foundations and fragments of their former one, began for the bereaved family at Boury. For his parents, not less than for his wife and sisters, Albert's death had made a greater gap than six years before could have seemed possible, and yet it was not a gap so much as the disappearance of a star in the light of the sun.

IV.

Mr. Craven had been appointed paid attaché at Lisbon, and Pauline writes:

'Three months had passed since Albert's death, and I had not since seen my family. There had been at one time a question of my husband's sudden departure for Portugal, and in that case I must have made up my mind to leave England without first going to Boury. I must have given up seeing my family, even after such a separation as ours had been, and must have prepared for a longer and more complete absence which would last for an indefinite time, and place a great distance between us.

'This pain was, however, spared me, and on October 10, 1836, at about eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Boury, which we had left the preceding April.'

Mrs. Craven's stay at Boury was touching its close, when Mr. Craven received orders to sail for Lisbon by the boat which left London on November 30, 1836. They were

* It is remarkable that Sainte-Beuve devoted no specia review to the yet finer report of that night in 'Le Récit.'

obliged to start the same day. 'I find in my journal,' she writes, 'all the distressing circumstances of those days. The grief of my father, who could not let me go, and who wished to detain me that he might later on take me himself to Lisbon; the perplexity of my husband; the courage of my mother, who strengthened my determination to leave with him, and not give way to my father's wish; the sadness of my sisters; the consolations and exhortations of the Abbé Gerbet; our last prayer all together in the chapel at eleven o'clock in the evening; our departure amidst so many sad and depressing circumstances; and, finally, the storm which, after we had hurried away from Boury, kept us at Boulogne unable to cross the Channel for eleven days.'

Those were the days of Pedrists and Miguelites. It was not an idle time for Lisbon diplomatists, and, as we have seen, Mr. Craven, with his wife, was summoned to his post in haste; they were delayed, however, in their departure from London until November 28, 1836.

The income of Mr. and Mrs. Craven was not large at that time, but wherever they were they chose the loveliest environment they could attain. On June 1, 1837, Mrs. Craven writes to her sisters from Cintra:

'We are here since the day before yesterday, and settled in our cottage. The view from it enchants me, and I hope I may be the better for it. Everything in the said cottage is rustic in its simplicity. It is impossible to imagine anything more rural, but the view is still more lovely than at Lisbon.'

In the spring of 1838, Mrs. Craven was recalled to Boury by the marriage of Eugénie to Count Adrien de Mun.

Eugénie's marriage was celebrated on March 20, and on April 28 Mrs. Craven had started again for Lisbon. Again began that beautiful series of letters which seem written from another world than ours. Before Pauline's return with Mr. Craven, who had been appointed attaché to the

British Legation at Brussels, where our Minister was then Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, Eugénie could greet her with the boy in her arms, who grew up to be only less distinguished in the Catholic ranks of modern France than his younger brother, Count Albert de Mun. Unformulated anxieties about Eugénie's health floated in Mrs. Craven's mind before long, but it was not until after the birth of another boy that they took shape. By her doctor's orders, Mme. de Mun was taken by her husband to Lucca for a change. There she found her parents, and she seemed for a time better, but Mrs. Craven never saw her again.

While Mrs. Craven was absorbed in her painful anxiety about Eugénie, came the unexpected news of her father's death at Rome on January 17, 1842.

It almost seemed as if her father's death had been a tonic to Eugénie. She had been suffering from a trial not unknown to the saintliest souls. Eugénie, who in 1836 had written those pages worthy, Montalembert declared, of Suso,* the mystic of the fourteenth century, felt natural recoil from death. She died bravely, however, at Palermo the day after her arrival.

It was not strange that, as soon as might be, Mme. de la Ferronnays sought a home with Mr. and Mrs. Craven at Brussels, and soon afterwards 'Madame Albert' joined them here. On account of their deep mourning and seclusion, the fragments of the stricken family went to Blankenburg, then hardly known, for a summer change. With a sudden and unforeseen shock Mrs. Craven noticed a change in her sister Olga's looks, and perceived that she was soon to follow Eugénie. They hurried to Brussels for advice, but consumption can seldom be arrested, and in five

* Henry Suso, born in 1300, died in 1365; a Dominican. His chief work is a dialogue between Divine Wisdom, or Jesus Christ, and His disciple.

months the tall, fair girl died in as perfect peace and joy as had Albert her brother. The last words on her lips were, 'Je crois, j'aime, j'espère, je me repens'—words that became as a refrain on the mouths of her remaining relations; words repeated by her mother at the moment of her death, and often present with Mrs. Craven in her long after-years of memory.

In December, 1843, Mr. Craven was appointed Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart, under Sir Alexander Malet, accredited to Wurtemburg and Baden as Minister by the British Government, and in 1844 Mr. and Mrs. Craven established themselves in Germany. Some of their time was spent at Carlsruhe, but the greater part at Baden. There, in 1845, Mme. Albert de la Ferronnays spent part of the summer with them, and Pauline records the eagerness of Alexandrine's upward course, and the change in her way of estimating society. In her first widowhood she had naturally shunned it, but now she had become entirely indifferent to the charm of it, which once she had strongly felt. In writing to Pauline, she says: 'I see my Paula as she travels, collecting honey from every flower;' doubtless in her clear vision, so rapidly cleared of late years, she had perceived that her old comrade suffered from sensitive anxiety, more severely than was good for her spiritual welfare. 'God is not in the earthquake,' she wrote. 'That text was a constant saying of our Eugénie. I have not the calm I preach, but I am resolved to conquer it by the sweat of my brow; for I am convinced, as St. Francis de Sales said he was, that anxiety is the worst of all evils except sin.'

Again, in 1846, Alexandrine visited Mr. and Mrs. Craven in Germany. In 1847 Mr. Craven was for some months private secretary to Lord Normanby in Paris, and in that summer, on July 13, occurred that scene at Boury which Mrs. Craven describes at p. 391, vol. ii., of 'Le Récit d'une

Sœur.' It has the light on it of another world, the light which shone at Ostia on St. Augustine and his mother, Monica, and which Ary Scheffer has painted with at least a suggestion of its intense and passionate mysticism. As the passage remains, a monument of genius winged to highest flight by faith, it was written down next day in Mrs. Craven's journal. It is subjoined for readers not already acquainted with it:

'The eve of my departure from Boury, July 13, 1847, we went to the cemetery, as usual, to pray by the side of our two dear graves. Alexandrine knelt on the stone which covers both Albert's tomb and the resting-place which, for the last twelve years, had been marked out for her; while I knelt near Olga's grave. It was a warm and lovely evening. When we left the cemetery, we chose the longest way home, and walked slowly back. It was natural that on that beautiful evening, after our visit to the churchyard, and alone with me, Alexandrine should dwell on the thoughts always uppermost in her mind. For my part I liked better than anything else to hear her speak of God and her own soul, and lost no opportunity in drawing out her thoughts, for they always did me so much good.

'As we left a cornfield, and came upon the road leading to the house, I stood still a moment to look at the sky, where the sun was setting in the midst of so radiant a glory that the whole dreary landscape looked beautiful in its light. I said to Alexandrine, "I love the time of sunset." "I do not," she replied; "since my troubles"—an expression she very seldom used—"since my troubles the sunset has had a mournful effect upon me. It ushers in the night, and I do not like the night-time. I like the morning and the time of spring, for these are what most typify to me the realities of eternal life. Night is the symbol of darkness and sin; evening makes me think that everything draws to

an end, and both of these are sad. But the morning and the spring remind me that everything will wake up and be born again. That is what I love."

'We walked on, and just as we had passed through the gate, she said, "Try and throw yourself into the thought that everything that gives us such pleasure on earth is absolutely nothing but a shadow, and that the reality of it all is in heaven. After all, is not to love—to love the sweetest thing on earth? Is it not, then, easy to believe that to love *Love itself* must be the perfection of all sweetness? And to love Jesus Christ is nothing else when we learn to love Him absolutely as we love on earth. I should never have been comforted if I had not learnt that that kind of love really exists and lasts for ever."

'We sat down on a bench, still conversing. A little while after Alexandrine got up to gather a spray of jessamine which clothed the wall. She gave me the spray, and then stood before me with a little sprig of it in her hand, continuing the conversation. I had said to her, "It is a great blessing that you can love God in that way." She answered me in words, and with an expression and bearing which must always remain imprinted on my mind: "Oh, Pauline, how can I help loving God? How can I help being carried away when I think of Him? How can I even have any merit in it like the merit of faith, when I think of the miracle which He has wrought in my soul; when I feel that after having so loved and so ardently desired this world's happiness, after having possessed it and lost it, and been drowned in the very depths of despair, my soul is now transformed, and so full of happiness that all I have ever known or imagined is nothing—absolutely *nothing*—in comparison?"

'Surprised to hear her speak in this way, I said, "But if life with Albert, such as you dreamed, were placed before

you, and it were promised you for a length of years——' She answered without the least hesitation, "*I would not take it back.*" '

In after-years, among many traits of the family, Mr. Craven related how once again the fleeting shadow of their old friend, La Mennais, appeared among them. Alexandrine came in one day as Mr. and Mrs. Craven were sitting at breakfast in Paris, and said: 'You know that family which I have been trying to help? Who do you think it was told the sisters of the Rue du Bac about them? M. de la Mennais.'

'Struck by this,' Mr. Craven added, 'I went to see La Mennais, and told him that the person who had helped the family in which he was interested was Albert's widow. The tide of bygone thought swept back upon him, and the old man cried like a child.'

Alexandrine reached the goal of her life in the following February. Pauline was reserved for a larger field, and a different kind of activity. In the November of the year in which Alexandrine died, Mme. de la Ferronnays, who was with Mr. and Mrs. Craven at Baden, finished her course with the gentle charity, the steadfast and completed faith, and the calm hope, of a saint such as we may imagine those to be who have lived many years in, yet not of, the world.

To many Mme. de la Ferronnays endears herself as the most perfect figure in Mrs. Craven's incomparable group. Loving and patient, she reaped her harvest, for of whom could it more truly have been said than of her and her *santi*:

> 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy:
> Going they went and wept, casting their seeds;
> But coming they shall come with joyfulness,
> Carrying their sheaves'?

V.

What befell Pauline when her life was thus swept by sorrow, as a garden is swept by repeated storms? She was not forgetful, nor unfeeling, nor frivolous. What befell her?

It has been said before that for a Christian there is no tragedy, for there is no death; and certainly no death for those she mourned. She suffered most grievously, but however self-contained was the life she led henceforth in the dear company of her saints, she was no egotist. Faithful to God's will as she was, and most practically Christian in her wise estimates of external things, Mrs. Craven turned to the duties of her life, and to its pleasures as they came to her in God's providence. Yet there was henceforward somewhat of firmer and freer purpose in her use of circumstance. She had henceforth 'ce quelque chose d'achevé que donne le malheur.'

Those who saw most of her in society after her losses, but particularly at that time, remember how seldom she spoke of her private and personal experiences. It is only from her journals that any true estimate can be formed of the steady current of her spiritual life through all changes and chances of circumstance. She and Mr. Craven were in England in 1849, and England was familiar and dear to her from the time of her marriage. She took naturally eager, though not very hopeful, interest in the Tractarian movement. Few by their cosmopolitan experience could better measure the various values of the English effort to restore Catholic Christianity to the Anglican Establishment. Few welcomed with sincerer appreciation the men who passed their Rubicon and reached Rome.

English society had always been open to Mrs. Craven, but especially the chief Whig houses. In them, perhaps,

little interest was felt about spiritual reactions except as they affected politics, and gave trouble in Oxford elections or in the nomination of bishops. But nothing in English affairs so interested Mrs. Craven, and whatever her predilection for what she called her three fatherlands, France, Italy, and England, she was in the first place a most ardent Catholic. Her appreciation of English life and its traditions, her delight in the characteristics of our island, are all the more valuable. Even in those years of 'No Popery' clamour, Durham letters, and sad turmoil in the brains of the Protestant middle class, her opinion was enthusiastically favourable. When just come from Naples in 1851, she could admire English sunshine. 'It is even magnificently lavished on the green country,' she writes, 'and when the sun is kind, it may be said that he finds it dressed and adorned as a queen to receive his glances. The meadows, the noble trees, the flowers as they climb on the walls and sparkle in the gardens, which are cultivated and cared for by people of every rank, shine with a cheerful brightness. In spite of their uniformity, which results from the general taste for order and cleanliness, the buildings are in a certain sense picturesque. The sun's visits, being rarer than in the South, are marred by as little dirt or ugliness or disorder as may be.' She thought English society not only the most cheerful, but the most amusing with which she was acquainted, because of the independence and originality of individual character among its various personages.

The official, political, and literary element mixed with what is called 'the world' as in no other country. Only very dull people could, she thought, be bored in English houses of the best class. No doubt she carried light enough of her own to brighten the places she visited, but Broadlands, presided over by Lord and Lady Palmerston; Worsley, by the first Lord Ellesmere and his wife; Alden-

ham, with Lady Granville as hostess, were very favourable samples of English country-houses.

The volume of extracts from her Journal entitled 'Reminiscences,' published in 1879, has not been translated, and a literary portrait of Lord Palmerston contained in it may fitly act as an example both of Mrs. Craven's good judgment and her facilities of judging. It was written later, but it may well precede a sketch of her English life. After a visit at Broadlands, she writes: 'Lord Palmerston has been extremely kind and cordial to us during this visit. I have talked with him very often, and always found him the same —that is, quite other than his reputation. I should be almost tempted to say, above it, but he seems unlike it rather than unequal to it.

'He is not a great party leader, as his friends represent him to be, and as the position he holds would indicate; neither is he the evil genius which the greater part of Europe will have him to be. In fact, he is in no way a genius, and he is nothing great. His nearest approach to greatness is in his imperturbable good temper, which remains unshadowed whether he is in or out of office, beaten or triumphant, violently attacked or unduly praised. He is always the same, always ready to do justice to his adversaries, never embittered against them, never even impatient. In 1852 I was at Broadlands at the time when he resigned office under Lord John Russell's Government. I saw no traces of resentment in him; he did not say a word of recrimination or bitterness, nor did he assume affected moderation. The only perceptible difference appeared in a greater elasticity of spirits in his conversation. He was less reserved and more playful, and gave more time to society.'

Mrs. Craven, notwithstanding their friendship, could see in Lord Palmerston how some qualities, popular in his own country, were mischievous abroad—'some, indeed, dangerous

in contact with strangers. His indifference to general opinion seems contempt for it; his taste for liberty gains for him the accusation of being revolutionary. He does not write exactly as he speaks, and it is singular that fewer rash words escape him in the heat of speech than in a despatch written at leisure. In short, he is, in England, generally master of his hearers, because he knows them so well, while his ignorance about foreigners is extreme, and his tolerant spirit towards his fellow-countrymen becomes coloured by the strangest prejudices when he has to do with other people. That explains some of his mistakes and the dislike felt for him outside his own country, and yet this dislike is unjust. Notwithstanding his misconceptions, nothing is less true than that he has the wish attributed to him to revolutionize Europe for the benefit of England. He loves justice as sincerely as he hates oppression. He thinks it is for the interest of all nations that they should be governed as well as possible. He has the right to think that the political experiences of his country have been fortunate, but he is wrong not to see that elsewhere the risks of English methods might be greater than their advantages, and that though it is easy to mimic English institutions, it is not easy to imitate them. In short, he is often mistaken, but so are many people about him.'

From conversations about the recent *coup d'état* to the new novel, 'Never too Late to Mend,' from Italian prisons to Irish poverty, there was much to be discussed between Mrs. Craven and her host. Only on one occasion at Broadlands does she note that the subject of religion was seriously touched, and that was in a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Charles Greville, who seemed more than her other acquaintances at that time to have perceived the depth of her religious convictions. 'How happy are those who have a true faith!' he exclaimed at the end of their conversation. 'If

it could be bought with gold, what sum would not be given for it?'

The subject of 'Never too Late to Mend,' Mr. Reade's popular novel, was then in most English minds, and the injustice possible in an English prison naturally led to Lord Palmerston's criticisms on the prisons of Naples, and the various influences of Bourbon management. Mrs. Craven was too just and true to dispute the faults of the Neapolitan Government. She had shrewd foresight in political matters; for, find fault as we may with passing events, principles founded on the moral law always survive error. Whatever may be our bondage to *faits accomplis*, if they do not at least tend towards promoting human ideals, the day will come for their reversal. No loyalty to persons could confuse Mrs. Craven's consistent justice and logical conclusions. She was not often nor for long mistaken in her approval or disapproval of the agents and means by which her ideals could be advanced. Whatever and whoever they were, she could not excuse crookedness in their methods. To condone evil because to condemn it was imprudent was cowardice she could not easily endure. The reader can imagine how often the straightforward vehemence of her political opinions seemed exaggerated. It is always a question if virtue can be exaggerated when it is accompanied by knowledge and good sense, but few felt more passionate enthusiasm for good causes than did Mrs. Craven, yet few had a clearer perception of the ruin that might overtake them. If anything affected her toleration, it was violence or bigotry of opinion; and this liberty of a spirit at anchor often perplexed those who knew her vehemence of emotion if that anchor itself were in question, while personally she could swing with a free soul in the tides and currents of this shifting world. She was a brilliant member of the Broadlands society, meeting there,

as on neutral ground, the chief diplomatists and European leaders whom she could not have known in her own Faubourg St. Germain.

It was, however, in the religious revival of the years between 1845 and 1855 that Mrs. Craven found an interest more profound than any in the most agreeable political or social world. Among her acquaintances she heard much of Papal aggression, as it appeared to Lord John Russell and the mass of Britons. She heard nothing of it at Broadlands; once Catholics had been emancipated, Lord Palmerston thought little more about them. For the rest, he was as indifferent to the influences of Catholicism as Mr. Gladstone was earnestly conscious of their power. To Mrs. Craven the creation of the Roman hierarchy and its reception were not matters of such deep concern as might have been expected. A change was involved, no doubt, in the action of Rome, but to her the missive entrusted to Cardinal Wiseman, and dated from the Flaminian Gate, was but a historical incident.

The attack made by Mr. Drummond in the House of Commons on the whole system of conventual life as it was being revived in England was one of the events of the anti-Catholic campaign. It is easy to imagine the righteous indignation of Mrs. Craven, as she drove by walls placarded with the vulgarest expressions of Mr. Drummond's speech. She was just then in a circle of friends well able to support her zeal. She notes one day (and there were many such days in 1851), that when breakfasting at Mr. Monsell's,*

* William Monsell of Tervoe, county Limerick. He represented the county Limerick in Parliament from 1847 to 1873; was Clerk of the Ordnance from 1852 to 1857, and President of the Board of Health 1857-58. In 1866 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, from 1868 to 1870 was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and held the office of

afterwards Lord Emly, she met Dr. Döllinger, Dr. Manning (who was received into the Catholic Church in April of the same year), Père de Ravignan, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. In such company the spark was quickly kindled. The day after Mr. Drummond's speech she wrote her protest, 'comme malgré moi'; fifty copies were printed and immediately passed through many hands. 'I received from several important members of Parliament,' she writes, 'the assurance of their regret, which was in itself a reparation.' Her pamphlet was prefaced by the motto from Massillon: 'We do not long keep within the limits of truth when we step beyond those of charity.'

Besides her appeal against the cowardice of such attacks in the House of Commons, the pamphlet ends with burning words of rebuke to those who repeat Iscariot's words, 'Wherefore this waste?' when they condemn sacrifice of our best to God; and to those who deny the possibility of that enthusiasm which finds in the love of God the best and the abiding spur towards the love of men, and which deems intercession the best relief for our inadequacy to meet the destroying forces of evil. The eloquent defence, and the attack involved in that defence, must have startled the acquaintances who had chiefly considered Mrs. Craven in the light not of a confessor for the faith, but of a charming and versatile woman of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven were recalled to Naples in 1851 by the increasing infirmities of Mr. Keppel Craven, and very different feelings were aroused by Neapolitan misgovernment from any that English mistakes could excite. In April of the same year Mr. Gladstone's letter to Lord Aberdeen on the State prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government struck a note which caused all Europe to

Postmaster General from 1870 to 1873. He was created Lord Emly in 1874, and died on April 20, 1894.

vibrate. If there had not been great tension of spirits after the events of 1848, it were hard to understand that a pamphlet, some facts in which were hastily advanced without sufficient evidence, should have acted, to use Mazzini's words, as a 'trumpet-call' to revolution. Italians are better judges now of the advantages gained by the ebullition of 1850 to 1860, and perhaps have yet to learn that English constitutional methods are certainly the best for the rapid logic and subtle intelligences, but very differing temperaments, of Lombard and Sicilian, Piedmontese and Tuscan. Meantime an irritating and cruel form of Bourbon government obtained at Naples. None of the parties to the patched-up royalty of 1848 were probably sincere, but whatever secret treachery to the promises and oaths made then might have existed among the revolutionists, the acts of oppression by the Government, and its violation of every pledge, were flagrant. The system has been called 'a negation of God,' and, though for very different reasons, Mrs. Craven felt as strongly the treason to the Catholic faith it professed, as Mr. Gladstone did its treason to those common rights of human law which it did not pretend to respect. Again, for a different series of reasons, it suited Lord Palmerston to follow up his patronage of Louis Napoleon by 'flouts' to the elder empires and royalties of Europe. Mrs. Craven suffered keen pain because of the truths told of that *ancien régime* which was by tradition dear to her. Pity for Poerio, who was a friend of her husband, but above all the indignation she felt, as one of those who most dearly cherish an ideal when that ideal is dragged through the mire, were profoundly roused in her; but at no time was her wrath other than the wrath which drove the money-changers out of the Temple. It is impossible to draw the line too clearly between Mrs. Craven's thirst for justice, and the greater honour of God among

men, and the foreign politics of her English friends. For the envious and dangerous class of Liberals, followers of Rousseau's faith that man is born good, and that all his evils come of the form of social contract under which he is governed, she had nothing but orthodox detestation.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven were welcomed back to Naples with all the effusiveness of its society, then specially brilliant, if with a dying light. Naples had been the scene where Pauline had spent her happiest days, or, at least, those years of sanguine hope and young delight in her beautiful world, before death had swept away the best-loved of her family, and before she had learned what it was to 'suffer pain with gladness' in the example of Alexandrine. She found an exceptionally pleasant group of younger women, who listened to her talk and appreciated it responsively. Just when Mr. and Mrs. Craven, whose reputation for amateur acting was yet fresh in Naples, arrived, the Duchesse Ravaschieri was preparing to appear for the first time in a French comedy. She had heard of the admirable performance of Pauline, Eugénie, Charles and Fernand de la Ferronnays at the Acton Palace some nine years before, and she dreaded the critical judgment of Mrs. Craven, who was among the spectators.

'I did not know,' writes the Duchesse, 'as I knew afterwards, what violence that dearest of women did to her feelings that she might keep back her tears and hide the strain on her sad heart that evening. She was, as always, resolved not to give way to pain of memory when there was a question of pleasing her husband by joining the gaieties he enjoyed, and into which she could generally enter buoyantly.' Mr. Keppel Craven also wished that she should be a leader in his society, which included all the more distinguished travellers and men of science and art who visited Naples; her smile and courtesy concealed her emotion as she

cordially accepted the greeting of her old friends. Her kindness to the young Duchesse, who relates the scene, at once removed fear of criticism. 'Her voice left a sense of infinite sweetness on my ear,' she records.

Two days later the Duchesse Ravaschieri found Mrs. Craven in the hotel where she was staying, 'surrounded, as was her English custom, by books and flowers and miniatures, and reading a volume by the fireside. By daylight she looked thinner, her features more defined than when I had last seen her. The lines marked on her face by grief rather than by time did not alter her chief attraction, the charm of high breeding and intellect which is so often preferable to mere youthful beauty.

'I asked for news of Albertine, who had been my friend when we were children, and whom I had not seen for so long. Mrs. Craven's voice and the expression of her face changed as she told me that now she had no other sister living. There followed a long silence, which in itself told me that her life for the last ten years had been full of pain. I looked at her with a sense of limitless pity and veneration, and when with an effort she spoke again, there was in her eyes that far-away light which illuminates all eyes that look towards heaven.'

Mr. Keppel Craven had never cordially forgiven his son's abjuration of Protestantism, nor that his wife was Catholic. Both suffered keenly from his refusal that they should stay and nurse him in his serious illness. As he would not have it so, both felt it best to return to England, where, at least, there was a phantom of work, and of advance in his profession, for Mr. Craven. The influences which at first had pushed him on in his career seemed to have deserted him. His scholarship and intelligence, both of a high order; his knowledge of languages, not then as common as now; his social talents, had not profited him as they ought to have

done, and as he and his wife legitimately expected they would. She wished that he should find exercise for his considerable gifts. He was often despondent because of his want of success in his profession.

In June, 1851, Mr. Keppel Craven died at Naples. A considerable part of the fortune he had inherited from the Margravine of Anspach was left to his son, and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven were able to take a house in Berkeley Square, and to indulge hopes that, if not as a diplomatist, Mr. Craven could take an independent part in politics, about which he and his wife felt the keenest interest. In November of that year he resigned his diplomatic post in Germany.

In the summer of 1852 was the General Election, in which the cry of 'No Popery' was much heard. His Whig friends were ready to gratify Mr. Craven's wish (even more strongly felt by Mrs. Craven) that he should enter Parliament. There could be no question of a seat for him in any English constituency, but there seemed a fair prospect of his return if he stood for the county of Dublin in the Whig interest. Mrs. Craven threw herself into the affair with zeal that yet could not be called ambition.

'I should be perfectly happy,' she wrote, 'if I could see Augustus in harness and at work. He does not know how to live in idleness; he is going into the great electoral struggle, and his triumph will be my repose.'

She herself went to Dublin and was in the best spirits, for her husband's prospects were, she was assured, excellent, and her pleasant thoughts made her even praise her passage from Holyhead, and describe St. George's Channel as a Neapolitan sea. We have no record of her return. The defeat of Mr. Craven was absolute. The great Whig proprietors, who had promised him their support, underrated the unpopularity of their party, and were swept aside by the

national wave which met the 'No Popery' insults of the previous year. The election cost Mr. Craven many thousand pounds, and his diplomatic career, which he had thrown up in too sanguine hope of a seat. When Mrs. Craven heard of the large majority against her husband, she burst into tears, for his defeat meant more to him and to her than a casual incident or a mere Parliamentary check. Mr. Monsell, who was there, could not help remarking that Southern nerves were hardly suited for the machinery of constitutional government, but none present imagined how eagerly she had hoped for her husband's success, and the results she had anticipated from it.

It seemed as if their English ties were loosened by this event, and that as Mr. Craven was not to find employment at home, he and his wife might permanently establish themselves at Naples. He cherished a hope that he might be appointed Secretary to the Legation at Naples, which increased their wish to settle there. First they paid a farewell visit to Worsley, and Mrs. Craven wrote to the Duchesse Ravaschieri on September 4, 1852 :

'I live between two opposing currents of desire. One leads us towards your sky—your Naples ; I feel for it that painful craving, to express which the Germans have invented a special word. On the other side, I feel a new delight in the North, and its healthy and serious life, which at this moment appears more in harmony with my tastes. Before our disastrous defeat it seemed to me that God had wisely decided my life, giving my youth to Italy, and the succeeding years to England. But since this country, which I love so dearly, will not have us, it is well that I should go back to my first love, and return to the shore of Chiatamone, which smiles to me in all its splendour.'

On September 28 Mrs. Craven wrote from Amiens to Mr. Monsell :

'From Worsley to Amiens ! A greater contrast can hardly be conceived ! I came on here with only the interval of a few

days' stay in London, on my way to pay a visit to my dear good Abbé Gerbet, whom I had not seen for twelve years ; and on Wednesday I am to meet Augustus at my brother's (in the country near Gisors), where we intend to spend some days, and then go on to Paris for a month ; and then our present intention is still to return to England about the beginning of November, by which time we are happy to think that we shall find you in London.

'I cannot say how delightful it is to me to find myself once more talking and listening to the Abbé Gerbet. The good Bishop* was anxious that I should take up my abode at the Eveché, which I refused ; but I spend the whole day there.'

A yet more important event to Mrs. Craven's inner life that year than the loss or gain of an election was a closer friendship than before with Mme. Swetchine. Most of our readers will know, at least, the name of the distinguished Russian convert, who so identified herself with France that her salon became the meeting-place of those among its sons who carried highest the standard of religion in the remarkable society that grew out of the desolations of the Revolution and the Empire. Sophie Soymonoff was born in 1782, and was therefore twenty-six years older than Mrs. Craven. Her knowledge and experience were of value to Pauline, who had for her the same devotion as a child for a mother, or as an apt pupil for an accomplished master.

In her seventeenth year M. Soymonoff had chosen for his extraordinarily well-read and accomplished daughter a husband in General Swetchine, who was forty-two years old. Almost immediately afterwards her father died exiled to Moscow ; but General Swetchine was appointed to the important post of Governor of St. Petersburg.

The accession of Alexander broadened all Russian

* Monseigneur Salinis, who was then Bishop of Amiens, had been one of La Mennais's favourite disciples. He was the intimate friend throughout life of the Abbé Gerbet.

horizons. The influence of Count Joseph de Maistre, appointed Piedmontese Ambassador at St. Petersburg in 1803, gained slowly on Mme. Swetchine. She had had little training in any religion, but at that time she inclined to Greek orthodoxy, tempered by German philosophy. At last, but not until 1815, Mme. Swetchine wrote at the head of one of her notebooks, 'Douter c'est toujours ignorer.' In the same year she was received into the Roman Catholic Church. She spent the winters of 1816 and 1817 in Paris, where she was warmly received, particularly by the Duchesse de Duras. In the same year her friend M. de Maistre published in Paris his work 'Du Pape,' and prepared the 'Soirées de St. Pétersbourg.' Gradually Mme. Swetchine gathered round her a most distinguished circle.

Mrs. Craven's long absences from Paris for some years hindered her intimacy with the distinguished Russian, but it dated from the letter from Mme. Swetchine which follows, and it grew to a complete sympathy. They were in many ways not alike, but a common consecration of their lives *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, brought them together as can no lesser tie. Mme. Swetchine had little beauty, little of that artistic power which Mrs. Craven possessed, though it may be that she earned profounder affection. She influenced Mrs. Craven from the height of her experience as of her singularly exalted criticism of life. Yet even that could not have so coloured Mrs. Craven's life as did Mme. Swetchine's tender affection for the 'beautiful soul,' which she, perhaps better than any, could rightly estimate.

Evidences of Mrs. Craven's reliance on her teaching are to be found to the last years of Pauline's life. Mme. Swetchine died in 1857, yet the thought of her was very present in every crisis of Mrs. Craven's existence. In her appeal to Lacordaire, to whom Mme. Swetchine had been as a mother throughout his career, when Italian patriotism

seemed at war with the Vatican; in her early sympathy with what may be called ultramontane and democratic dislike of Gallicanism, a sympathy roused first by De Maistre, but developed by the *Avenir* and by the Abbé Gerbet's creed of reconciliation, Mrs. Craven drank from the same springs as did Mme. Swetchine. When Pauline lent her friend some of the materials that were to be formed into 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' a fresh bond was woven. The reader will remember that in 1852, four years after Alexandrine's and Mme. de la Ferronnays' deaths, those materials had not yet received their final beauty of arrangement, and no one but Mrs. Craven, and perhaps her husband, had yet realized their value, which was acknowledged by the world fifteen years later.

Some passages from a translation of Mme. Swetchine's first recorded letter to Mrs. Craven follow :*

'PARIS,
'*August* 12, 1852.

'I was right, dear Mrs. Craven, to wait for a less occupied time, for I should have found it impossible to lay down these dear little volumes once I had begun them.† You can have them back to-day. I have dwelt long on them with delight, and they have, I hope, become part of myself. Whenever you wish to touch a soul or quicken its advance, entrust to it this treasure. In whatever state it may be, this presentation of all that is attractive, united to all that can stimulate and touch the intelligence, will act upon it. Never before did the contrast

* To Mme. Swetchine had evidently been entrusted those MS. volumes compiled by Alexandrine, which she herself on her deathbed had confided 'de sa main défaillante' to Mrs. Craven.

† Mrs. Craven had also lent to Mme. Swetchine the greater part of the materials which were afterwards used in the 'Récit d'une Sœur.'

between the scattered beauties of life and its measureless emptiness appear to me so striking as in these pages. In them are described all necessary conditions for happiness ; and yet how often these lives were darkened ! Early death was in them correlated to the noblest enthusiasms. The joy and suffering you describe are born of special graces. Even sorrow takes, in your family, the form of singular favour, and in its bitterest trials there are tokens of a Divine respect. As for myself, I now understand that you should remain inconsolable, and that you may possess all the happiness the world can give, while yet it may never fill the void you feel. On the other side, what strength is gained in the living memory of such affection ! What an honour it is to have been thus loved ! What is more delightful than your sister's words, which are very original in their caressing tenderness, and inexhaustible in their flexibility, so that they may closely touch you and enter your very soul—you who were at once her guiding star on the road to heaven and her true twin sister. . . .

'I cannot thank you enough for what you have allowed me to see and appreciate and love. It is rare good fortune to come across elements which are so well assimilated. And how I seem to have lived among you all ! Dear Mrs. Craven, pray record this great kindness of yours as a date which I have already ntoed, and which will never be effaced. If I dared, I would say that you yourself are bound by it, for I firmly believe in the duties contracted towards those for whom one has done much.'

VI.

Mrs. Craven had then begun to arrange with tender reverence the family papers which were to take shape as 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' She had shown some amongst them to Mr. Monsell ; and to him her words, 'my brother's place, near Gisors,' meant much ; for Dangu was near Boury, always the goal of Mrs. Craven's tenderest thoughts. Early in 1853 Mr. Craven had decided, after much hesita-

tion, to make his home at Naples. The Palazzino Chiatamone, or, as it came to be known to all their acquaintances, the Casa Craven, was transformed by the improvements Mr. Craven made in its arrangements. In front it commanded the Bay of Naples, and to the west was Posilippo. On either side of the entrance-hall were the dining-room and Mrs. Craven's sitting-room, full of books and beautiful things. Mr. Keppel Craven had decorated the chief reception room in what is called the style of the First Empire. Its walls were painted in shades of umber, and massive gilt cornices of classical design framed four large mirrors as well as two life-size pictures by Romney—a full-length portrait of the Margravine of Anspach in one, and of Mr. Craven's father and uncle, Keppel and Berkeley Craven, in the other. Beyond the dining-room, with its choice pictures and fine porcelain, was the spacious and well-filled library. It was arranged in the shape of a Greek cross, of which the book-shelves, carrying some eight thousand volumes, formed the arms; while in the centre was a comfortable space for study.

The room was lighted from a wide balcony looking south upon the sea, and on the east side it opened on the terrace, behind which rose a rugged buttress of the hill Echia.

Foreigners, among whom were many English, diplomatists of every nation, French friends and relations, were eager to belong to Mrs. Craven's society.

In Naples, at that time, there was much personal care of the poor; and almsgiving is always a religious duty for Catholics. The noble efforts of Donna Adelaide Capece Minutolo and her sisters were a splendid example of private charity; but there was little, if any, organized effort to provide hospitals or schools for the swarming population. After careful consultation with her friends, Mrs. Craven determined to use her position and her dramatic gifts in the

service of the poor. Hence the remarkable series of amateur theatricals still remembered at Naples as the culminating pleasure of those pleasant years, before the political upheaval which was becoming every day more threatening. Mr. Craven adopted his wife's idea with all the zeal which lay under his somewhat reserved manner. He at once summoned his architect to erect a stage and its accessories. A very good and convenient theatre was arranged by throwing down some partitions of the library. Mr. Craven undertook its management. His wife quickly selected a promising troupe among her friends, who vied with one another in helping her. Her experience and advice kept the lively company under her orders in hand; her enterprise succeeded beyond her hopes, and helped the poorest quarters of the misgoverned city through several winters.

Extracts from the Journal in which Mrs. Craven wrote at times the principal impressions of her life, will best describe some of her social preoccupations at that time, and the unfailing sad and solemn ground of serious thought on which, to use Bacon's phrase, her gaieties were embroidered.

'NAPLES AND LONDON,
'*May* 31, 1853.

'We had arranged to sell or let this house, but Augustus has decided to keep it and put it in complete order, and unless new changes unexpectedly occur in our plans during our stay in England, I see clearly that I shall have to uproot every fragment of my old projects and favourite hopes.

'God's will be done. I shall always find much to enjoy here, and once our residence at Naples becomes a habit and not an episode, I hope its charms will no longer *frivolize* me. I will try to maintain here the strong and

serious impressions gained elsewhere. First and last in all things may God, God alone, guide and fill my life!'

On August 11, 1853, Mrs. Craven wrote in her Journal:

'LONDON.

'I have been spending some days at Nuneham, during which I visited Oxford for the first time. If the ruins of Pompei interest lovers of antiquity, Oxford should in a far greater degree interest those who care for remains of the Middle Ages, and especially those who hold the same faith as the founders of all those institutions, and under whose inspiration the marvellous buildings were erected. In this country there is an extraordinary mixture of conservative feeling and its reverse. Oxford has faithfully preserved the external stamp imprinted by Catholicism on the whole town. The result is an inexpressible feeling which is at once sweet and painful, as might be that of meeting a stranger, or even an enemy, under the dear and familiar features of a friend, a brother, or a mother. All there speaks the language of Catholics, yet that language expresses what they most dislike.

'Before writing the preceding page I should have filled the gap which occurs between Naples and Nuneham. I ought to have said that we passed a week in Paris during June, and since the 20th of that month we are in London. Finding myself in this home, which I had so longed for, I suffer the pains of Tantalus. Now that my wishes have been realized it seems even more pleasant and dearer to me than I had before expected; yet I return to it with the certainty that I must give it up for a long time, perhaps without reasonable hope of coming back for permanent residence. It vexes me, but it does not deserve to be called a cross, as I am so ready to think it. Whatever it is, how-

ever, this contrariety to my old favourite plans is a trial. It puts off permanence, which I thought I had attained . . .

'Therefore on September 1 we leave for Paris, and on the 23rd we sail for Marseilles, and so we conclude a visit which has been marked for us by unfulfilled hopes. It has been a short and sad visit, but it has terribly revived my love for this home in a country which, after all, I prefer to every other.'

'LONDON,
'*September* 11, 1853.

'Our departure was put off, and we are now to leave in three days. Everyone has left London, and this month, that I would willingly have spent in the country (which I really love only in England), we are spending in disagreeable packing. The house is nearly let, and all our arrangements are those of persons who do not intend to come back for some time.

'I look around me with affection and regret. This house is the ideal home of which I have dreamt. . . . But what am I saying? How can I regret a place which recalls so few pleasant memories?—I, who love to dwell in thoughts of the past, I know not why; but the fact is that, in spite of everything, I have had great rest here, and I expect no greater happiness than rest, and that God can bestow everywhere. Besides that I have felt here a certain fervour and goodwill, which is the one happy impression specially belonging to the remembrance of my room upstairs. I read and pray there, and think of God, and there sometimes I have felt an ardent wish to love Him. So to Naples! and once more let us remember that "All the earth is the Lord's whom we serve."'

'NAPLES,
'*September* 30, 1853.

'Here we are arrived as we had arranged. It is seldom that a plan made some time previously can be carried out in

detail. But on this occasion nothing went wrong. Whatever my wishes, I could not but again pursue my Southern route, which is as repugnant to me now as it was delightful in former days. I hope my dislike will pass away, for it is here evidently that God wills me at present to be.

'We arrived on September 25, and I had heartfelt joy in again seeing Thérèse* and Laurette,† whom I love like sisters. But immediately afterwards the weight which crushes everything here made itself felt even more than it did last year. The absence of all interest, of all life, and even of hope that anything could prosper here, is oppressive, in spite of the sun and of all the natural beauty of the place. . . . The ugliness, the disorder, the dirt of the streets, outweigh in sadness the pleasure afforded by the bay and the mountains. Natural beauty easily pleases me ; but I am hard to satisfy in what has to do with art. Beauty is a matter of course in what comes from God's hand, but it is otherwise in the work produced by man. Beautiful trees, flowers, greenery, the perfume of cut grass, of heather, of the woods, is common ; it delights and satisfies me. But I want as well order, neatness, and cleanliness, in what I see around me that is of human providing. With those conditions I can enjoy life, not perhaps enthusiastically, but peacefully. . . . The ugliness of all the buildings in Naples vexes me. I cannot get used to it, and in that respect this town is the meanest in Italy. There is not another like it ; for this Italian people, endowed with every art, has left its mark, and that of its poetical history, everywhere except at Naples. The past has left no imprint here, and under the influences now dominant the beautiful is perishing not less than the good. I had the same impression as last year's on going into church, the same heart-sickness. I am growing used

* The Duchesse Ravaschieri.

† The Princess Camporeale, now Mme. Minghetti.

to it, but when I come back from the life-giving atmosphere of the free North I feel stifled, and however brilliant and charming be my cage, I should prefer to be outside it.'

The next entry in Mrs. Craven's Journal is:

'NAPLES,
'*April* 28, 1854.

'*Rome.*—I have passed a month at Rome, and the days of it were full of impressions that I would not forget. I had not a moment in which to record them, at least in this book. Happily what I felt is not to be soon forgotten, and it is not too late to recall my sensations.

'If I were in one word to express the effect which Rome produced on me, I should say it was the exact contrary of what I feel in Naples. As I approach Rome I find my heart warmed and my intelligence enlarged, and the longer I remain, the more the feeling increases. Beauty of nature, beauty of art, beauty of the antique, as of the Christian past, and, to crown all, beauty of religion. That is the general effect. Those are the sources whence come my enjoyments in this, the greatest site [*lieu*] in the world.

'I spent the first week in revisiting the best-known spots, and in enjoying the society of friends whom I found here; in letting myself be filled by the thought that I was in Rome, and listening to all it suggested. I dwelt on the memories which were mingled in my general impressions. I prayed each morning at St. Andrea's;* I saw again St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, the Capitol, the Vatican. What interests, what activity, what life, is reawakened there in my heart and mind! All that is seen, all that is recalled by what is seen, is so magnificent that, in spite of ourselves, we

* S. Andrea delle Fratte, well known to readers of 'Le Récit.'

shake off the pettiness and frivolity of which we gradually become the prey elsewhere.

'With the Rios, whom to my great delight I found here, I went over the part of the Appian Way which has been newly discovered. Rio knows how to explain better than anyone else, and I understood the interest which its ruins possess. The view was very fine from the summit of the last of the circular tombs, which belonged to the Colonnas in the Middle Ages, and of which they made a fortress. The Campagna, the aqueducts, the distant mountains, the transparent atmosphere, and the remains of the great classical past, can only be eclipsed by the yet more interesting birth of Christianity.

'I passed the second week of my stay in Rome in spiritual retreat at the Trinità de' Monti, and nearly every hour of that time is accounted for in the notes which had to be made on the four meditations of the day, and which, with some other exercises, occupied me from seven in the morning to nine at night. It is the first time in my life that I have known the tiredness caused by the good use of all my faculties when concentrated and undisturbed. The fatigue is very sweet and salutary, and the exercises, which seemed a little alarming at first, have left behind them a good and cheerful impression. I shall never forget those happy days, those walks under the beautiful sky, while before me was the incomparable view.

'Towards evening the good Sister came to look for me, and I followed her to the refectory where supper awaited me. Going there I crossed the beautiful cloister lighted by the moon—the cloister where twenty years before I walked with Olga on the eve of her first Communion. What memories were those, what holy and dear influences! I thank God that I was enabled to give myself up to them during some of the days I spent in Rome at that time.

'It was Tuesday in Holy Week when I re-entered the world, and though it was represented by a very quiet circle of friends, I had a strange sensation when I returned to it.

'I felt as if I had come from a distance, where people were occupied in more interesting things than those I found on my return. Would that it were possible to retain this impression, and not lose the sense of surprise! But habit reasserts itself, and we soon cease to be astonished by what we do ourselves.'

Mrs. Craven's next entry is at Florence, where she and Mr. Craven had been since September 11:

'Despondency has always been a danger for my soul. It has destroyed many germs of life in me which otherwise might have flourished.'

Fifteen days of 'intellectual retreat' among the churches and galleries of Florence refreshed her, and there Mrs. Craven read her Dante from beginning to end without interruption, and with a mind invigorated to understand and feel his meanings. 'I have been so improved by him,' she writes, 'that, were it because of his poetry alone, I should record this month of September, 1854, as a happy epoch in my life.

'All that can be desired by reason is in this book, and all that the soul asks for. Beside it all others, except inspired Scriptures, are weak, and colourless, and incomplete. Of all human productions it alone contains everything. At least that is what I feel. My thoughts are raised in proportion as I study and understand it. Faith is increased by its true and faithful picture of another life, and imagination has room for exercise in the widest and most legitimate of fields. No book so invites me to meditation, to self-examination and prayer. Its solid merits are clothed in an enchanting form, and its great lessons are given in a language

of which the charm was never, before or since, bestowed on such poetry. No matter what may be said by the critics of our time, the portrait of Dante is fittingly placed by the Church beside the holiest images. I reverently saluted it in the church which preserves the pleasant name of St. Mary of the Flowers. It is rightly placed also under the arches of the Vatican, where I always love to see him, although the daring of his robust faith scares timid Catholics of our day. I have no doubt that many of them would like to efface his figure if they were masters. But, thank God ! they are not. The masters are the Pope, the Bishops—the Church, in short—and under their protection we shall always find his illustrious memory honoured and protected, and the great name of Dante ever among the highest glories of Catholicism.'

In concluding a touching letter of sympathy of January 22, 1855, to Mr. Monsell, who had lately lost his wife,* Mrs. Craven adds :

'We hope to be in England early in May; I therefore say nothing now about ourselves. We shall find you in London, and hope to make amends by many and many a long talk for our most unsatisfactory correspondence.

'Augustus's health is not as good as it used to be, I am sorry to say, and whether this climate is good or bad for him we shall only be able to ascertain after we have tried the effects of another year in the North. *I* have been well, but for a slight indisposition that just prevented me from going to Rome for those admirable solemnities of December 8, a disappointment for which nothing can ever make up, as nothing equal to *that* will ever be seen again. I was happy to think that Lady Lothian and her daughters were there. For Catholics I believe that it was impossible to witness anything more striking and edifying.'

* Lady Anna Maria Wyndham Quin, only daughter of the second Earl of Dunraven.

VII.

Probably Pauline Craven, sister of Eugénie and Olga, and of that Albert who could say, 'There is nothing great in this world but its emptiness,' would not have influenced hearts as she did, or possessed the same power of sympathy and unfailing sweetness but for her continuous intercourse with her beloved dead throughout those shining years of her life. 'Naples might be a siren who could lull to sleep the life my heart lives in its sad memories, if they were not of the very essence of its life.' Each morning of those delightful days she spent some time in sorting the voluminous correspondence of her family according to the sequence of Alexandrine's journal. In the afternoon she often visited the Sisters of Charity who superintended the only school for poor children then existing at Naples. Under their roof it was that she learned to understand the poverty of the city, and made her plans to relieve it. But after her return to Neapolitan society, she came under the influence of what was probably the keenest and most profound affection of her life. Those who know 'Le Récit' will have understood the depth and tenderness of her filial devotion. Her love for her sister Eugénie was intense, and there was some motherliness in it, but even that had hardly the strength of Pauline's devotion to the child of her friend the Duchesse Ravaschieri. Childless herself, all the treasures of motherly feeling were concentrated on Lina, who felt in return an affection extraordinary in one so young, and which was ripened by suffering and early death. It is an episode in Mrs. Craven's life, which, perhaps, more than any other reveals her nature, as pure as it was ardent, and one finding in a child a full outlet for her human devotion.

In her Journal and Meditations we see the undercurrent of her thoughts, of which her social gifts were the beautiful eddies, slight vortices that witnessed to its strength and depth, and caught and carried on many a superficial trifle to the illimitable horizons of religious thought and faith. If Mrs. Craven had allowed the dates of her Meditations to be printed, there would have been touching interest in following her from her successes in rendering one of De Musset's or Scribe's personages, to the kneeling figure in her oratory conversing with unseen guests, or to the table where lay in order the records of 1830 to 1848, and where she linked together their golden fragments. One passage in Mrs. Craven's Meditations records what we imagine must be a rare experience in the life of a woman who had been so much in the very differing societies of Russia and England, France and Italy. 'In a world where so many mutual offences are given, I have the rare good fortune, as I glance at my past and present, to find no instance, that I can remember, of having offended anyone. I appear to have lived in an atmosphere of kindliness, and to have met everywhere with those who, instead of being too severe, were too good to me.' Doubtless, the credit of such a fact lies chiefly with herself, yet how much humility, how much charity, how much right judgment in estimating others does it not reveal!

In her Journal we find:

'34, Berkeley Square, London,
'*Monday, July* 30, 1855.

'I want to write a line or two in this book, dated for the last time from this house, where I settled myself so joyously to live and die, as I thought. I feel in a dream when I look round. Each piece of furniture, which was put in

place, as I believed, for ever, is about to belong to the new occupiers of this house, which is ours no longer.'

'NAPLES,
'*October* 18, 1855.

'London—Paris! That delightful vitality of mind and soul exchanged for Naples—Naples of to-day, the only spot on the earth where it is true pain to live! The miserable tyrannies that have always existed have grown more oppressive, and they are at last felt by everyone without exception. Nothing is to be heard but murmurs, fears, and groans. They never were so general, and this does not add to the pleasure of our return, which is at all times disagreeable after we have breathed a different atmosphere.

'Now is the time to conquer egotism by a strong effort, to resume self-control, and dissociate myself from external influences; to profit by the comfort of this large house, and by the absence of real interest outside its walls, that I may create an existence of my own which shall be self-contained, strengthening, and independent. It is not easy here, I hardly know why, but God knows that it is not, and He will help me, I hope.

'In the first place, because even the slightest effort is tiring and exhausting in this air. It is personally difficult for me, because, when I have been without help, I have never done as well as another might, and the sources of strength on which one can draw elsewhere—good words, beautiful churches, and all the rest—are wanting here. Not only are they wanting, but, as a fact, the worst temptations abound in the very places where we go to seek strength to overcome them.

'It is difficult, because Naples is noisy as well as tiresome. For want of interest the mind grows sleepy, and

attention is distracted by the clatter, and calm (*recueillement*) is almost impossible.

'It is difficult, no doubt, but not impossible. The end which God has set before me for my attainment, at whatever cost, cannot be reached without a struggle. Perhaps, when I shall have learnt indifference to the influences which now I love, I may live among them in safety.

'There are two blessings which God does not bestow on me, and yet the happiness of my life is in question. Another check to the hopes of my husband, the last and greatest, will bring on that gloomy sadness of which the mere thought terrifies me. It will darken our life, and disappointment and inaction will cause that total eclipse of my sun which is not unknown to me, and during which I live and act as in a painful dream. The prospect is not enlivening, and never did I feel less disposed to submit to the thought of seeing him unhappy.'

In October, 1855, Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Monsell of the political atmosphere of Naples, and of the presages which she rightly thought foretold the coming revolution:

'We left Paris late on the 11th, and arrived here early on the 15th. It added a little to the depression which, strange to say, I always feel when I first return to this country (lovely as it is), that the heat was still overpowering, and the change to that from the fresh air and pleasant autumn weather we had left behind was most disagreeable. There was nothing very cheering in other respects either; when we came to inquire into the proceedings of the summer, and to listen to everyone's account of what they had witnessed and suffered, we found that all the newspaper accounts, far from being exaggerated, fell short of what really happened, and what struck us most (for *that* had never been the case before) was the universal feeling about it among all those we know; we have not met with one single individual who did not regard as enemies those very good people who chose to defend the system about which they know nothing, as we must charitably hope.

'It is all very sad, very disheartening and alarming, but in fact I only care about it much because of the tone adopted by those same Catholics and Catholic newspapers, which must give the impression that to Catholics there is nothing very revolting in all this.

'Pray let me hear from you sometimes, and give us some news of dear England. I need not remind you, however, that unless your letter goes in a bag (as this one does) it will not be safe for you (for me, I would say) to allude to all I have now told you.'

To understand Mrs. Craven's sympathies with Italian reform, it is only necessary to remember the consistent tenor of her lifelong enthusiasms. A rapid evolution of life within the Catholic Church had taken place between 1825 and 1850. The Abbé Gerbet had said at the eve of his master La Mennais' 'revolt': 'Would it not be well to reconcile religion and the human soul by showing that the dogmas, the precepts, the institutions of Christianity are in harmony with the deeper springs of humanity?' Mrs. Craven adopted the large charity of her friend. The life of conscience, the experience of the soul, which has acquired a certainty of the main Christian dogmas greater than any secured by external evidence, was hers, and her passionate desire was that others should also possess it. It followed that she should be essentially liberal with the liberalism which is born of Christian individuality—the dignity of man's personal relations with God, and which, she could not doubt, involved his freedom of conscience. Hence Mrs. Craven's dislike to State interference with the delivery of the Christian message by the Church; hence her enthusiasm for the heroes of conscience, be they Savonarola, Gordon, or Damien. She was indifferent to controversy, to Anglican disputes, for instance, except as they concerned higher standards of life. Her sympathy with Newman was chiefly based on his ultimate appeal to

conscience, and many of her dislikes grew from the same root.

Her indignation in presence of the cruelties and tyranny practised at Naples, and the immorality and bad faith which clothed themselves in the garb of order and religion, was ethical rather than political, for, in truth, it was difficult for her to disapprove of a Bourbon. It was the evil strokes dealt at Christian life by the powers which professed to defend it that revolted her spirit.

In an unpublished memorandum of hers on the state of Naples when she left England to reside there, she says: 'I thank God that my faith has been developed in an atmosphere of freedom; unless it had been, the fountains of true religion would not have risen in my soul. I feel that the narrow circle set up by the timid friends of truth, who would imprison intelligence and check the legitimate eagerness to learn and to know, which is great in this generation, would have been fatal to my faith. It is in the freest air that I have best learned to love God and the Church as I love nothing else. I have seen the Church attacked, and in her own strength triumphing without help from human support, without temporal laws to enforce Divine precepts. I have witnessed error robbed of the prestige bestowed by persecution, and of the attraction gained by its repression, and observed its inconsequence and weakness, and I better learnt to love the sacred beauty of the Church by comparison. Can I believe that what has been so useful to my heart and mind can be a poison? Can I believe that what to me, insignificant woman as I am, would have been fatal, can be health-giving to young and intelligent men, who either dwindle in the narrow limits allowed to them, or break bounds and make their first step towards liberty one of revolt?' After drawing an eloquent picture of Neapolitan stagnation, civil and

religious, Mrs. Craven, in the name of the Church and of piety, implores a change of system; she desired 'light to expose the hypocrisies and disorder of the classes which should lead the people in paths of virtue and piety, but which had committed almost the least pardonable of crimes in betraying their trust of educating and enlightening conscience, which is the true basis of Christian faith.'

Mrs. Craven's 'liberalism' was, in truth, based on her enthusiastic reverence for the Roman Church. She was ultramontane in her dislike of Gallicanism; ultramontane in her visions of a united Italy, led by the counsels of the Fisherman, and in her preference for the voice of the people, made known through their mother the Church, to the voice of Metternich and his masters. She desired that the European creed should rest on conscience rather than on coercion, and that its dogmas should be based on their suitableness to the deepest needs and aspirations of mankind rather than on the assertions of controversialists. She loved the 'Imitation,' and the heights of ascetic and mystic theology to which Catholicism aspires and sometimes attains. In the experience of her life she found a sufficient reason for the ardent faith no historical criticism could touch, much less shake, in her.

Christian liberalism such as Mrs. Craven's needs no apology, though it offended some excellent friends of hers at the time. If the eloquent and generous party professing it in France and Italy has apparently ceased to exist, it is because the leaven it introduced has done its work. Being but men, there were doubtless faults of judgment, intolerance, excess of zeal among the upholders of that liberalism. But they were wise in desiring that assent to truth which is secured by conspicuous and unfettered righteousness. Many now find that a free and enlightened conscience is the only anchor against a storm of criticism

which threatens all faith. No doubt her English sympathies, her intimacy and that of her husband with Lord Palmerston, her admiration for Mr. Gladstone, contributed to the reputation for Liberalism that clung to the society which met at the Casa Craven, but she was the last to approve the methods used by the left wing of her party. Mrs. Craven's desire for light and for freedom had its roots solely in her Catholic faith and enthusiasm. Certainly she disliked the petty tyrannies of parties within the Church.

VIII.

'THE PRIORY,
'*August* 25, 1856.

'IT seems strange to keep a journal, and only to write in it once a year. It might seem more natural to have none at all. Yet I fear that in this matter, as in a multitude of others which are more important, I shall do in future very much as I have always done. And, after all, it is not so bad as it seems, for I write the day's events in my note-book.

'Again this year I have left Naples by myself, and come through France to spend a short time in England, which has been prolonged contrary to my wishes. Augustus has not yet joined me, because unfortunately his regrets and ambitions have been reawakened by the present political circumstances at Naples. So I am here alone in England, and far away from him.

'I left Naples June 2, and stayed in Paris till July 12. During that time I had the happiness of witnessing the abjuration of Eliza,* and I was there when the marriage of

* Eliza Thorpe, Mrs. Craven's maid.

Berthe* was arranged. From Paris I came to London, and established myself under Lady Granville's roof. The 26th I left for Hatchford, and since then I have divided my time between Brocket, Ossington, Littlehampton, and this house from which I write. It belongs to Lord Somers, but is rented just now by Lord Harry Vane.

'After all, though my old delight in England still exists, I shall not feel the same regret as usual when I leave it this time. Thank God, my last stay in Naples has been the happiest I have known there, and I have dear friends, the children whom I love almost as if I were their mother, the charm which habit always bestows, and the hope of having some good work to do; all these act together, and gradually replace my old dreams. Here there is always an immovable barrier beyond which I cannot hope to find sympathy, and I have not one friend here who will or can aid me in the object which I have at heart. All this, notwithstanding the kindness which I meet, I might almost say the flattery offered to me, ends by chilling and irritating me.

'This Protestantism wearies and disgusts me. The false imputations, the false witness against neighbours, a national crime of which England is guilty towards Catholics, wears out my patience. It weakens ties which I had wished to draw yet closer. No doubt the liberty of Catholics is respected in outward matters, and politically they have valuable rights which they freely use. But this is balanced by the atmosphere of calumny which surrounds them, and against which it is always necessary to struggle, and that is wearisome, or to endure, and that is intolerable. Besides which, I can as little sympathize with the anti-national tone

* Mdlle. de la Ferronnays, daughter of Mrs. Craven's eldest brother, married to the Vicomte, now Comte, de Dreux Brézé, that 'Berthe' mentioned at p. 70, vol. ii., of 'Le Récit' as the baby owner of the toy dog Sifflote.

adopted by English Catholics, and especially by converts, though what I hear of the other side justifies them to a certain degree.

'There is a sort of compensation in all this, which prevents too keen a sense of the exile which I found it so difficult to accept.

'In other ways this country is to me more delightful than ever. Its wonderful green and its abundance of flowers, the mingled scents of the mown meadows and the woods, of field and garden, has for me a general effect that is incomparable. For an active, serious, and full existence this framework seems to me better than all others, as Naples seems to me best suited to youth and happiness, to a certain sort of love and a certain sort of poetry—in short, to passing pleasures of which its natural beauty is the type.'

The next entry in Mrs. Craven's Journal describes a visit to Brocket, and an account of Lord Palmerston's conversation, which is largely quoted in her 'Reminiscences.'

The subject of politics was always of extreme interest to her. Lord Palmerston, when possible, liked her to sit next him at dinner, and of Lord Harry Vane, who was her host at the Priory, she writes:

'I like to draw my host here into conversation. This practical life in England is like nothing else to be met elsewhere. No royalty surpasses the power which every man here feels himself to possess if he takes a part in politics. The influence exercised by certain classes is accepted by the others with intelligent independence. Some lead, while others know how to follow, but all mutually respect each other, for here, in truth, the chiefs are the servants of the rank and file. Their interests are in common, and if any are to be sacrificed in the struggle of parties, it will certainly be the men in the highest places.

'It is well known that, once the habit of interest in public affairs is acquired, it is never lost, and, humanly speaking, what finer interest can occupy a man's life? That, or to help in the great work of Christianity, which is best of all. I know nothing else worthy of ambition. For an Englishman whose position allows him to anticipate such a career, there is no more justifiable subject for regret than to find himself shut out from it.'

Visits to Ossington, Clumber, and the woodland country of the Dukeries, a stay in London, prolonged beyond her intention, to further her husband's wishes, are noted in Mrs. Craven's Journal. She describes meeting M. Thiers at Holland House. 'It was a very small dinner-party, and the little, great man talked with brilliancy as he explained the reasons why the English army was so inferior to that of France. The English, he repeated frequently, have no merit but that of courage. The guests who were present did not contradict him until M. de Pontois exclaimed with stentorian energy, "You are right, no doubt, they have not military qualities; but they are the only soldiers who have beaten us!" "Oh, where?" said M. Thiers, suddenly cut short, and not pleased with the remark. "Where?" said M. de Pontois. "In Spain—at Waterloo." "Ah! bah!" cried M. Thiers. "It's true they beat us, but why?" "I don't know why," answered M. de Pontois; "but the fact remains that we never beat them." "Yes, we did," said M. Thiers, "at Fontenoy." It was amusing. From that topic he went on to the Parliamentary system, and vehemently repelled my suggestion that possibly the system did not suit every country, and that France especially did not seem to understand it. I also asked him if, even while we regretted the fact, it was not conceivable that the constitution existing in France at that time might not suit her better than more liberal systems. He cried out in great excite-

ment: "Eh, madame! You only tolerate it because it is illusory. If it were to be put really in action you would see it fall to pieces. It is like an unsafe carriage which seems all right as long as it is in the coach-house, but which would tumble to pieces if it were set rolling"'

It is a subject of serious regret that only one or two of Mrs. Craven's letters to Lady Georgiana Fullerton can be recovered for the use of this memoir.

No one acquainted with the last considerable work of Mrs. Craven, 'The Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton,' can fail to understand the closeness of the ties which bound them for so many years. Theirs was a friendship founded on their common foretaste of heaven while on earth, and a friendship which few could doubt has found its ultimate perfection in the place where there is no death.

Notwithstanding the ill-success in furthering her husband's desire of employment, Mrs. Craven lingered on in England until September 6. A visit to Mr. and Lady Georgiana Fullerton at Littlehampton was a rest to her.

'I cannot express,' she writes, 'the sensation of calm well-being which I felt in their little cottage. I found myself by a melancholy shore and a dark and gloomy sea, for the wind had blown hard all the morning. To me, used as I am to the blue sea at Naples and the smiling coast of the Mediterranean, there was not much that could soothe and comfort me in the bare and deserted beach. My dear friends, the Fullertons, were in deep mourning, and their sorrow was not calculated to brighten life. Yet our little family party was marked for me by indescribable peace and repose. Next day early I went out to breathe the air, impregnated with strengthening odours which are different and almost opposed in their effects on the nerves to those of the South. Then I came in, talked with my dear Lady Georgiana, argued, and even disputed a little,

with her husband, and then left with them to go and visit the Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel, whom I had not seen since the death of her father-in-law had put her in possession of her fine castle and her great title.'

Mrs. Craven describes with enthusiasm the approach to the embattled heights and feudal dignity of Arundel. Of the daughter of Sir Edmund Lyons, the Duchess of Norfolk, and of the charm she possessed, Mrs. Craven writes: 'Truly I think that the mysterious gift belongs to the beauty of her mind and of her soul, which bestows on the whole person that indescribable reflection which we cannot but love. There is great dignity in such perfect simplicity of manner, and such sincere indifference to the splendours of fortune. Her calm, and the absence of all surprise, prove her in my eyes an essentially "grande dame." It is impossible to be more so in the true meaning of the words.'

'DANGU,
'*September* 13.

'Who would have said that I should be at Dangu? There is nothing changed, except that Berthe's husband is with her here. The Walewskis arrived three days after me. I sat beside Comte Walewski at dinner, and asked him what news he had from Naples. He surprised me very much by saying, "Extremely serious news. Yet I hope we may have better, and that we may avoid certain measures which would have been already taken if we had not been asked by telegraph to suspend them." "What measures?" I asked. "To recall our legations and to send our fleets." "Really! and what do you think will happen now?" "Confirmation of the news which makes us think that the king will yield." "Good heavens! And if not, you will go forward?" "At once. Does that annoy you?" "Certainly it does. It frightens me." "What are you afraid

of?" "First, what may result from the measure, which I do not quite understand, and then the *tolle* of all Europe against France and England." "Do not fear that; everybody understands and approves of us, and I can tell you that the Emperor Alexander II. has written to the King of Naples advising him to follow blindly the advice of the Emperor Napoleon." "Really! That would make things easier; but still I am afraid." "Do not fear for any possible eventualities. I am certain the King will yield, and nothing will happen." "You are sure of that?" "Nearly; don't you think so?" "No; I fear he will not yield." The conversation, which was longer than what I have reported, gave me much to think about. These public affairs touch me too nearly that I should not be very anxious, and though I did not speak to anyone of what had been said to me, I could not think of anything else.'

'Next day,
'*September* 14.

'Walking together in the park, Comte Walewski resumed our conversation of the previous day. He spoke to me for some time of Lord Palmerston, and again repeated that it was almost impossible to live on good terms with him. I was extremely sorry to hear him say so. At the bottom of my heart I do feel that Lord Palmerston's tone is detestable, as is that of Lord Clarendon, when they speak of Naples. The way they speak of "King Bomba" is very offensive.

'Meantime Comte Walewski told me an inconceivable story of the King at the time when the Comte was the French Minister at Naples.

'The King sent for him one day and gave him a letter to read from Mme. la D. de B. It was to introduce a Frenchman who wanted to found a newspaper, or do something else for the cause of legitimacy.

'"I refused," said the King, "and in showing you this letter I give you a proof of my loyalty to the French Government. I suppose you would not believe me if I told you that I do not want to see my nephew on the throne of France. I know it is out of the question. I think his party is a party of fools and idiots, and I think the safety of the monarchies depends just now on maintaining the authority of the President. [He was not yet Emperor.] He has put down revolution, and by so doing he proved himself the defender of all thrones. I do not think we can do better than support him."

'"After these sensible words," continued Comte Walewski, "how could I think of the King otherwise than as a reasonable and very intelligent person? I have always spoken of him in that sense to the Emperor. For a long time I tried to serve him and shield him from the attacks made on him; but at last it became impossible. The reforms he promised seemed further and further from his intentions. England pressed us to act, and the King little knows how much we have protected him from the English Government. But it is impossible to go on, and our patience has come to an end." . . . . . .

'After this conversation I was not surprised, when I returned to Paris on the 20th, to find that the news of the squadrons putting to sea was almost officially announced. Curiously enough this news, which interferes with all my plans, was told me on Sunday, the 21st, by Alphonse Ratisbonne.* He simply announced it as a bit of ordinary news, in the course of a long conversation we had together that day. However, we talked of other and very different subjects. Merely to see him evoked all the great memories of my life and the chief interests of my heart.

* See 'Récit,' vol. ii., p. 313.

'I had tried a dozen times the previous afternoon to see Père Gratry. I succeeded at last, and for the first time I spoke to him of my past life. . . . No one has ever shown me so clearly the evident duties I owe to God, and the absolute necessity that I should fulfil them. I do not mean merely the duties which I owe in common with all creatures, but my own individual duties which the goodness and the gifts of God have imposed on me. Such an influence might possibly enable me to do great things, but for that it would have to be permanent. Yet is it to be useless to me because it is not so? May God avert this!

'I mark September 20th and 30th as the days on which I read a certain manuscript.* I pray God that its effect may be lasting on me.

'In the first place, amid a thousand differences of circumstance, there was an extraordinary similarity at least of aspiration to mine, if indeed I may compare desires which have borne no fruit with unconquerable resolve and heroic sacrifice. There, too, was clear to me the only evident means for me—means which I have fully understood, but which I have never really adopted.

'To overcome love by love,† what is perishable by what is eternal, the visible by the invisible, the human by the Divine, and this not by the extinction, but by the full development of our faculties. Never have I read anything that so corresponded to my inner consciousness. My heart tells me that herein is truth.

* Possibly the 'Vie Intime' of Maine de Biran. A friend suggests it was more probably Père Gratry's 'Souvenirs.'

† In the words 'Overcome love by love' Mrs. Craven probably remembered the passage of St. Augustine which she often quoted: 'Scribe Domine vulnera tua in corde meo, ut in eis legam dolorem et amorem. Dolorem ad sustinendum pro te omnem dolorem; amorem ad contemnendum pro te omnem amorem.'

'Is it for nothing that God has given me this narrative to read, and has shown me these manifestations of His perpetual presence, and has made known to me these accepted prayers—these petitions and the answers to them?

'Is not all this truer than what we see with our eyes? Stranger, sweeter and more limitless than all we could dream?

'I know not what will come of all this. Nothing, perhaps. Nothing! Great God, that is impossible! I shall have seen and heard and tasted all this, and make no further steps along the path Thy grace has shown me? It may be so, for so it has been a thousand times with me. Ah! that indeed is to be feared and grieves me, and there is naught else in the world that need be feared. I should never again feel sorrow or alarm if I could be, and know that I was, faithful. But such as I am, it is no wonder that I am trembling and troubled, and that I live uneasily between earth's delights, which no longer please me, or are not for me, and that heavenly peace which I have not known how to attain.'

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 16, 1856.

'Friday last, the 10th, I spent at Fleury, with my dear Mme. Swetchine. It was a day which was, as always, useful to me, and it was even more beneficial than usual.

'I have brought back, I think, a firm resolve, for I am convinced that the progress she would have me make is absolutely necessary to my soul. If I do not make it I may lose the grace of salvation, and if not that, certainly the plenitude of those graces which, in God's mercy, I may hope for. If, on the other hand, I make the effort required of me, I may obtain even in this world the peace which is given to hearts united to God. I may know in coming years some of the happiness which I see in her incomparable

example—a happiness which transforms and beautifies old age, and which is the only real and inexhaustible happiness on earth. I have not to learn what happiness is. Joubert has well said : " In heaven we shall be no longer believers ; we shall only be thinkers. Let us, then, cultivate intellect, because it is a Divine and eternal gift." Her dear, great soul has done this, and therefore her mind is now more vigorous than in her youth ; and though age weakens her body, the powers of her soul and of her mind are more and more developed, notwithstanding the cruel physical pain she suffers, notwithstanding sorrows only known to Him who created her tender and large heart. Among all whom I know, she is the most enviable of creatures.

'All that she said to me confirmed the impression produced on me by Père Gratry's manuscript. It is curious, after all, how that impression has vanished. I cannot regain it, but I do not forget the resolutions to which it gave birth. That is the important point, and though God does not again give that joyful feeling which was akin to enthusiasm, which raised me above myself and detached me from the world, it does not matter. I will not alter my course. Père Gratry also spoke to me in the same sense as did Mme. Swetchine ; and, without knowing what she had said to me, he repeated almost the same things.

'I should be unworthy of God's grace in bringing me in close contact with those who desire the good of my soul (a grace which in one form or another has been repeated at every epoch of my life)—I should be unworthy if I did not at last, without reserve, and for ever, correspond to it.

'Many, so many others have never even heard of what it is given to me to know. Shall it be in vain ? My God, grant that it may not be ; this time grant for certain that it may not be !

'To begin. The idea of thoroughly mastering myself in

one matter troubled me. Early rising has always seemed to me the most difficult thing to do, a thing impossible for me, and yet I know better than anyone how inconvenient it is to be late. Wherever I live, I find my day constantly interrupted before I have been able even to begin it. Everywhere it has happened to me thus to lose—absolutely to lose, even in the restricted sense in which I use the word —a day, two days, sometimes eight days running. I know how great is the discomfort that follows. I know that while leading a life of regular Christian duty, I was often uneasy and felt a sort of remorse, and on examining the cause I found it was my waste of time. I sighed for an impossible solitude, and dreamt of chimerical retirement from the world. Only the other day I felt the same dislike to make the effort. I said then that I would see about it at Naples, but I had already found what came of postponed resolutions. At last I said to myself, "To-morrow, yes, to-morrow without fail," and notwithstanding my present indecision and my restless life, which is just now disturbed as it has never yet been, I will now, here in Paris, which I shall probably leave the day after to-morrow, begin to order my days, and as a first step break my morning sleep whatever my body may say to it.

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! la grâce de continuer, de poursuivre, d'accomplir. Ainsi-soit-il.

'"O gente umana, per volar su nata,
Perchè a poco vento così cadi?"
"Purgatorio," xii.'*

Two days after this entry Mrs. Craven began the series of Meditations which fill six small volumes of her small,

* 'O ye race of men,
Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind
So slight to baffle ye?'
Cary's translation.

fine writing. Some of them were published by her twenty years later. They are for the most part more impersonal than is her Journal, but the few words of preface in the first volume so well express the thoughts of her Journal at that date that they may be translated here :

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 18, 1856.

'A great master of the spiritual life having said recently that it was good to meditate pen in hand, I have begun to do so again. At least, I will note day by day in writing the thoughts which have most struck me during my morning meditation. It will help me to make it more attentively. It is not the first time that I have made trial of this exercise, but except during a retreat in Rome when I was required to do so, I have abstained since the day when a good priest told me that it was not a good method of meditation, because involuntarily the fact of writing made us think too much of ourselves.

'Père Petitot not being of this opinion, I resume the custom, but not with the intention of neglecting my morning exercise.

'How is it and why is it that we love any creature? Is it not because of the attraction which draws the heart to the perfection which we think we see, or because of the love which we inspire?

'In that supreme love of which all other is the shadow, in what degree do these motives actuate us?

'To feel and realize that they are present, though it would seem natural to do so, requires grace, a grace which is not readily obtained. Perhaps the reason of this is, that the soul really possessed by such love is in this life free of all that can be called sorrow. Not that the conditions of its

earthly life are altered, but what suffering exists is suffered for love's sake, sure of love unchangeable and sure of limitless fidelity, and of the eternal consummation of ineffable union.'

These were the thoughts that underlay all others in Mrs. Craven's mind at this crisis of her life, when she was determining to arrange and edit Mme. Albert de la Ferronnays' journal, and give its final and perfect shape to the history of a human passion that led up to the very gate of heaven, not by its eradication, but by its full development. Of all her contemporaries, as far as human judgment can perceive, there was no one who could have told the story of 'love overcome by love' as Mrs. Craven could. She set so high a value on earthly love that already it carried her imagination to heights from whence the highest became accessible. She had such large sympathy with men and women, both in their strength and in their weakness, that in 'Le Récit' not one harsh word of blame or reproach is uttered. The ripened charity, the respect for humanity, which were hers, attend the central figures of her drama. In 'Le Récit' is the outcome of that good sense, experience and art which she had perfected in her nomad and brilliant career, and which are in that book applied to her dearest and most profound emotions, to her spiritual convictions and her zeal to share with others the kingdom of God.

The third of the small manuscript volumes which contain her Journal from 1852 to 1859 is prefaced by the lines in Dante's 'Purgatorio':

> 'Sta come torre ferma, che non crolla
> Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti:
> Chè sempre l'uomo, in cui pensier rampolla,

Sovra pensier, da sè dilunga il segno,
Perchè la foga l' un dell' altro insolla.'
'Purgatorio,' v.*

Neapolitan news caused much anxiety just then to Mrs. Craven. On one occasion when she had passed a specially restless night, she wrote:

'PARIS,
'*October* 20, 1856.

'All the same, I got up at the accustomed new hour, walked to the village (Lumigny) and heard eight o'clock Mass. The fresh morning air did me good. At three o'clock I went back to the church and the cemetery. I prayed sadly but quietly by my Eugénie's grave. "Oh, life! life!" as she used to say; "it is very short, but it is long enough to be very much disturbed. Sorrow and joy take good care that it shall not be monotonous."

'In that place, and remembering that grief which was preceded by so much happiness, my passing troubles seemed insignificant. I came back slowly by the familiar path where I had walked so often with her. The dead leaves added to its melancholy, and my thoughts were far from joyous. . . . .

'Nothing could have been kinder than the farewells of the circle at Lumigny. My pride and vanity are too much pleased in these meetings. But what a check has come to counterbalance this popularity of mine!

'Sunday morning, the 19th, I left Lumigny, and here I

* 'Be as a tower that, firmly set,
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows;
He in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,
Still of his aim is wide, in that the one
Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strength.'
Cary's translation.

am again in a whirlwind of doubts on account of the flying rumours, which do not, however, confirm the newspapers.

'Last night, at Princess Lieven's, Mr. Howard told me for certain that Augustus had been ordered by a telegraphic message to leave. So now I am more perplexed than ever. On hearing from Augustus I wrote to him that I should leave on the 24th, but now he is certain to come here. Monday I waited for a letter from him all day, and felt tired and lonely. Tuesday a letter from him stopped my departure.'

'*Thursday, October* 23.

'It is strange. Since that flash of fervour, that momentary view of an entirely different order of things which suddenly revealed to me this world and its affairs in their absurdity, since that day and in spite of the resolves I have made, and to carry out which I again renew my determined intention, the impression of which I spoke has absolutely disappeared. I know that what I felt was true, both as regards my real desires and my real needs—true, in fact, about myself, and the true light in which things of this world should be seen. I do not express myself clearly, but I understand myself, and I have noted this here, so that if that flash of light never again illumines my life, I shall still remember what it has made clear to me. I shall still train my rebellious will in that direction. Even when this breath of enthusiasm may possibly be quite over, my will will remain fixed, I am sure. I must make it clear to myself that I am resolved to follow the course I have laid out. It is almost laughable to say all this about such little things.

'Such little things, that all the women of my acquaintance do as much—the greater number do more—yet it is no use making comparisons. Some things are an effort for children, and a play for their elders. I am still a child about

this important point of early rising. Old as I am, I have to begin. I have done nothing yet, and it is no use to attempt much. It is enough to make sure that I have gained something in the conflict with myself.

'Formerly I found it hard to get up at nine o'clock. I went to the ten o'clock Mass without having finished dressing; came back to breakfast, then dressed, and only began my day at twelve o'clock. I often made my meditation when my head was full of the day's disquietudes, and when silence had been broken for hours. My strength lies in silence, and it is some gain to me to be in church at half-past seven. That enables me to hear Mass, to make my meditation and say my prayers in peace, and to be home by nine o'clock, so as to finish dressing and breakfast before ten. Then from ten to two o'clock, my great aim will be to work every day in solitude. When I breakfast with Augustus at ten, I may gain an hour for my work beforehand. It is not easy to be alone, but I have done well these past ten days. I trust that God will second my desire and smooth all external obstacles.

'As for Augustus, if I do not look too tired, if nothing in my face makes him think that early rising is bad for me, I am sure that he will find it more convenient than otherwise. I shall really have more time to give him as well as more for myself. My dressing at eleven often bored him, and when I have some hours already well employed to my credit, I shall not grudge him the time he asks from me as I did when I had done nothing all day. When I feel oppressed by the sense of being behindhand, so that every hour increases my uneasiness, all this gives rise to a flurry which is fatal to self-communing and prayer, and perhaps fatal also for me in society. I mean to say by this that I lose the faculty of silence, of checking too great or untimely excitement in conversation, of watching over my words on any

subject. I always wish for the gift, and I ask it earnestly from God. I always repeat with attention the words in the Mass : "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and a door round about my lips." I seldom fail to say them attentively, and I have marked their place in my prayer-book with a picture of St. John of Nepomuk, who seems to me to be the true patron of silence.

'It appears to me clear that I honestly wish for this virtue, and I am never wanting in it without being seriously unhappy.

'Well, there is no question but that when I have passed a wasted morning, and joined in every sort of worldly conversation, I should not be astonished when I go into society unprepared, and insufficiently mistress of myself, that I am beaten in every discussion, as I deserve to be, and as any man would be who went to battle without putting on his armour. When the moment for fighting came, he would be busy in buckling it. On such occasions I have exactly the same feeling, and it increases my confusion, for notwithstanding my disorderliness in everything, when I prepare myself beforehand I seldom fail. Thus another point will be gained by my early rising. I shall escape from this "detestable hurry," as Father Faber calls it, which prevents my ideas from lying peacefully in my mind as still water in a vase. On the contrary, they often boil up without cause, only because I am what English people call "flurried," and then I can't say anything, or scarcely think anything, quietly. By the way, this ought to be more trying to my health than early rising, and, in fact, I know by experience the harm it does me. As soon as I speak with sufficient excitement to make my heart beat and my cheeks burn, I know that I no longer speak as I ought. If my emotion were justified, if it were a question even of God's truth, such excitement is bad for me, and without some previous excess of feeling, I should

not so quickly lose my sang-froid, and my calm would last longer had it not been disturbed beforehand.

'So now I see very clearly what is the evil, and also that a remedy, which does not at first sight seem applicable, will reach it, as a diet which is not specially suited for the stomach may benefit the general health.'

'11, CHESTERFIELD STREET, LONDON,
'*Tuesday, December* 9, 1856.

'Augustus arrived in Paris on October 29, and now, thank God, we are together. I have nothing now to do but to obey, and that is much easier than to have to decide for one's self. Yet, though I have no further responsibility, we are still in great perplexity between the discomfort of passing our winter away from our only home, and on the other hand the fear, if I ask that we may go back to Naples for the present, of seeing the chimera of which we are in pursuit vanish altogether. Augustus has still some hope of reaching it; I have none.

'In the meantime it may be strange, perhaps wrong, and certainly it is vexatious, that I find myself obliged against my will to leave Naples. After having detested it, longed to leave it, and feared to establish myself there, I had begun really to love it. My return there gave me as much pleasure this year as it did annoyance a year ago. My heart is heavy when I think of my good friends and my dear children; of the sun, and the way it shines on the gray and gold of my room; of my pretty pictures, and of the general effect of things which for some time I so little appreciated. . . .

'What have my impressions and my strong resolutions produced?

'Not all that I expected and thought I should accomplish, yet something; and I hope that in more favourable circumstances that "something" may grow, and I will not

let myself be discouraged. Notwithstanding the tiring evenings of London, I have continued to get up two hours earlier than I used, and in this matter I have been faithful so far to the resolution I made in Paris. I have gained more self-collectedness, and some hours of time, but solitude is almost impossible for me in our present way of living. The plan that I proposed for my day's occupations has been much interfered with, and many negligences were added to what was involuntary, so that my days were not filled up as they might have been. This is at once the evil and the good of my present existence. It is good for me to put it in writing, and doing so will help me to do better in one way, and less badly in the other. I want also to take my Journal up again as I did last summer, and from time to time narrate what happens to me.

'On Thursday, November 4, we left Paris with Lord and Lady Granville, who were returning from their embassy at St. Petersburg; Comte Marescalchi, the Duc de Richelieu, and Mr. Henry Corry met us at the station. We had a merry journey altogether, and as we came along I partly lost the feeling of regret I had in leaving, a feeling which showed me that I had wished, more than I myself knew, to settle in Paris for the winter. Sea detestable, but quick passage, and at five o'clock I set foot on the shore to which I had bidden an eternal farewell two months before. The big room at Folkestone, where we all dined, was bright; a blazing fire warmed it, and the English look of well-being and comfort was so complete that my impressionable temperament reflected the influence, and during dinner I felt quite gay. I was glad, too, to be there with Augustus, and to have thrown off the painful sense of solitude which I felt when I travelled without him. Marie was very good and affectionate; our other fellow-travellers were also very kind, and put me in excellent humour. . . .

'I wrote in this Journal a year ago, "If I were obliged to leave Naples, it would have to be when I had become attached to the place, and when I was settled there for life, or something of that sort." I little thought that both these conditions would be fulfilled within a year. God's will be done. I desired earnestly that Augustus might find some occupation. Now it appears that it will be absolutely refused, or given at the cost of new and great changes of residence and neighbourhood, and of all my tastes and ties of affection. My present life is like sitting in a room with an open door. One cannot feel at peace. How can I be, with this open door in my life through which may enter every kind of extraordinary combination?

'After all, nothing can come through that door but by the will of God. In spite of everything, in the middle of everything, that certainty should bestow on me calm and cheerfulness.

'Since our return to England we spent a week at Brocket, where in August I passed such troubled days. Who could have told me that I should be again there in November, and nearly in the same society?'

The reader will remember the pages of Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences' which are taken from this part of her Journal. Of one of the guests mentioned, she writes, in an unpublished passage:

'Why had she not been brought up by a mother such as mine, and with the completeness of happiness and continuous help which I enjoyed in my childhood, and which I still possess? The thought silences all insolent criticism, and all recurrence to a past which is blotted out by the present.'

IX.

MRS. CRAVEN'S Journal continues under the date:

'*January* 18, 1857.

'On our return from Brocket, we came back to this house where, after a fortnight's stay, I believed that we should have seen the end of our indecisions. Days and weeks have passed, and January 15 has come. Mr. Monsell has been to Rome, and returned on November 18, when he left us here established in his house, as we then thought, for a few days. He is in Paris, and says he is returning. We are at last obliged to come to some decision, and we have no more idea than we had on our arrival, November 7, what we shall do. . . .

'Yet, as I said eighteen months ago, what does this teach me, except that I must practise that kind of detachment which is specially disagreeable to me? Why? Because it costs me so much that I find it difficult, and I am cowardly and weak. . . . I have seldom been for so long what I call "lost." "Lost" is the only word which expresses the distressing and weary sensation.

'I come and go, I talk, I read, I write, I go to church and stay there. I come home and busy myself; I go into society and laugh, and through it all I never anywhere for an instant feel I am myself. This consciousness that I am not what I would be nor even what I seem to be is inexpressible. It tires my head and nerves as if I were not "all there." Sometimes a word, a fragment of conversation, or even an air which I hear sung, restores me to my own self for a moment; tears come into my eyes and I could easily sob, though the cause of my emotion does not seem at all sufficient for the effect.

'In fact, I think that this prolonged uncertainty has strained my nerves.

'We only left London once between November 18 and January 1, and it was to pass forty-eight hours with Lady Mary Labouchere at Stoke, near Windsor. Our "merry Christmas" passed in solitude by the side of our borrowed fire. In this country, families meet together and collect their friends round them; but on this day, devoted to hospitality and friendship, we are alone. . . .

'New Year's Day, 1857, passed in much the same way. We might, however, have been in the country, but Augustus was detained in town; nor did we dine *tête-à tête*, but with the kind Duchess of Inverness at Kensington, and there cordiality was not wanting. . . .

'After dinner I felt painfully how much I was out of my element. I hardly knew where I was, and it seemed to me that never again should I be in a genial atmosphere. Young Mendoça sang "Le Chemin du Paradis," and he reminded me by contrast of Laurette. I thought of last year, where, at the same hour, we were all together in my drawing-room, and so gay. Laurette and Thérèse so pretty: one all in blue, the other in white and gold; and Berthe, full of the joy of young life which knows not its future, and my dear children, who recited verses, and sang couplets, and embroidered slippers for me. I see clearly how much I really appreciate all that well-being and affection which I have not always sufficiently recognized. Perhaps God is correcting me for that, and this may explain my contrariety.

'January 2 we left for Broadlands, where the Palmerstons had asked us to stay a fortnight—a long visit at this time of year in England. The Lavradios and the Marquis d'Azeglio travelled with us. We found Lady Jocelyn and some men at Broadlands. Next day arrived Sir John* and Lady Milbank.'

* English Minister at Munich.

In short, it was the party that is described in Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences.' It was a party the elements of which would, in another mood, have been full of interest for her. Lord Palmerston was at his best, but in her Journal is noted :

'All this ought to have roused me. Being in the country does me good, as a rule, more than anything else, but this time everything was ineffectual. A bad cold added to my moral discomfort, and all the week passed without a moment of spiritual relief. Doubtless I made little effort; being unwell, I got up late. I left the bridle loose, so that my will might go as it liked, and follow the feeling which has for some time oppressed me. It is not strange that I should have but a confused remembrance of those two weeks.'

On the 25th, Mrs. Craven left Broadlands to spend two days at Rushmore with Lady Rivers, and thence she went for a visit to Lady Shaftesbury at St. Giles.

There was no issue to Mr. and Mrs. Craven's indecisions when they found themselves again in London. 'Never before have I been so tossed to and fro,' she exclaims. 'My mind feels the consequences, and my soul does even more.'

'*January* 25, 1857.

'I have received the *Correspondant*, and by the side of Lady G. Fullerton's charming novel I find an article by Montalembert on St. Simon* which amazes me.'

* Apropos of the same article, Mme. Swetchine wrote to Mrs. Craven : 'L'abus des allusions est en ce moment a son comble.' In the same letter she says : 'Je veux que vous sachiez mon enchantement de la *Comtesse de Bonneval* lancée par vous dans le monde.' It was the novel of which Mrs. Craven writes as having appeared in the *Correspondant*, and remains a proof of its author's (Lady G. Fullerton's) command of French, in which language it was written.

Mrs. Craven resented the attribution of pre-eminent virtue to that 'great Christian,' who was compared by the writer, her friend and Albert's, to Bossuet, not only in style, but in the beneficial results of his writings. While she admired M. de Montalembert's eloquence, his vigour and splendid language, she asked herself on what it was spent—'On the panegyric of a clever man, and a writer in the highest degree entertaining; instructive also in the limited sense that is applicable to the lively descriptions of a corrupt society. There is, no doubt, much to be praised in the "Memoirs of St. Simon," and it may be said that his is the best of all similar works. We should have a right to complain if it were withdrawn from us, for, side by side with ignoble anecdotes, uselessly saved from oblivion, are to be found the admirable portraits of the great characters which rightly aroused his enthusiasm. But, after all, there is not enough in all that to carry one away. . . .

'Certainly, though some pure and noble reputations have gained in honour and charm by his writings, the general effect of them makes it impossible to read his memoirs without profound disgust for the epoch they describe. Montalembert feels it even more than most people, and truth compels him to say that the 150 years which have elapsed since have not been wasted, and that the flood of evils which still inundate us is, after all, not as great in infamy as the scandals of the past were. They would be impossible nowadays. If so, let us be more lenient to the age in which God willed us to be born. Let us live as St. Francis de Sales advised—without being too angry one with the other.'

Mrs. Craven observes how unjust St. Simon is to Mme. de Maintenon, which, she adds, 'makes him responsible for a century of calumny.'

'If there is anything of which I am tired, it is the form

under which every attack and invective is carried on at present. There is not a book that is not written to make you understand something different from what it says. Every subject is turned and twisted to that end, and hardly anything is treated with sincerity.'

'*Monday and Tuesday,*
'*February* 9 *and* 10.

'Yesterday and to-day are days for me of dear remembrance, of sad and sweet thoughts which lie deep in my life—thoughts which are ineffaceable and always present, as on the first day. Time is but a little thing, even on earth; the past is still so living, and the longest future is so short, that our span of life seems often in reality but the dream to which it is so often compared, in which long series of imaginary events take place during a second. When I return in thought to that time of Albert's and Alexandrine's love, which seems so living and so near to me, to the pain of uncertainty and waiting, and the separations which then appeared so cruel and of such consequence; when I recall their marriage and the flash of happiness followed by the gloomy days of their mortal suffering which altered all, and the new life of Alexandrine after Albert's death, so inter woven in its reminiscence and aspiration that her lost joys were less often subjects for our conversation than those she looked for; all that passed more quickly than human prevision could have foreseen, and all is past—finished; and already they have been re-united in heaven for a longer time than their love on earth lasted. More than that, they have taken possession of the ineffable things hidden even from our imagination, as well as of all the reality of that which to us on earth seems happiness.

'Beauty, youth, love, union, poetry, divine harmonies, delights of which ours are but shapeless promises—all that

is theirs for ever in God; that is to say, realized beyond all that is given to us to understand.

'We did not desire this world's splendours, nor anything which is counted earthly prosperity. We wished to love and be loved. We wished for life in which there should be affection, and duties transfigured by affection. We wished for busy but private lives, spent among our friends, and given to religion and study and love. Albert, Alexandrine, Eugénie, Olga, were not those our dreams? They are the dreams of many another, and they are righteous dreams; and if God does not let us realize them on earth, it is that by well-endured privation we may hereafter earn their complete fulfilment.

'And yet, when the bolt falls on our youth, which destroys our faith in happiness, it seems for ever dead; and when I recall the time and the way in which all those dear ties were broken, and all those pleasant forecasts proved illusions, I confess that even now I feel deeply the pain of that loss. Yet in all I acknowledge that every one of us has to bless God. During these two last days I have for some moments felt a living sense of that heavenly happiness which is most within our conceptions—that of reunion. I must altogether doubt God's mercy, or believe that those dear souls are saved and are together. My father, my mother, Albert, Alexandrine, Eugénie, Olga! Have they not all believed, suffered, loved, hoped, and worked the works of faith; some in the strength of their innocence, others in that of their repentance, and of their perfect and unmurmuring faithfulness to the law and the will of God?

'Dear, dear souls, I cannot fear for you. I hope and I believe in your happiness. What would mean faith and hope, if it be not that you have reached the height of all these joys, by the lapse and loss of which we were once so grieved? Past sufferings have become but faded dreams,

and for you, awaking for eternity will be the realization of all perfection.

'Their lives and their deaths allow me, as I believe, to think thus of them without presumption. There is such happiness in the thought, that joy, and not sorrow, is the right word to use on the day of their entrance into their true life. I cannot but feel—notwithstanding the thick shadow in which their absence leaves me—I often think that God's goodness is very great towards me. So many others love and lose as much as I have done, without having the same reason as I have for hope. Their hearts are pierced by a double sword, of which one is so cruel that were they saved from it, as I am, it would seem to them that they did not suffer. May these thoughts be not in vain, my God!'

The next entry in her Journal is dated:

'ALDENHAM,
'*February* 25, 1857.

'I left London last Saturday, to spend a couple of days here with Lady Granville, and I am detained by her sharp attack of illness, which came on the day after she arrived. Here I am for some days to come, away from London, and obliged to stay here—which, indeed, I like. I love the situation; the house is charming, in it there is complete repose; and John Acton, whose solitude I invaded with his mother, has so many mental resources that time passes very pleasantly alone with him. A great sorrow has shadowed the last days of my stay in London, and I am not the only one to feel it. Even outside the circle in which an irreparable breach has been made, the death of Lord Ellesmere is a misfortune not only felt, but shared universally.'

'LONDON,
'*May* 1, 1857.

'I have done a great many things since I wrote last in this book, and it is two months since I opened it. In the interval I left England again, believing that I should not return, and instead, I find myself almost settled in a new London house. It is surprising. None of the things happen which I expect, and nothing is stranger than to be here in a new home which is actually mine. Here I am, nevertheless, sitting at a charming table and surrounded by my books and pictures, and with every right to believe myself really at my work. As a fact, I am, but it is as a ship always under sail. It is only a pause, but it is rest, and I accept it and enjoy it, and thank God for it.

'I want to resume the habit of writing something regularly once a week in my Journal. It would make me remember more exactly how time goes, and it goes so fast!

'So fast! especially now. For the first years of youth we are, as it were, anchored to the shore; we do not believe that we have to leave it, nor that what we see round us will ever disappear. But towards thirty we push off; the shore grows distant with ever-increasing speed, and weeks seem to pass as days did before.'

Mrs. Craven had passed her pen through the following paragraph, but later she has written across it:

'Why have I struck this out? It is true, and ought to remain.'

'It might have been better if I had begun a journal like this much sooner. Yet, after all, I think that true things take a larger place in our minds as we grow older, and in that respect it is not when we are twenty years old that we are best able to write. The shore to which we sail, as we leave that of youth behind us, is, after all, our fatherland.

The nearer we approach it, the better we discern its features in their true light.

'I left London on April 3, and arrived in Paris the same evening, with Lady Granville, but I did not know how long I should stay there. A letter from Augustus, three days later, almost decided my summer plans. In any case I shall return and spend some months in this new habitation, until it fulfils its real purpose, which is, to be let.

'During this fortnight in Paris, in the midst of much fatigue and hurry which make enjoyment impossible, I have had, all the same, some pleasant moments.

'Ah! for instance, what a sad and singular impression was mine, as on Holy Wednesday I found myself once more dining at Adrien's—in that house which I cannot re-enter without such a rush of contending memories, that the habit which I have found so necessary, of keeping to myself the innermost depths of my heart where no one can enter, and pursuing my way without a pause or hesitation, stood me in good stead. . . .

'Fernand—dear fellow! Adrien let him go with me in his brougham. We talked, but I have too much to say of which I will not write here. Let it pass. May God, in this scattering of our poor family, have mercy on us and help us, separated as we are from one another, to walk forward each of us in the way of salvation!

'To Notre Dame! Strong and profound emotion was caused by the scene, both as it was then and as memory recalled it to me.

'Nothing has ever, in my eyes, surpassed the general effect of what is to be found in that place, and at that hour, during those holy days. The crowd of men was greater than in the days of the finest sermons from Père de Ravignan and Père Lacordaire; yet Père Felix does not at all equal either of them. That compact mass of listeners is all

the more edifying. But what gave me one of those spiritual shocks, rarely felt, but which strike from the soul a living spring of urgent and fervent prayer, was the anthem Parce, Domine, which followed the sermon. Without having heard it, it is impossible to imagine the effect of the cry, first uttered by one voice and then by the five or six thousand voices of the men who overflowed the vast nave of Notre Dame. "Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo." Never were words and music in such accord. Never did the impression of unanimous prayer—the prayer which obtains—strike me so strongly.

'The men of Paris! so powerful alike for good as for evil! When I remembered that it was their voices I heard, I could not help joining them with confidence and hope and faith in the future of our sick and troubled commonwealth, which is yet so full of the vigorous sap by which national prosperity may be always resuscitated.

'It is when I remember this that I love France, and that I feel I still belong to her. In no other country does one feel so happy, so pure, and so full of energy in the presence of evil. Fighting it at close quarters, not disguising it by specious names, not yielding to it; keeping our souls at their highest level, using the words self-abnegation and devotedness in a sense that is more thorough than the meaning in which they are understood elsewhere—a sense that is the highest, and which is forgotten by other nations. Of such Frenchmen I am the fellow-citizen and the sister. They were, no doubt, not the majority in that great building, but they were certainly more, many more, than the ten just men who once sufficed to save a nation. God alone knows their number, and it may be much greater than we believe. As for those who are worldly and frivolous, I think they are inferior to all others of the same class on earth. The contrast is great on arriving in Paris from England—the

country where respect for woman is proved by the complete absence of that mixed coarseness and ill-nature which is the basis of conversation in Paris. True, one unfortunately gets used to it; but the first impression is the right one, and I feel it again, and I am startled and shocked by what is said and what is listened to. Decidedly, in proportion as fervent and intelligent Christians are here superior to those who are to be met in England (for the reason that here they each pursue an ideal, and the Catholic ideal is the nobler of the two), so in proportion those who are not fervent in religion are inferior here, for the reason that the human, political, national, perhaps even domestic ideal in England is higher and nobler, and agrees better with that natural law which links happiness and right order together. There is something disorderly in French society which does not exist in that of England.

'I know not if there is truth in these remarks, perhaps not. I do not cling to my generalizations. I know what I feel. However that may be, and whatever its defects, Paris remains a delightful place, and I believe that in the long run it is the only place which entirely suits me. How much has been said to persuade me that it is so! My vanity and pride have had much to feed on, in what I have heard on the subject, during this short stay. Fortunately I do not lack antidotes, as I think of the great contrasts of my life. I appear to have more friends than anyone, to inspire general liking; and I know it is so, and memory supplies me with a long list of names when I think of all the people worth knowing whom I could easily gather round me. I love, and I am cordially beloved by, a few intimate and dear friends; and yet, notwithstanding all, few lives are more really solitary than is mine. I do not grieve over it, but I remark the fact. I am convinced my solitude is not bad for me, though it is often extremely painful, owing to

my long habit of opening my heart, and my need of doing so. Yet it is, perhaps, in this very pain and all its causes and its results that lies my true chance of salvation.

'Lord C.'s answer is come, and it is what I expected, since I have lost my illusory hopes. The effect on Augustus has also been just what I anticipated. I cannot be astonished that it is disagreeable and sad for him to live in this country which is so full of life and interest for others. I do not myself care to stay here longer. In the first place, I share with him the bitterness he feels. I am too much vexed by his vexations to feel still the personal liking I had for England and its habits and its habitations.'

'*June* 17.

'The last time I wrote here was on May 30, and the time that has since elapsed has been a memorable time for me. During three weeks I was ill. My illness was aggravated by solitude, and during that solitude I was attacked with a violence I never felt before, by every impression, real and imaginary, which could most disturb me and throw me into a state of depression as humiliating as it was miserable.

'This has been my condition, I might almost say my trial. It was a trial shamefully badly borne; at least that was my impression. God only knows if the sincere desires of my heart and the unavailing efforts of my will kept the under-currents of my soul less troubled than was its surface. Perhaps so, but I am far from being sure of it. For a moment I felt disgust for myself. I find myself entirely without the noble and delightful qualities which I see in others, who yet have not as I have the stimulus of piety and of a faith which naturally should supply them. During my illness and solitude I had all of a sudden a clear vision of the final departure of that reflected youth which I had retained, perhaps, longer than others do. It was a sharp pain for an instant, as if I had suddenly passed from youth

to age. I thought of my charming Princess, and all her lively and happy feelings, and that atmosphere of kindliness which she carries with her; her confident aspirations, her courage, whether to enjoy or to wish, to suffer or to hope. And besides all that she has been, and the many interests which have filled her life, she has the sense of youth—the sense of triumph which is doubtless what the Bible calls the "pride of life." I remember how vividly I felt it; and my self-love, always, alas! so great, whispered besides that not only was I young, but that I was dowered with some of the gifts which give radiance to youth.

'And now all that is over and past, and already far distant; and instead of having gradually become aware of my decline, it suddenly breaks on me that but yesterday I was young, and to-morrow I shall be old.

'It is the beginning of a great peace as well as the end of many vexations, and it is not the end of that which at all times has given me the chief joys of my life. There remain the society and kindness of friends; the delights which Nature and Art can bestow; study and the great interests which occupy and elevate the mind; and, above all, God, to whom we belong more and more—God, who at last can reign alone; God, whose immortal love takes no account of time, who is always "the God of our youth," because He is the God of the soul, which never grows old; God, who keeps His best gifts for those years, to which in our foolishness we look forward with dread. Surely these considerations cast a light on the future, not less than that which shines on our past, and which, indeed, will far surpass it if our souls be but faithful.

'These consoling and true thoughts have not been always present with me; on the contrary, I have had dark hours of struggle. I felt myself at times separated from what makes the charm of life, and yet unattracted by those

compensations which were offered to me from above. I went over the desires and the miscalculations of my life. Above all, I felt in all its old keenness the poignant regret of being childless, a regret proportionate to the love I bear children. It is the strongest of which my heart is capable, and it is spent, whether I will it or not, on every child who nestles in my arms. I love children, and I weep for those whose place has remained empty. May God's will be obeyed and loved! It is easy to say so to-day, but in my hours of storm that voice of the past has not been mute.

'And in the midst of all this the great Feast of the Blessed Sacrament passed, and I could not even go to church. Father Savigné preached, and I could not go once to hear him, and Augustus, who was absent, seemed to have deserted me in my sadness and suffering.

'Yet it was not so, and by my ardent wish for his return I knew what security I felt in his affection—the support, the help, the comfort, which there is for me in him. Let him say what he will to me on those days when the cloud rests on him which sometimes hides from me my sun, he loves me as no one else loves me. I have no dearer friend —none more necessary to me or more indispensable, and no one who can be so trusted.'

'CARLSBAD,
'*July* 29, 1857.

'I have been at Carlsbad for a fortnight. In consequence of the illness I had in London, I was ordered these waters which I am taking. They suit me, and I feel stronger and more comfortable than I have done for some time. Our life is monotonous, and has little or no interest in it, but the country is charming. We have the repose of solitude, much greenery, much of that calm, natural beauty which suits people of all countries, as well as that which pleases less prosaic imaginations. Thanks be to God, as I grow

older I appreciate and understand Nature better and better. It might even be possible to love her only. In youth we feel her beauty, but we treat her rather as a confidant than as a real friend. She reflects our youthful dreams, and we love her because we find them thus repeated. But she does not calm us; on the contrary, she stimulates us with intoxicating influences of the present, and excites the curiosity with which we desire to know that future which seems to us to promise even more. When one is young, so many things are mingled with her charm that we cannot taste, as we do later, her beneficent and serene influence.

'I remember the impression autumn made on me long ago. I loved its aspect and its odours. I loved to make long excursions in the woods. I loved the veil of sadness which my surroundings threw over my everyday pleasures. In the clear and fresh air of the year's last days there is something vivifying and exhilarating, and her shadow of melancholy makes an impression not to be forgotten. Together with feelings such as these, to which one side of my nature has always been sensitive, autumn also reminded me that the season of repose was nearly over and the time of pleasure had nearly come. Beyond the dead leaves were visions of other things very different and very frivolous compared with those of to-day—brilliantly-lighted ball-rooms, wreaths of flowers, and besides

"tous ces bruits
Dont partout la solitude est pleine,"

those of the world made themselves very audible. The music of dance and of song, words and impressions in harmony with it, and many hopes, some vaguely perceived, others clearly promised for the year to come—a repetition of all that made the remembrance of the last year so delightful.

'I do not now dwell on the imperfect and reprehensible side of all those visions and aspirations. I only say that it is not amid the world's noise that the great voice—the voice of God Himself—can best be heard. Only as the sounds of earth grow weaker can we hear it. When they have ceased, and only then, do we comprehend its secret sweetness. As I write, I thank God, who suffers me to realize very strongly these happy thoughts.

'Since I have been here, I have that joy which is perhaps too sweet—the almost painful joy of taking charge of my dear little Lina, while Thérèse drinks the waters at Marienbad. For the first time in her life she let Lina leave her that I might enjoy her. I feel this proof of affection as I ought. It is like the tenderness of my Eugénie, and it makes me love Thérèse even more than I did. She has the same charming unselfishness, the same generosity of heart, the same devotion to those whom she loves. I am sure that Eugénie in heaven blesses her for the love she bears me. So I have now around me the life and light which a child's presence gives. I could not love this one more if she were my own, but then I should love her without feeling the transitoriness of this joy and the absence of its reality for me.'

X.

'PARIS,
'*September* 6, 1857.

'WE have been in Paris for twelve days, and there seemed to me nothing to say of our commonplace life during the first of them. But now, alas! I have to record most sad and important memories. My dear, beloved and admirable

friend, Mme. Swetchine, is dying. Mother, sister, friend—she was all to me. My soul and heart and mind were all satisfied when I was near her; all were at peace.

'"How resigned you are!" I said to her during a long day which I had spent with her at Fleury, earlier in the autumn. "Do not use that word," she said to me. "I do not like the word 'resignation,' which means that we *will* a thing, and that we sacrifice it to something which God wills. That involves a double action of the will which I do not understand. Is it not simpler and more reasonable to have, one's self, absolutely no will but the will of God?"'

During Mme. Swetchine's final illness, Mrs. Craven had been much by her side, and she describes how, at one crisis, 'an iron bed was rolled in from an adjacent room, and in half an hour she asked again for Princess Gagarin and for me; and we found her lying on it in the middle of the drawing-room. It was not unusual for her to do this, for she did not habitually sleep in her bedroom, but on a bed rolled of an evening into one of the sitting-rooms. It was a singular custom, and it helped to give her death-bed a special aspect. There was no trace of illness visible, and she, who was sinking before us under the weight of complicated disease and her great age, retained to the last her familiar and dear appearance. Her dress was, as always, simple, but not neglected. The same exquisite cleanliness was maintained; the perfume of eau-de-Portugal, which she always used, harmonized with her serene countenance. Her features, which could express such sympathy with the troubles of others, but were immovable when she spoke of her own, never failed in their double characteristics until the last moment of her sufferings.'

Mrs. Craven has recorded every circumstance of her

illness with touching minuteness; but as M. de Falloux has already published almost the same narrative, we will not follow Mrs. Craven's.

XI.

Mrs. Craven was anxious to return to Naples. She writes: 'After all, it is for me the only place connected with memories of the past, and now for some years it has had the charm of habit. And besides, Thérèse needs me, and Lina, to leave whom would cost me as great a pang as if I were her mother. I cannot care for London, because Augustus is haunted there by his persistent regret. Paris is indifferent now to me since my dear, adorable friend is gone from it—she with whom, and with whom only, I so ardently longed to stay two years ago. In short, if Augustus were at Naples, free of certain annoyances and, as far as might be, happy, nothing would suit me better than to return there now; and that seems to me our wisest course.'

It refreshed Mrs. Craven's spirits, and she needed comfort and strengthening in the bitterness of her sorrow for Mme. Swetchine, to go to La Roche en Brény. She writes in her Journal after her visit:

'Paris,
'*October* 1, 1857.

'I had no time to write during last week, which I spent at La Roche en Brény with the Montalemberts. Those days of rest in the country, though they were but few, have given me a sense of happy well-being. Independently of my friendship for Montalembert, my dearest memories are so inextricably bound up with him, that with no one else have I in common so many precious interests of the past,

and so much thought on existing subjects about which we are in full sympathy. I also love Anna very tenderly. There are many points of difference between us, and few women are so little like each other. She attracts and pleases, but sometimes astonishes me, and yet I love her better than I do anyone else.'

A hurried visit to England followed. Mr. and Mrs. Craven let their house there. Mrs. Craven wrote from London, in October, to the Duchesse Ravaschieri:

'I was reading aloud to Augustus the day before yesterday the lists of Bills passed in the House during the last very important session. He said nothing, then he bent his head down, and I saw two big tears roll down his cheeks. I feel still in my heart the pain they caused me.'

'LUMIGNY,
'*November* 7, 1857.

'I could not finish what I had to write about La Roche. A new turn of our uncertainties has occurred since I closed this book. Our house in London is let, and it is decided that we are to return to Naples for this winter. Meantime I am enjoying physical rest, and the moral well-being I feel in the country, whatever country it be.

'How strange is my life! I look at Claire, and at twenty-eight I see her established in a calm and equable existence which has already acquired the charm of habit, and which is not threatened by any probable change in its peaceful current. At most, its changes would be but those to which the life of every man is subject in what regards their wishes and their will. I compare this life with the broken fragments of mine, and I do not complain of the difference, for I only know the weariness of change, and it is possible that I might also suffer from that of monotony. I see the beloved figures around me in the beautiful past years. My heart

often melts and burns within me when I can entirely escape from the present, and summon again their distant voices and recall their lost forms. I was then myself a different person, with other thoughts and other wishes. And then—one after another—those who had almost filled my life vanished from it. Not only are they all gone, but I am no longer in the places where they were, or if after long years I see those places again, they are so completely changed that no trace of the past can be found, except some remains which are like the ruins of a shattered building.

'Nothing, not even the aspect of the country, reminds me of what was. And I have lived in other lands and possessed friends to whom the dear companions of my youth were unknown and remain unknown. Those who are here around me, bound to me by ties which our common country and our relationship draw closer than all others, are but accidents in my life, and to friends with whom I have spent most of my past ten years my dead are for the greater part strangers even in name.

'I have had a home, I have lived in it with a certain success; I have received in it many friends as well as a crowd of persons for whom I cared not, but among them all there were hardly any of the friends of my youth; and my nearest and my dearest were not of the number. I only write this generally; the details of this lack of unity in my life are yet stranger. I have always had a passionate love of memories, and felt the need of connecting what is past with what is present. I have for long had a profound dislike for all that can end, as well as for all that can begin.

'Sunday last, November 1, we went after vespers to the cemetery. On that day, according to the custom of the country, we all go to pray by the graves of those we have lost. We go in together, then we separate. Adrien and his sons knelt near me, Claire and her relations a little further

away. Oh, my beloved, all is well. You are in heaven. Your children have grown, and are as you would have liked to see them. In choosing another wife, your husband doubtless acted as you would have wished. Claire, who has in her life only loved Adrien, is his, and her mother lives with her in the plenitude of a happiness which is the realization of her early dreams. Everyone is now happy here. Is it wrong in me for whom nothing is changed, in me for whom the irreparable void is deeper than ever to-day, for me who have no shadow of compensation for your loss, who am ever conscious that it is the incurable wound of my life—is it wrong, I ask, that I should have felt a tinge of bitterness mix itself with impressions which, in spite of their sadness, would have been sweet to me when I remembered that all this environment of happiness has its origin in this very pain and misfortune? How sad and lonely I felt at the moment of our common prayer!

'I was on my knees, my head resting on the stone. Little by little everyone had gone away. Sister Marie Timothée told me to get up, for the ground was damp, and then I perceived that only Adrien, Robert and Albert had remained. I got up, but I know not what feeling (to which I ought not to have yielded) made me take a different path from theirs as I returned to the château. I had barely started, when I was sorry I had done so, for at that moment we were truly united in the same thought. I felt it when I found them awaiting me on the doorsteps, as the night fell. Adrien took me in his arms and kissed me, saying that it was sweet and consolatory that I could be there on that day. His dear children also kissed me so tenderly that my full heart felt somewhat relieved and calm. Claire also was good and charming to me. Dear Claire! it would be too bad of me to feel vexed because God has been good to her. We all love His will, who *can* but will our welfare. The

Divine will gave her all this happiness, which He withdrew from us. May it be done and accepted without a murmur!

'LUMIGNY,

'*Thursday, November* 12.

'The quiet I enjoy here does me great good; but I am living outside my real life, and it is tinged with melancholy and a certain uneasy feeling as if I were appropriating to my use something that does not belong to me. When I take up my ordinary existence I shall again feel troubled—the trouble of disquietude, to which I would so willingly put an end. . . The remembrance and the fear of what are mostly imaginary difficulties pursue me and prevent my inmost soul from enjoying the calm which rests my body—that calm I owe, in the first place, to being out of a town and in the presence of Nature, even ugly as is this country, and leafless at this time of year. I owe it also to the regularity of life here, and the absence of those multiplied occupations which more than aught else tire my mind and my nerves. Yes; the mere view of a horizon clear of any house, visible or invisible; the mere sight of the yellowing trees and the fields which are still green; the broad garden walks; the few remaining flowers which show here and there; and, above all, a sky singularly clear and brilliant, considering the season—all this gives me a great feeling of healthy comfort. Nor am I unconscious of most cordial affection. Yet, in truth, I need for full enjoyment of a scene like this a certain community of tastes and opinions, of interest in the same things and the same people. In short, I need complete sympathy, such as I once knew here and such as I can feel. Meantime, these are among my better days, and I thank God for them. But—they are over. I had hardly begun to profit somewhat by this quiet, which I could not at once enjoy (I had had previously too much anxiety).

The waves were just calming down, and I could look better into my heart, but now the changes begin again. . . .

'Oh! if this beautiful book of Père Gratry, which I would not read until I was settled quietly far from the noise of towns—if this book* were to do me all the good it might; if my soul, which certainly wills to accept the light and the life God would bestow on it—if only my soul could freely give entrance to it and be flooded and transformed by it!

'It falls into my hands at an age when it should do me most good—at the age when I enter that "last third" of life, the approach of which rouses in me a feeling of terror and regret, which is at once painful and puerile. To read it will show me how best to disperse my confused feelings of discomfort. May I not hope that it will leave some lasting impression? Dare I not hope that among the truths which I have grasped, though clothed in language and metaphors somewhat too lofty for full appreciation in all their power by my ignorance, a few may so take root in me that I may yield some fruits, it may be after long waiting, and some day I may see and taste them?

'Ne permettez pas, mon Dieu, que mon défaut de science me prive de la moindre parcelle des consolations renfermées dans ce livre. Elles tiennent à des réalités que vous saurez bien me faire comprendre, si vous le voulez et si je le veux. Faites-moi donc d'abord vouloir, puis accordez-moi de saisir avec cette volonté, la vôtre toute entière dans son infinie, inépuisable et incomprehensible miséricorde! Ainsi soit-il.'

A destructive earthquake on December 16, 1857, which ruined villages in the Basilicata, and was felt even at Naples,

* Probably the work of Père Gratry entitled 'La Connaissance de l'Ame,' published in 1857.

suddenly strained every nerve of humane persons in its relief. It was impossible to prevent the widespread suffering of homeless parents who had lost their children, and of orphans with perhaps no relations or friends left to care for them. By two performances, soon after her return to Naples, Mrs. Craven collected the large sum of 17,000 francs for immediate necessities. £8 each was given for many of the tickets, and every place in the little theatre was taken.

The bereaved infants were her special care; she wrote an appeal which brought her help from France and England. She established a house at Pizzofalcone, which could receive thirty children, under the care of French Sisters of Charity. She meant it as a nucleus for further work by those admirable women, and in an appeal for help she wrote :

'Who knows if these works of charity will not even in our lifetime have greater results than those we now anticipate ! Who knows if these poor children, driven away from their cottages by a sad catastrophe, may not return when the healing action of time shall have restored their poor homes, and bear with them the germs of educated life, which they may transmit to their children !'

As part of Mrs. Craven's own biography, the words she puts in her heroine's mouth in her novel 'Le mot de l'Enigme' express in a manner her own sentiments :

'I loved Italy as I saw her, endowed with those gifts of nature, of poetry, religion, and of historical interest with which she is so magnificently endowed. Here and there I had already heard the murmured words, "Rome as capital." They shocked me, and seemed to my intelligence a monstrous national and religious offence. They roused in me almost repulsion for what was called the new birth of Italy. Stella, however, did not agree with me. Her nature was quickly excited by all that was energetic, brave and devoted, and patriotism, be it ill or well conceived, readily

assumes those aspects. No one could declaim as she could Filicaja's address to Italy:

'"Deh! fossi tu men bella o almen più forte!"

or Dante's apostrophe:

'"Ahi! serva Italia! di dolore ostello!"'*

1858 was the last year of the charitable theatricals of Chiatamone. Political tension was becoming too great. Some unwise attempts, particularly by English Catholics, to minimize the evils of Neapolitan government, vexed Mrs. Craven to the heart; and of them she wrote indignantly to Mr. Monsell. There was no entry in her Journal until the winter was nearly over.

'ROME,
'*March* 29, 1858.

'Not a line written here for six months! What does that mean? It means that time has passed at Naples as usual in a way that leaves nothing to record. I do not mean that time has not passed pleasantly. Rather the contrary. This book is more often opened on sad than on happy days, but I also note in it the recollections of pleasant hours, when they are outside the ordinary routine. It is not altogether unprecedented that I should be at Rome for Holy Week, but it is always a new joy for which I am thankful to God, and the impressions I receive here are always good and of lasting profit to me.

'I arrived here with Thérèse, who is entrusted to me on this occasion. It is a great pleasure to me to act as her chaperon and cicerone. We are alone, and free to do as we like, and we are enjoying complete peace, which is a primary condition for full enjoyment of this place. Rome both awakens and calms the soul, and rouses interest as does no other place. It is good to abandon one's self to

* 'Ah! slavish Italy, thou inn of grief.'—Cary's translation.

the sensation of magnificent [*grandiose*] repose, felt here as nowhere else; it is well to be free of distraction from external circumstance.'

Mrs. Craven's sensitive nature could, as her Journal reveals, suffer much from her environment; but in proportion her heart could expand (to use her own expression) in scenes which were responsive to her aspirations in the spiritual order, and to her taste for all that tells of exalted humanity and noble art, whether old or new. She revisited gladly her favourite objects with the Duchesse Ravaschieri, always loving what had been hallowed by her past memories more than what was new to her. 'In Rome nothing is mediocre,' she exclaims; 'only in Rome can we have a true idea of grandeur. Elsewhere it is partial, but here it is complete.'

Nowhere does Mrs. Craven's Journal so fully reveal her artist nature as at Rome. She suffered from ugliness as she revelled in all true beauty. Of the Good Friday service in the Sistine Chapel, she writes:

'When the last verses were nearly finished, the setting sun threw vivid rays upon Michael Angelo's fresco, and as I saw and heard and recalled in memory the service just concluded, I thought it more beautiful than any poem, and truer than all realities of this world. I felt a rare joy of living in the full accord of my soul and mind and senses. All worked together to make me understand what can best heal the pain of earthly life. I let myself be lifted and carried on by the music as by a wave.'

Much of Mrs. Craven's Journal during this Roman visit was incorporated by her in a chapter of her published 'Reminiscences,' under the heading of 'Une Semaine Sainte à Rome.' It is slightly altered for publication, and personal feelings are frequently generalized. Yet here, in

this endeavour to portray Mrs. Craven with a greater freedom than she allowed herself in publishing her private, and perhaps most deeply felt, thoughts, a passage of her Journal at Rome which she did not give to the world may be translated.

Writing of the verse, 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not!' (Matthew xxiii. 37), she says: 'Are there not many souls who abuse that freedom of their will which God seems to respect with an almost fearful justice? When we reflect on this, can we have too great a reverence for the mysterious privilege?

'"Di che le creature intelligenti,
E tutte e sole furo e son dotate."
"Paradiso," v. 24.*

'Dante, who so writes, has just described free-will as—

'"Lo maggior don, che Dio per sua larghezza
Fesse creando, eò alla sua bontate
Più conformato, e quel ch'ei più apprezza."
"Paradiso," v. 21.†

'If God Himself holds it necessary that our will alone should lead us to Him, how can men have the right to constrain one another by external force to make acts which are without value in the sight of God, except what is given

* 'The boon wherewith
All intellectual creatures, and them sole,
He hath endowed.'
Cary's translation.

† 'Supreme of gifts, which God creating gave
Of His free bounty, sign most evident
Of goodness, and in His account most priz'd.'
Cary's translation.

to them by the interior and secret working of their will? This would carry me far from Jerusalem and the Palatine, whence my reflections arose.'

Again, in the passage which records her visit to the Pamphili gardens, and the memories of her family evoked there, these touching words, which reveal so much of Mrs. Craven's own feelings, are omitted:

'As long as I live, Eugénie's death will be for me a grief unrelieved by any earthly consolation. It is greater now that age has made me value more and more those ties which are drawn closer with every year, and which nothing can replace. I feel now, even more than when in the flower of my youth, the dearest joy of my life was struck as by a thunder-bolt. The years, alas! bring for me many of those anniversaries which commemorate unquenchable grief. It has become a habit with me to keep them silently and secretly in my heart, and not to importune others with them.'

In the last few lines of her Journal, narrating her impressions of Holy Week in 1858, Mrs. Craven says:

'There were none that did not help to make me better, and after experiencing them I understood that for me a pilgrimage to Rome was more helpful to my intelligence than any book, and of more service to my soul than any sermon.'

Readers of 'Le Récit' will remember the pages which preface the second volume. They have fresh value when placed side by side with these entries.

That year Mrs. Craven joined in the hospitable services rendered to pilgrims by the members of the association established for that purpose. In 1840 she and Alexandrine had been enrolled in the Community, which is an active one; for its members, among whom are men and women of the highest rank, attend to the personal wants of the

hundreds of pilgrims who come, poor and travel-soiled, from the wildest regions of Italy.

'We will bring Lina next year,' said her mother. 'I want to see it all again with her.'

The child could have sympathized with the emotions of that friend who loved her hardly less than did her mother, though she was but nine years old. In the midst of the intellectual society, the frequent journeys to France and England, the many preoccupations of Mrs. Craven's mind, it is a touching surprise to come on the profound traces of her love for Lina from her infancy. At Mrs. Craven's first visit to the Duchesse Ravaschieri, Lina took possession of her heart, and the love of the little child healed much of the pain left by the family losses of the previous years. Some strange spiritual tie drew the woman of forty and the infant together with the pure passion of love—love answering love, deep calling unto deep, without explanation of instinct or custom.

'*Wednesday*, *June* 30, 1858.

'Yesterday was my fête day, and the twenty-second anniversary of Albert's death.

'Twenty-two years since the day which is so fresh in my memory. Its pain was living and strong for us as was our youth. With what a weight suffering falls on the young! What illusions, faiths, and hopes, are shocked and scattered by its sudden and terrible presence! We think ourselves happy, protected and preserved, and all at once we are struck, and with the vigour of natural impulse which demands happiness, and believes it to be one of our rights, we struggle against the terrible grasp of misfortune.

'These last days I have wished to resume my former task, and put my voluminous packets of letters in order, so as to go on with the work, of which I have not completed half or even a quarter. Yet if God does not singularly assist me in

it, it seems altogether beyond my powers. I do not even feel equal to reading over again those first letters which for a long time made my chief happiness. But at that period life had not begun again for me. I still belonged to that epoch which is now so far away. I had no other memories, and all my life centred in them. I had not lived outside them. I did not conceive that I could do so. I cannot describe what I feel to-day when I try to replace myself among those witnesses of the past which are heaped around me without order; what I feel as the handwriting of my father, of my mother, of Albert, Eugénie, Olga and Alexandrine comes under my eyes and my hand. When I take at random and open and read one of these letters, I find myself carried away into such different scenes, and moving amid such distant thoughts—thoughts so dear, so cruelly sweet, so utterly vanished—that in a few minutes I can read no more. I feel bewildered and exhausted. I cannot comprehend that it is I, myself, who am the same Pauline of whom they all speak, and to whom they wrote those letters which break my heart. Yes, it is certain that I should feel the torture of it less, and find my task easier, were it less beautiful, less touching, less precious. What can I destroy or omit when all I read seems worthy of preservation? On the other hand, I think that a long life would not suffice for the work. I feel lost in the memories it recalls, the hopes and joys it awakens in my mind. So many, many changes in a life which is already long! and it may still last and still change in many ways.

'The contrast between what is and what might have been, between the projects I had formed and the events which happened, is strange; not one of them has been in accordance with my expectations, or with probabilities, or with my wishes. All this makes my head dull; my heart beats and my hands burn, and this labour does not tend to

calm or relieve me; and yet it is necessary that I should occupy myself and that I should write. I know not how to do anything else, and I have some facility in writing. God seems to point out the work for me all the more surely that my imagination turns from every other thought. I have besides leisure, and I have no special interest in the world, the true and chief interest of women having been denied to me. Ought I, then, to force myself to overcome the pain of my feelings, mingled as it is with a keen hunger for admiration and love, and persevere if I ought to do so? If it be so, may God give me strength and show me how to work!

'Dear, holy friend, last confidant of all my thoughts, spoken or written, how I miss you this day!'

As Mrs. Craven relates at the opening of the second volume of the 'Récit,' her courage failed her at that time. More sorrow and pain were to be hers.

In the summer some friends proposed to her to visit the country in which is situated the village of La Cava dei Tirreni. It lies in the valley which cleaves the mountainous range that rises between the gulfs of Naples and Salerno. Mrs. Craven was enchanted with the view of the sea on the side of Pæstum and Amalfi, but the fact that Lina and her mother sometimes stayed in summer at the Duca Ravaschieri's country place of Rocca Piemonte had much to do with Mr. and Mrs. Craven's wish to possess a home within reach of them.

Nature could produce no more beautiful scene, Mrs. Craven thought, than that she saw from the summit of San Liberatore. She had left Naples in some depression, but the splendour of the view roused her energies and her delight in the sense of worship before such a creation. She lingered behind her companions, and she writes:

'Sitting there alone on that great height as the day closed and the moon rose in the sky, I felt a moment of joy and emotion of which I cherish the remembrance as I do that of the splendid prospect.

'I had but to remain motionless and gaze before me to feel that fervent adoration which is the natural result of such contemplation, and going slowly down the mountain in the cool evening air, under a sky at first still lighted by the reflection of the day, and later sparkling in the splendour of the night, I felt happy and full of peace, separated from the whole world, and, above all, separated from myself and the thousand nothings which are the common cares of every-day life.'

Mr. and Mrs. Craven had lived so much in the world that it was at that time a rest to them to spend a summer in one of the farms scattered on the slopes of the mountains, and in a solitude not to be found by the seaside of the Neapolitan bay. They found lodgings in the house of a *galant'uomo*, or small proprietor, who belonged to a class not unlike that of English yeomen, and who are often of excellent birth, though living by the produce of their vines and patches of maize. 'One day,' the Duchesse Ravaschieri writes, 'Pauline, strolling with the child Lina on the hill of Castagneto, came on a peasant's cottage close by a ruined castle on the brow of the deep valley of Dragonea. From thence was the finest view of its noble beauty. Climbing up the rough stairs of the cottage, Pauline and Lina went out upon the flat roof, which formed a terrace, and remained for a moment rapt in delight before the scene. In the wooded valley shadowed by the mountain ranges, themselves bathed in sunlight, was an open glade through which flowed a torrent, sometimes in rushing flood, sometimes hardly more than a streamlet. It had its rise near the historical Badia della Trinità further up in the hills.

Below, where the valley widened, were to be seen the double and triple arches of a picturesque bridge, so graceful and slight that popular legend ascribed them to the art of a magician, to which time and its ravages had lent additional wonder. On one side the soaring and beautiful crests of Finestra, Dragonea, and Raiti closed the valley. On the other the wooded heights were bathed in a glory of light and colour, the light and colour of the Tyrrhenian sea. The marvellous lines of beauty which led the eye to the distant shore of Pæstum and its Greek temples, suggestive of the East, were broken by the white houses, the cupola and bell-tower of Vietri.

'"Ah, Pauline, it is here, exactly here, that you must make that home which you are always asking Augustus for!" exclaimed Lina.

'God's blessing was on the thought, and in due time the ruined walls were changed into an ideally pretty house, the corn-field adjoining was turned into a garden whence mountains, woods, and distant sea seemed part of the demesne. Lina's delight was to be with "her dear Pauline." From her arrival at Naples in 1853, and through the varying incidents of the years, few thoughts were sweeter to Mrs. Craven's heart, few more important and more engrossing to her spirit, than the well-being of her beloved Lina.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*August* 20, 1858.

'Since the day on which I scribbled the preceding words I have left Naples. I meant to stay only a month, and now I think it will be to the end of the summer. . . . I am settled in the furthest, the most picturesque, and the most entirely solitary part of La Cava.

'I bless God for this retreat in such glorious natural scenery. I am both physically and morally strengthened

by it. I wish to nurse, to increase and develop in myself the love of solitude. . . . I say this even when I anticipate that my exterior life will be as mundane as in the past. What I ought most to desire is that consistency which would make my outer existence conform to what is, and ever should be, my interior life.

'It is certain, meanwhile, that unbroken silence, retreat, and the reflections which fill it have different aspects at different ages. Silence weighs on the ardent and enterprising activity of youth, yet the dreams it fosters please us by their charm; in later life the weariness of all that we have succeeded in attaining makes us long for rest, and we must be prepared for serious thought, which is far from resembling the bright dreams of our youth.

'The thoughts which arise in me are sometimes sweet, serene, and even great, as they have never yet been. . . . Yet there are also among them thoughts that are awe-inspiring, which must be met face to face. I must grow used to live with them, as I lived in old times companioned by the golden dreams of earth, but with feelings that certainly belonged only to graver thoughts. It is because they fear to encounter these that so many people dread to be alone.

'I ask God that I may be preserved even from the wish to avoid them. Je veux au contraire regarder bien en face cette pensée de la mort, et la vaincre au lieu de la fuir et ne la quitter que lorsqu'elle sera vaincue. L'illusion qui la fait oublier est une folie aussi bien qu'une faute. Mais la réalité, le bonheur vrai, la paix, c'est de triompher d'elle en l'embrassant, et j'en dis autant des autres images qui avec celle de la mort entourent le déclin de la vie.

'To overcome them, great grace from God is required. He may refuse it even in the solitude which is voluntarily sought for the battle, but He will certainly not give it while

we are busied in the world. Therefore, even though we suffer, even if sometimes we believe ourselves overcome by the assaults of our own thoughts, we must remain at our post as a soldier endures the fire of the enemy from which his nature would recoil. Like him, we must stand before the foe and face him, and the battle will end in victory. So, at least, I believe, and my belief is an act of hope which God will hear, I am certain. Believing and hoping thus, I desire to make a true act of love, and I pray God to accept it.

'Since I have been here, I have resumed the task which in the noise and bustle of Naples seemed to me as painful as it was impossible; and now, as a first result of the strength which peace can give, I find my work sweet, easy, and good for me. May God give me perseverance in that and all other things, and may He keep me in the same disposition when I return to the world of society as I am in now when far from it!'

In many of the difficulties of her spiritual life it is well to read the meditations made by Mrs. Craven in the innermost citadel of her soul, side by side with the journals in which she records her social impressions. The tides of her spirit had their ebb and flow, and sometimes they fretted against its walls; but she had only to enter into that citadel, and she was safe and at rest, and recovered strength for fresh encounters with the foes she perhaps over-anxiously dreaded. If, indeed, she had not suffered from disquiet and instability, and been conscious of her suffering, she would not have left us the record of her courage, and of her faithful perseverance in learning how to meet her natural sensitiveness, by increased resignation and by perception of the Divine will in every trial of her life. In her frequent anxieties she became more and more sure that they were a good discipline and a

special test of her faith and hope. 'There are sufferings,' she observes, 'which our Lord has named Beatitudes, but there is one suffering forbidden to us. It is one which can so possess my soul that there is hardly an instant of my life in which I do not feel it, and that is anxiety in all its forms.' Quoting the passage in St. Matthew x. 29, Mrs. Craven says: 'Those words ought certainly to cut short those thoughts of mine which have reference to the past, the present, or the future of my life—my life is worth more than that of a sparrow . . . how should I imagine that what is, is not the best for me in the true sense of my own wishes, though perhaps I may not know what I wish. Yet I desire a rest and a sense of comfort, etc., and God wills me to have it; but of the best possible kind, a best beyond what I can understand. Let me, then, give up all regrets for the past, all desires for the present, all anxieties for the future. I will leave all to God, and place my burden in His hands. He can and will relieve us, and we are unreasonably foolish to wish for relief from our load.'

Thoughts like these may seem too sacred for a Memoir to be read by however sympathetic a public, yet they illustrate Mrs. Craven's most real life—the life which was the basis of all other life in her, and without an occasional glimpse at which its surface cannot be truly depicted.

XII.

At the beginning of another volume of her Journal Mrs. Craven remarks that the three preceding ones begin at the same time of year, 'which shows,' she continues, 'that this is the season in which I am most inclined to thought, and when reflection is most easy to me. If there be any quiet

in my restless life, it is chiefly at this time of year rather than at any other. But never in my life, I think, has my peace been so complete as this year, notwithstanding my undecided nature, notwithstanding the vague sensation which in Italian is called *smania*, and in German *sehnsucht*. . . . I feel deeply the good of these quiet and regular hours, and of steady work, and of time nearly equally divided between God and useful or innocent occupations, which those of society seldom are; since at the best they injure our minds by distraction, and they dissipate our thoughts. At this moment I believe I have all I need for calm and progress—solitude amidst this enchanting scenery, work to do which I love, interesting and improving books, long hours, and even days, of blessed silence which are necessary to my peace. For never, if I talk for long, do I fail to regret something that I have said. I have far greater spiritual resources than at Naples, or, indeed, than I can have in the country anywhere else. I have a chapel so close by that it seems to belong to the house—Mass every morning, and every evening the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I have an unexpected happiness in finding a confessor in one of the Benedictines of the fine monastery of La Trinità. Often in this silence have I heard that dear voice which used to speak to me not a year ago. Often have I visited Fleury in thought, and listened here to what she used to say to me there. Her words made, two years since, such an impression on me that, notwithstanding a thousand failures and through all the occupations of the world, it has never been effaced. A little more than a year ago, during the last day I spent there with her, what tender and good advice she gave me! With what wise and trenchant sayings did she make me understand and accept it!

'She was witness as no one else was of the anxieties my life occasioned me. Often she said that I must make a

refuge in my heart to which I could retire in times of uncertainty; she said that I needed an immovable central point in my soul whatever were its external agitations. . . . "Il vous faut l'assiette dans ce repos intérieur." She often repeated and wrote the phrase, and sometimes she hurt me by so doing, because it did not seem applicable to what I was suffering at the moment—painful anxiety, anxiety about circumstances independent of my will. Sometimes she said almost harshly to me, if the word could be applied to her sweet and gentle words, "You suffer because you are wanting in calm." And yet it appeared to me that I was not calm just because I suffered. Sometimes I wept as I listened to her, and looked at her in dumb appeal that she would console me in a different way. How I remember her sweet smile at such moments! and I see her now especially as she was one evening. It was not at Fleury, but in her Paris drawing-room. I had given my thoughts free course as I never did but with her. Neither my mother, whom I loved so tenderly, nor my sisters, to whom my heart was open, had known how to read it as she did. I would not appeal to their affection, which was too ready to sympathize in my troubles and to excuse me. I felt that their tenderness might have enervated me, and I knew that I required strengthening. For this reason my dear friend could help me more than any other, for, however tender might be her love for me, I did not fear weakness in her. For that reason I hid nothing from her. That same evening I was kneeling by her side and crying. She gently shook her head and stroked mine so tenderly, so lovingly, and the expression of her countenance remains so vivid in my memory, that I feel certain that her love for me endures, and that her prayers for me are still offered in heaven. Then she laughed a little, and said to me, "You look at me with your great suppliant eyes as if I had said something very cruel to you.

Yet what I said is truth, believe me. Of course, I ardently wish for you all external help from a tranquil life, but whether we have that or not, there is a complete interior stability which you ought to acquire. I should feel no anxiety for your soul if you were to die in your present state, but I firmly believe that God asks more of you. It is a step in advance which I ask you to make; but I am anxious that you should be happier."

'It was on that day, or perhaps on another that I went to see her when my heart was heavy with some sorrow—I do not remember what—that she said to me at the end of our long conversation, which did not appear to have justified them, words which surprised me:

'"You are happy. Be very sure of that. You know how I enter into your suffering, and that I can understand the pain of even imaginary trouble, yet, and I tell you so, you are one of the happiest persons I have ever met. You have happiness which you yourself know not of. You ought to feel it, and be thankful instead of lamenting your condition." She often astonished me by repeating this, even though the weakness of fears and regrets, which so warred within me against my tendency to happiness, was then very apparent.

'Why is her memory so vivid to me to-day as I record my thoughts of this retreat? Is it not because I am convinced that she would have approved of it, and among all external means that might be useful to me she would have ranked solitude among the first? In fact, if ever I fully understood what she implied by the *assiette*, I do at this moment. Examining my soul, my prayers, and my meditations of each day, I see that there is a dominant idea which gradually takes the place of all the old ones. . . . The idea is that I should abandon even my most legitimate wishes, even the wish of ceasing to feel anxious and accept as simple pain,

that fault in my character which increases anxiety, if it does not create it, and which I cannot or know not how to correct.

'This reminds me that on another day my dear and noble friend said to me, "The best time of life, according to my experience, is at fifty."

'It is strange that I, who am very sensitive to the flight of time, and who love the charm of youth and regret its departure, can yet understand this so clearly that, now and then, I see how much becomes evident which before was strange to me, I grasp many thoughts more fully, and I can better feel all the greater pleasures of life. For never have nature and study and art afforded me such delight as now. I ask myself if it is not childish to give a thought to the loss of external advantages which, after all, played a very secondary part in my youth.

'Quite independently of its spiritual advantages, I love this uniform and peaceful life. It pleases my taste, and it really would be my ideal of happiness, not only for a few months, but at all times, if now and then the society of two or three good friends could be added to it as well as some possibility of hearing good music. I crave for music sometimes, and feel the need of it and of poetry.

'What is strange in the feeling of well-being which this life gives to me is that I have suffered much since I came here. . . . I feel at times as if my heart were grasped in an iron hand, and so oppressed that it appears to be enduring physical constriction, and that if exposed to view it would be found really suffering from material pressure.

'I had left a detailed account of one of those attacks in a volume of this Journal. My dear friend made me tear out the pages. I was a little annoyed, but I did not hesitate, and afterwards I was very glad. That very day she said to me, "Ah! dear, though I advised you as I did

certain that you would do wisely, vous auriez eu bon marché de moi ce matin quand j'achevais ces pages," and her pitying eyes were wet with tears.

'I have interrupted to-day my dear work that I might write in this book, but I will resume it. . . . I want to write with more method, and, if I can, follow in that also the advice of her whom I shall always love to obey.'

It is not strange that Mrs. Craven should have found the echo of her own thoughts in Maine de Biran's 'Journal Intime.' Many passages in it might have been written by her, and, indeed, the psychological history of the philosopher enables us to sympathize with the emotions and difficulties felt by Mrs. Craven, perhaps more fully because we approach them from possibly higher levels of human intellect. It is true that while all her life she had been fed by Catholic doctrine, Maine de Biran was led from the philosophy of Condillac towards a full realization of the Christian God by devious ways. Passing by the attraction of ideal stoicism, he could find rest only in the consciousness of a personal God. The divine thirst known to À Kempis and Fénelon seized him. To use his own words, he 'took refuge in the bosom of God.' Religion ceased to be for him a questionable hope or a mere element in maintaining the stability of society. His 'Journal Intime' is full, as is Mrs. Craven's, of personal abandonment to the will of God, of constant effort to realize the promised union with the Supreme Ideal. He keenly felt, as she did, the contrarieties of the world and the daily struggle for the rest which both so ardently desired in that union.

'*Thursday, September* 2, 1858.

'I do not like to interrupt my work, and yet again to-day I want to write down some thoughts which occurred to me about a book which strikes and interests me, and which is

appropriate reading for me here. The book is the "Journal Intime de Maine de Biran."

'I perceive that this wise man, this philosopher, whose intelligence rose to such heights and was acquainted with such depths, regretted that he was no longer young, and sorrowed over advance in years and the ugliness that belongs to it. This consoles me somewhat for my foolishness on this subject. I do not feel the mental decline he speaks of, nor the increasing sadness, nor the loss of interest in subjects I formerly felt. I agree with him about worldly and frivolous things (partly, but not yet sufficiently), but not about things that are worthy of attention, and one of the very reasons which sometimes make me sorry to grow old is because never, as now, have I loved methodical study and solid occupation. If I had felt in this way when I was eighteen, what might I not have learned, and how many delights might I not now enjoy of which I am deprived! But at that time I was vain, inattentive, and extremely idle, and I had not perseverance. Nor did I know anything of art. It was when I was twenty-four or twenty-five that I began to appreciate pictures, and my pleasures of that kind have every year increased, and were never more intense than they are now. I have loved poetry and music from childhood, and I have understood them better and better, and enjoy them more than ever now. When I was eighteen I did not understand Shakespeare, and only these last five years have I loved Dante and read him again and again, and I have extreme delight in comprehending him. I do not see that my power of appreciating and admiring beauties such as these has one whit abated.

'I say the same about those of Nature. In my youth I never felt fuller or purer admiration than that which sometimes now fills my heart with joy in presence of a fine

day, of a beautiful night, or of a beautiful scene. Notwithstanding the frequent strange and sharp suffering which is not unusual for me, I have moments when, even more than in my best days, I can use Romeo's beautiful phrase, "My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne." It exactly fits my nature. Ah! if I dared but hope that all this comes because of my more fervent, more habitual realization of the presence of God within me! Ah! if I dared to think so my joy would be really great, for I should see before me a future of ever-increasing delight.

'But Maine de Biran's suggestions of the part played by physical influences disturb me. I am so pusillanimous. Perhaps all my sunshine would disappear before a severe headache. Up to the present I feel no loss of strength, nor of activity, nor of physical comfort, and if I never looked at my glass I should not the least perceive that I was growing old.

'Certainly Mme. Swetchine had none of Maine de Biran's sadness; yet her mind was not inferior to his, and their thoughts habitually pursued the same track. In her case there can be no doubt that her unshaken calm, her complete freedom from anxiety and fear of any kind, were entirely due to the real and constant presence of God in her heart. She was born to suffer both morally and physically. Was it ever known that a body and soul should struggle so long and so triumphantly against bodily infirmity, and not only against bodily infirmity, but against acute and prolonged pain, as she did, without Divine support? Since she was twenty-five years old, since the time when she herself told me she had enjoyed existence, it is almost certain that she was never for a day free from pain. From that time she was a prey to sleeplessness, so that she could not secure even some hours' truce to her sufferings. I remember an expression which very much surprised me one

day when I was pitying her want of sleep, and she said to me, "It does not matter, for my nights are delightful."'

'*Sunday, September* 5, 1858.

'I must write here again, though I do not like to leave my "Souvenirs," with which I want to get on, and though I have letters to write. I want to say something more of Maine de Biran's extraordinary book. I had not finished it when I wrote the preceding pages. Now that I have read to its last line, I feel astonished and pleased to find myself led back by this profound thinker, this philosopher, this lucid, sincere and acute mind, independent in his line of thought, unshackled by the beliefs which are naturally mine from my birth—led back to the spot on which I have stood ever since I knew or understood anything and simply followed my Catechism. I exclaim to myself in Manzoni's words:

'"O bella benefica Fede ai trionfi avezza."

Truly this is one, and it illustrates the meaning of the completed circle. This great mind has gone by an immense round, in which I cannot follow him. At the end, as the extreme limit of his discovery, I find him attaining the simple truth of my childhood. Even in this country, where there is so much ignorance in matters of religion, but which is deeply penetrated by the sunlight of absolute truth, how many poor souls are perfectly contented! The poor creature whom I saw these last days, tortured by pain on her pallet and indescribably wretched, who said to me, "Io vivo di una vita spirituale"—words which deeply touched me, in the midst of her many miseries—was in full possession of that third life to which we tend with such eagerness, feeling the necessity of peace and the impossibility of finding it elsewhere.'

At the conclusion of these interesting observations on Maine de Biran, and on her sympathy with him, is a note added by her in 1878, when she was extracting for publication some passages from her Journals:

'MONABRI, 1878.

'What a strange sensation I feel as, after twenty years, I read these pages again, and find them truer and more applicable to-day than they were when they were written. A thousand times more true. Twenty years—during which all things relating to a certain sort of worldly happiness, which then still remained, have one by one slipped as beads through my fingers. Now I am quite old, ruined, poor. My self-esteem is deeply wounded, and in what fashion! I suffer more from another's pain, which I cannot allay, than from my own. Am I unhappy—really unhappy? No; for better and better I understand the lessons God has taught me since my youth, and has for the last nine years sternly repeated. In truth, they are summed up in one: absolute detachment and complete acquiescence; peace in utter abandonment to His will.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*Thursday, September* 9.

'Here we are on the morrow of the great Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. Yesterday was the day of the procession from Piè di Grotta to Naples, and here the parish fête of La Cava. It is celebrated in the church, within which is the sanctuary of the Madonna dell' Olmo, much venerated in this neighbourhood. . . . I am sufficiently Italian to understand many things which astonish others who are used to different religious customs, and to be touched and edified by what might scandalize them. Therefore I am, perhaps, better able to judge than other people, and to say what I am about to say.

'I know there are many Catholics who, in the midst of the solemn ceremonies of the Church, the poetic beauty of her holy offices, the zeal of the clergy and the piety of the faithful, choose to represent the religious state of Southern Italy as enviable and worthy of imitation. . . . I confess that I have never understood their enthusiasm, though I have heard it eloquently expressed both in English and French. I ask myself why they choose to see things in this light. If, instead, they saw them as they are, would it not be well for those who would all the more appreciate the good things they possess, and also for the Church herself? She would be strengthened to remedy abuses, instead of being weakened by the imprudent friends who give occasion to her enemies to point out these abuses as inherent in the Church, instead of being in flagrant contradiction to her teaching. I reverence and love the Church too much to fear anything for her. She is absolute truth, and no truth can injure her, while evil and error are her natural enemies, and, like all enemies, more dangerous within than without her pale.

'At a short distance from Nocera, and therefore near this place, there is a village which is called by the name of its well-known shrine, "Mater Domini." The image venerated there is worthy of a loving respect. Devotion to it dates from the eleventh century and has never slackened, and it is right to feel emotion when kneeling where so many generations have knelt with the fervour and faith to which Jesus Christ has promised miraculous answer—a promise of which, be it said, no Church but ours has ventured to claim the realization. Were we a thousand times mistaken about the details of any special miracle, there are many too positively certain to be denied. That is sufficient to confirm our faith, and to help us to understand how, without guilt before the eyes of God or of man, we may

attribute effects which possibly have purely natural causes to a special act of the Divine power in which we firmly believe, and for which we, as it were, are in haste to praise God. We are also eager to venerate relics, as were the early Christians, even though we may mistake the identity of the relic which we think we possess. After all, what does it matter in God's sight what we venerate, if we sincerely believe the authenticity of what is under our eyes? Be there error in that or not, still our homage is offered to the true object, wherever it may be. I have never understood this materialistic objection. God knows that at Trèves it is the coat which is *believed* to have clothed His sacred humanity which pilgrims in such crowds kiss tenderly, as they would have prostrated themselves in the dust if they had met the Saviour by the way.

'If we on earth saw anyone kiss something which he thought belonged to us, and if in that trifle we knew he was mistaken, should we not be equally touched and think that he loved us all the same as if the thing had really belonged to us? The very promptitude of his action might even seem to witness to his love, better than if he had made long preliminary inquiry about the authenticity of what he venerated. The smile that would follow such a mistake would be a kindly and tender one.

'I also think, however, that all possible precautions should be used to prevent such mistakes. There are some relics which faith finds it difficult to accept, and in their presence it is necessary to remember that the Church allows us to retain our freedom of opinion and of devotion.

'I walked to the church of Mater Domini, accompanied by that dear and pious child whom I love as if she were my own, and with the escort of the good priest who is chaplain to her parents. Both are simpler in their faith than I am, and probably they by no means shared my painful im-

pressions, particularly the child, who is anxious that I should gain all the indulgences attached to a visit to this antique sanctuary. I also wished to profit by them, and I was glad to have the opportunity of doing so. We reached the village, where we found the road obstructed by platforms on which all sorts of shows were going on. We got through with difficulty, and turned into the vast courtyard which is in front of the fine old church. It was crowded with booths. I was tempted by two pretty baskets, but the thought that it was Sunday stopped me. . . . We went in. I defy any Northern imagination to picture the interior decoration of the church, and to describe it is very difficult.

'The marble baldacchino, under which is the image of the Virgin, was transformed into a battlemented tower of white, blue and gold-coloured muslin. An immense scaffolding in the centre of the church was covered in the same style, and was devoted to the orchestra. It was a large one, and at the moment of entering the church it was playing a noisy *pot-pourri*, in which I recognized airs from "La Traviata." With some effort I began to say as devoutly as I could the prescribed prayers, and then prayers for my own pardon if I felt too strongly the bad impression which I had received from what was around me, and pardon for those, whoever they might be, who have allowed the holy solemnities of the Church to fall so low, if it be they who are guilty in the sight of God and not I.

'However that may be, English Catholics should bless God that they are English as well as Catholic, and be good enough not to complain that some traces of persecution yet remain, which only affect those who bring it upon themselves. Let them remember that where the clergy are exemplary, where religious communities are fervent, the faithful earnest and devout, and the Church free, they have no right to complain of the country in which they were

born. French Catholics are less inclined to the fault. They know that in these respects they need not envy Italy. And, then, what is there to envy in this dear, beautiful country except that glorious nature which could not be spoiled by man? Why are there even in France Catholics who think it their duty to aid and abet all those political abuses of which the bad customs that vex me, and that I have just described, are the inevitable result?'

In reading these remarks of Mrs. Craven it is well to remember the date at which they were written.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*September* 18, 1858.

'It is gloomy weather. Augustus has gone back to Naples. I took Lina back to La Rocca, and returned without her, and, as usual, the profound silence, after two days cheered by her childish voice, seemed sad. This evening my heart beats distressingly. What my soul really needs is, not that my pain of heart should be relieved, but that I should will it not to be. Age has not decreased the impulses which God gave me, and from which I have suffered so much and shall always suffer. That, however, is only common pain.'

The article entitled 'Montagnes de la Cava,' in Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences,' is taken from her Journal at Castagneto that autumn; but she has somewhat altered its arrangement, and the reader can be best referred to that if he feels interested in her impressions of that enchanting country. The entry of November 2 in her Journal has the charm of her own personality, which, as a rule, she carefully veiled in all she published.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*All Souls' Day*, 1858.

'I have passed these two great days pleasantly, for which I thank God. It was fine this morning, and after Communion at the morning Mass in our chapel I went to the Trinità to attend the High Mass. It was very well sung, and the organ was divinely played. I felt singularly happy, though I was entirely alone. I had not a moment's sadness, and my mind was full of sweet thoughts and cheerful fancies. . . .

'Yesterday was not so bright, and the memories which among the many others of the year were revived by those two days had filtered into my heart and caused me one of those attacks of dejection to which I am but too subject. When I opened Dante under its influence, my eyes fell on these lines, which struck me in a new and personal sense:

"Perchè tanta viltà nel cuore allette?
Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai?
Poscia che tai tre Donne benedette
Curan di te nella corte del Cielo."*
"Inferno," ii.

'I raised my eyes, and seeing before me the frame in which are the three portraits of my dear and blessed sisters, I felt as if they and my guardian angel had put before me those words, and meant them to be consolatory. The circumstance made a happy impression on me, which lasted all day, and still exists. It is the second time within this week that a passage from Dante, which I had read a

* 'Why is such baseness bedded in thy heart?
Daring and hardihood why hast thou not?
Seeing that three such ladies benedight
Are caring for thee in the court of Heaven?'
Longfellow's translation.

thousand times, suddenly seemed to bear a new meaning, and one applicable to my thoughts.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*Friday, November* 5, 1858.

'To-morrow morning I leave Castagneto, carrying with me a happy remembrance of my quiet time here, and a heart grateful to God for His mercies, of which I am conscious in all my troubles. . . .

'The fine weather is over. It has been singularly cold for this climate, and yet I leave unwillingly. I regret my busy days and quiet evenings, and my walks in the country, which seems to me almost more beautiful in the clear winter light, which outlines the dark mountains on the transparent sky better than when they were bathed in the burning brilliance of summer evenings. The sort of beauty peculiar to them is, if I may say so, too beautiful for me. It touches and moves me, weakens, and always ends by saddening me. Nothing, on the contrary, so enlivens me as to pass through keen air as I walk, and to look around at the landscape, which in such moments possesses not only the unalterable charm of the South, but that of the North also, with its vivifying influence. If we really establish a sort of summer nest here, I will not give way to any troublesome foreboding; on the contrary, I will say that it is God who has combined the chances which have caused us to light on this out-of-the-way place. I will enjoy, as being His will, all the charm which this enchanting country has for me, nor let my thoughts return to other dreams.'

XIII.

THE events of 1859, ushered in by Napoleon's misreported but fateful words addressed to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's Day, were, as may be imagined, of profound interest to the diplomatic circle which nearly every evening met at Chiatamone. We know now that Cavour had had his way, and that Napoleon had agreed to liberate Italy from Austrian interference. But there were certainly no anti-dynastic schemes tolerated within their house by Mr. and Mrs. Craven.

It cannot be too clearly understood, in judging Mrs. Craven's Italian sympathies, that her generosity of heart, her enthusiasm for humanity, were stirred to their depths by the facts of her daily experience at Naples. Yet it was not the cruelty of the prisons, nor the alternate shiftiness and violence of the Governments that had no right to rule, except that bestowed on them by the Holy Alliance and Metternich, still less the dramatic outcries of the revolutionists, which moved her conscience. Her Liberalism was as orthodox and as distinctly Papal as that of the French school, which had dealt mortal wounds to Gallicanism; it was probably more so than that of Pius IX. himself before the murder of Rossi. It was founded on passionate faith in the Church as in very truth the mother of our race, a Church ready to recognize and admire the growth of humanity during the centuries, and healing its wounds with a tenderness equal to their severity; a Church claiming men's obedience to her formulated dogmas because they fulfilled, by the mercy of God, the needs of men and their diviner instincts. La Mennais' appeal to a consensus of opinion could not, it is true, replace Divine revelation and authority; but his best disciple, Gerbet, clearly understood

that the teacher of that revelation to man must use man's language and sympathize with man's aspirations towards those ideals which she offers to his dim eyes and groping hands. If we leave La Mennais out of the La Mennaisian school, we understand better its immense influence while Europe was in its transition from old to modern systems of government. His fall was as that of Lucifer; but some angels, who had been his fellows, sought in humility and obedience to keep alive the fire he had kindled in the hearts of men. It was the fire of widest charity, by which the rights of man can alone be secured—the purifying fire in which the errors of '89 might be burned away, while the liberties of a spiritual theocracy should be secured to every man alike.

It is a dream that may remain a dream as long as our race exists, yet it is one of those dreams which point us forward on the right road of progress. It is only, perhaps, those who can recognize the practical action of Christian mysticism under the veil in which it loves to shroud itself who will perceive how Mrs. Craven, sensible and sociable as she was, loved to ascend the Mount of Transfiguration. Besides her delight in reaching the Divine Presence, and seeing its glory shed on the suffering world, to look for it and live in it had been her training. Catholic mysticism is essentially and in the truest sense liberal. It is probably the only porch by which men can attain and have attained fraternity and equality, both secured by the consciousness of a supreme Ideal towards which every human aspiration ultimately tends. It is, perhaps, the best title to respect of Catholic mysticism that it lifts our ideals towards their origin, and no action is more practically altruistic than contemplation of the Creator; for from it follows loving contemplation of His creation, immense and active co-operation in helping men and women by every means

consistent with the decalogue, and even reverencing their passionate outcries for happier life.

In her Journal she wrote:

'NAPLES,
'*March* 4, 1859.

'I have never been able to conquer my dislike to the mixture of what is temporal with what is spiritual in the past history of the Church, in those parts of it which are changing as is time itself. And so I cannot help shuddering as I see John Huss burned, and I also shudder at the excommunication of the Colonnas, because in neither case does their crime seem proportionate to their punishment. I should have preferred to see Huss excommunicated as the heretic he was, and the Colonnas burned or beheaded as traitors; but to see heresy punished by death, and the crime of high treason punished by spiritual deprivation, disturbs and saddens me.

'To express briefly the kind of pain I feel in Italy, I see no remedy for existing evils except through the action of fervent Catholics, and fervent Catholics refuse to see them, or at least to admit them. They leave to others any statement of the truth, and the remedy is abandoned to hands that know not how to apply it, and who will do in anger what ought to be done with respect and love.'

Journal:

'ROME, *Trinità de' Monti*,
'*Holy Tuesday*, *April* 19, 1859.

'This book has remained closed the whole winter. I write some words which will leave a trace of this unexpected stay at Rome, of my short retreat in this dear spot in which once more I find myself, and, as always, with the same sense of well-being, silence, peace, solitude, good things

always and everywhere, but better now than ever, in these times of dispute and discussion. In them my eagerness lays unperceived snares for me, which leave my heart and my soul disturbed and ill at ease. That is one of the chief reasons why I seized the opportunity that offered, of passing four days in the complete shelter of the convent. The time is doubtless short, but it is enough to take a bath of self-collectedness and peace; were I but to plunge in it for a moment, I should come out refreshed and calm.

'Yet I have suffered solely from anxiety of conscience, and anxiety for my dear child,* who is not yet recovered. Nevertheless, I have prayed and I have been silent; I have read and written in peace; I have thrown all my desires into God's hands—at least, I hope that I have made some good resolutions. I shall re-enter the world to-morrow, if not better—I know myself too well to hope for that—at least, with fresh and ardent wishes to become so. Amen.'

During the same retreat Mrs. Craven wrote in her volume of MS. Meditations:

'ROME (*en retraite à la Trinité du Mont*),
'*April* 15, 1859.

'Mon intelligence et mon cœur sont également convaincus, qu'est-ce donc qui résiste en moi? Je ne sais, mais vous le savez et vous pouvez me guérir. Faites-le, mon Dieu. C'est ma faiblesse, je crois, qui est si grande et si forte contre moi. Oh Jésus! il vous est bien facile de la vaincre et de la fortifier, et si vous daignez le faire, oh! je vous en bénirai seul. Je sens et je sais trop bien, qu'aucune force, même humaine, ne se trouve en moi.'

Mrs. Craven was fired with indignation by the absolutism

* Lina Ravaschieri was attacked by illness which presaged her early death.

which dragged religion at its heels through very miry places, but she was still Legitimist after the fashion of the Comte de Falloux. Possibly her ideals of Liberal monarchy were too English for Italian practice, and she did not sufficiently realize what might be substituted for despotism by the anti-Christian societies with which Italy was honeycombed. Enthusiasm is always sanguine, and invocations of freedom expressed in noble language roused her Breton soul. Dazzled in the light of dawn, she did not recognize the gulfs of evil that were revealed after the French had done their rapid task of relieving Milan. Perhaps the pain Mrs. Craven suffered that spring and summer, while she watched with her friend by the sick-bed of their Lina, lessened all minor anxieties and damped her political hopes from the action of the 'Veltro,' as, recalling Dante, she called the French Emperor.

A letter written during that eventful summer, between the battles of Magenta and Solferino, will give a glimpse of her feelings:

To Mr. Monsell.

'NAPLES,
'*June* 14, 1859.

'The enclosed is a line to the brother of my Benedictine friend, whom you allowed me to introduce to you, and who, on the reception of this note, will probably leave his card upon you. I am sure you will be kind and charitable enough to see him, and patient also, in case he should (as few Italians would not at this moment) express opinions not exactly as anti-French as (I conclude) yours are, in common with the generality of the world in England. For my part, I suppose that when I have left Italy I shall be able to look at the question in the same light that you all do, which is totally impossible to anyone placed on this side of the Alps, where naturally the only very conspicuous fact in what is passing is the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, a consummation which had been hitherto more devoutly wished

for in England than anywhere else, and which I am stupid enough to prefer seeing accomplished by war rather than by an insurrection.

'Great and favourable changes are taking place here too, but, in fact, I have little time or thoughts to bestow upon any of these stirring subjects, being entirely occupied by the dangerous illness of a dear child, whom I love as if she were my own—the little granddaughter of the Filangieris. Her mother, the Duchess Ravaschieri, is the dearest friend I have now, and her distress I not only feel on her account, but on my own, that darling child having been almost constantly with me for the last five years.'

It was in the March of that year that Lina had been first seriously menaced by the decline which after eighteen months brought her exquisite childhood to its close; she had 'outsoared the shadow of our night,' and though Mrs. Craven was still to know many years of it, there is no doubt that her life was henceforth more than ever detached from mundane interests. Yet the valiant words she wrote as the conclusion of her meditations on the Epiphany show the spirit which at all times governed her:

'In any case, when the path in which God has set our feet leads us into society, let us not sigh for another lot than ours. Wherever we are, whatever we do, God wills to be ours and wills us to be His. This is certain, and if in our actual circumstances the Divine union seems harder to realize than in other positions of which we dream, we may dwell on the thought that the difficulty which disturbs and pains us may one day prove to have been among the trials for which we shall thank God when we read in Him the history of His providence towards us.'

Mrs. Craven paid her usual summer visit to England.

No one knew better than she how her bright and gay delight in society continually reasserted itself, nor did she wish it otherwise. Her lifelong struggle was not with the

human influences around her, but rather with the forces which tainted them. If it be said of her that she was worldly, that she enjoyed her success and popularity, that she, indeed, liked to increase it and to aim at the highest distinction in her world, the reader will understand, if he have read the preceding pages, how ideal were her ultimate aims. Few of her social friends had even a conception of them, though as she passed among them a surprised curiosity was often felt. One of her acquaintances who saw much of her in 1859, 1860 and 1861, at Naples, writes of her, and with truth as far as it goes:

'Mrs. Craven was an excellent artist, and throughout her life I should say the secret of her charm and influence was the "divine spark" of art which was the keynote to everything. In her many-sidedness she threw her soul into all she had to do, whether politics, religion, or social life; and for that very quality she was often ill-judged by the aggregation of conventionality called "society." In Italy, with the charming *naturel* of the Italian character, she could be and was herself.'

It is hardly necessary to add that the friend who saw her in this light was himself an artist by nature, and to him Mrs. Craven's gifts in that direction appeared pre-eminent. No doubt she had the artist temperament; it was one facet in her many-sidedness. Other and different friends, widely apart as were Mme. Swetchine and the Duchesse Ravaschieri, as were Montalembert and Lord Palmerston, circles as unlike as were her own at Chiatamone and in Berkeley Square, equally admired her as a brilliant and sympathetic apparition in an orbit that was beyond their measurement, though they hardly knew why. To one observer she might easily appear to be, as he said of her, a lady 'qui débitait mieux qu'une autre les niaiseries d'un salon.' Her very spontaneity and crystalline sincerity of nature was, to people

who had not her multiform sympathy, a frequent surprise. In one report all are agreed. What may be called her social generosity was unbounded; she always used her influence with the broadest charity.

Journal:

'CASTAGNETO,
'*October* 6, 1859.

'From April 19 to this day, October 6, what has happened? So much that this volume and three or four other larger ones would be full if I had written every day, or even every month, a detailed account of my various impressions.'

The impression and feelings of the year before during Holy Week were repeated. The Duchesse Ravaschieri was not in Rome in 1859, but with M. Rio Mrs. Craven continued to examine critically his favourite objects of art, and compare his theories with what she saw, not always with complete acquiescence in them. But Mrs. Craven says:

'All æsthetic ideas played a secondary part in my impressions of Rome this year. A great and poignant interest absorbed all others. When I reached Rome, war was threatened, and it broke out while I was there. I heard on the Piazza di St. Pietro that hostilities had begun. It was Easter Sunday, and I had just received the Papal blessing. The effect of the war on my personal plans was that I returned to Naples, which a month before I had left intending to travel towards Paris. Soon after I had decided to do so, I perceived that I should have done better to continue my journey. . . . I came back to bear the pain of seeing my beloved Lina suffer for three months—suffer as I hoped it had been impossible for a child to suffer. And now I have not courage to dwell on those dreadful days, as each is entered in my note-book.

'Can I explain to myself the contradiction which meets me everywhere? I wish I could, that I might extirpate the evil root which, perhaps, is its cause in some region of my soul or my intellect. My difficulty lies in clearly defining that shade of colour in my mind which I can no more help than I can help the colour of my hair or my eyes. If I search in the depths of my soul, that I may discover and check the one and dominant desire which is the active principle of all that follows, I perceive that this wish which God sees as it is in me at this minute, truly is that the Church should not be rich, powerful and sovereign of several provinces, but that she should be absolute mistress of all souls.

'From this wish naturally follows an infinitely greater regret for the wounds she receives within her own bosom by scandals, not merely those imputed to her, but the real ones, such as the Almighty sees, than for all that can be done by her enemies from without. They are powerless when they attack her immortal part, but they become formidable when sacred truth is, as it were, forced to take their side. This, this is the pain, the great and only pain, which I feel deeply, and in comparison with it every other is easy to bear. Truth! that mighty power which I worship, which is the substance of the Catholic creed, and which no other religion possesses; truth in one of her aspects is often put forward by people I detest, and is denied, hidden or altered by those I love and venerate, and in whose opinion alone am I interested.

'This is the fact, and the ultimate expression of my thoughts, and this conviction, whether in itself or because I have badly explained it, has been disputed at Rome by admirable ecclesiastics, and by nearly everyone to whom I have expressed it. Everybody seemed to see danger in another direction, and to wish to restore me to another

view as if it were a duty. Once, for an instant, I even thought that my conscience was to be enlisted on that side, and that was a real trial. I think afterwards I understood my own self better, and I succeeded in gaining leave to make my one claim. I did not assert that I was mistaken, but only that I claimed the right to think as I did on some points, even if I were mistaken.'

Journal :

'CASTAGNETO, CAVA,
'*December* 7, 1859.

'No ; my grief is not because the estates of the Holy See are invaded by a foreign Power. My grief is because the subjects of the Pope call to their aid another Sovereign ; and of all my griefs the greatest is the deplorable certainty of the evils which produce such a result. . . . What, then, is to be done, but to retire to a corner and silently pray to God, and try to think no more and speak no more, and let God ensure the triumph of the Church against those who think they are defending it.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*December* 15, 1859.

'December 15, and I am yet among the mountains, which are to-day covered with snow ! It is a curious combination of circumstances, but a fortunate one, and I wish to record my impressions, which may have some importance for me. . . .

'I have received the two volumes* which contain the life and writings of Mme. Swetchine. . . .

'I have read, and I am still reading. Her dear voice is yet living to me ; her dear form is before me. In memory I again go over those too few days of my life when I was with her. The thought of her, and these volumes, confirm

* By M. de Falloux.

the impressions and desires evoked by this unexpected abode in the country, and by the trial I am giving to the solitary life which has been mine these past four months.

'In every perplexity of my life I go to her in thought. I put myself by the fireplace at Fleury and speak to her, and seem to hear her voice, and I would say what follows to her:

'At the banquet of life, can we not mortify ourselves by the complete sacrifice of one dish? Do not spiritual guides sometimes tell us we must at least sacrifice the *dernière bouchée?* Cannot I, who have lived so much in the world, settle at last to give up this *dernière bouchée*, this remnant of taste for it which lingers, and which has not been long ago given up as it might have been? About this there can be but one opinion, and my dear friend would have said to me, "Certainly give it up, the sooner and the more completely the better, if you can, without failing in any duty."

'What does God intend by the situation in which He has placed me?

'There are four motives which justify the presence in society of persons who claim that their life should be considered a Christian life. There may be the necessity of protecting the early career of their children. There may be an official position which connects society with duty, or an exalted station, which has also obligations of the same kind.

'In short, and above all, it is a woman's absolute duty to consult, in the first place, the tastes of her husband, and conform to them. Retirement would be but a snare to her who secured it at the expense of her husband's comfort, which, far more than her own, ought to be her first consideration.'

XIV.

On May 7, 1860, we find this touching entry in Mrs. Craven's MS. Meditations. The subject of it was our Lord's words to the woman of Samaria. She writes:

'I thirst. Ah! yes, poor creature that I am, I thirst for rest, and peace, and strength, and security, for certitude, for knowledge, for love and happiness and immortality. I cry to God, and God, in His turn, says to us, "I thirst for trust and confidence, for hope and love."'

The Duc and Duchesse Ravaschieri took their child to Florence for further medical advice, and for quiet, no longer possible in Southern Italy. Lina returned again with her parents to Naples, and it was not until August 14 that Mrs. Craven kissed her for the last time, as again she was taken by medical advice to Florence, to die there on September 1, when necessary circumstances obliged her 'chère Pauline' to be in France. Mrs. Craven writes:

'Oh, Thérèse, how my heart is bleeding! It is but a few days since I left you, and I thirst already for a word from you to tell me how our dear angel bore the journey and the fatigue of such a departure, when she was in so weak a condition. Yes, I think you acted rightly in resolving to attempt the move. Here, after Garibaldi's daring exploit in entering not only the bay, but even the harbour, to seize on the finest man-of-war in the Neapolitan navy, he seemed endowed with some unaccountable power. His prestige struck terror among the people, as does all that is mysterious or unknown. Imagine that when this feat became public, our bay suddenly swarmed with boats full of persons making for the opposite shore. Whilst I was at church the other day, there was some slight noise, and all the people there

who were hearing Mass took to their heels, crying out, "Garibaldi is coming!" What would you have done in such turmoil, when our dear angel is in such need of peace and quiet? The most strange rumours are afloat, and incredible tales are reported. I listen to all with unheeding ears, and I look on indifferently, for my heart is with you, and its hopes and sorrows are yours.

'For reasons which you know, I have arranged to leave for Paris in order to settle some affairs there; after that, I will rejoin you at Florence in October. Oh, may I find our child in a better state!

'I am with you and her, heart and soul.'

Lina died on September 1;* her illness ended more rapidly than had been expected. On August 30 Mrs. Craven writes from Paris to the Duchesse Ravaschieri:

'Oh, my beloved Thérèse! I shed rivers of tears when I read your letter of the 26th. If you had let me know at Civita Vecchia, where I was that day, I would have hurried to your side. But God did not will it. He will, I fervently trust, spare us the bitterest of sorrows. After a crisis of such intensity, and so speedy a return to life, what may not be feared, and what may not also be hoped for our Lina? But how can we endure such anxiety? It is true that it kills me to see her suffer, but to-day I am sick of grief because I cannot see her. God grant you some comfort, my Thérèse, and to me the strength to bear this separation, which at times seems intolerable. Paris looks very sad to me. All my heart is in Italy now. If I dared make plans, mine would be to leave this place at once. May God so will it! My heart fails me when I read your letter, but there is sweetness in the pang when I think of the Divine consolations you received in Florence, and which you would in vain have looked for at Naples during those days. God help us! Write —write daily, if it were but a line.'

* Lina was born on November 9, 1848.

A telegram brought the news of Lina's death, and Mrs. Craven, still at Dangu, wrote on September 4 :

'Thérèse, is it really true? Is it possible, and is it I who write—I, who am so far from you to-day? My poor friend, my beloved Thérèse! My eyes are blinded by tears, and I cannot see what I am writing.

'The telegram is perhaps at this moment in your hands in which I beg you to call me whenever it may please you to have me, that side by side we may weep for our daughter.

'Everyone here sympathizes in my sorrow, and Emma with her mother's heart joins in your grief, and has pity on mine. I ought to be at Boury, where those rest whom I have so loved and mourned. It was there that I should have heard of that angel's death, who has gone to join them and for ever. I have no more strength but to press you to my heart and pray for you.'

A week later Mrs. Craven had better courage to bear the profound desolation caused by Lina's death. On September 12 she wrote again to Lina's mother :

'A visit to La Roche Guyon to the good Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, whom I had not seen since the last moments of our very dear Mme. Swetchine's life, prevented me from finishing my letter yesterday. I want to see again those who knew Lina and who know you. I have refused to be at the great hunting party here, and I leave this lively, yet for me melancholy, Dangu to be with Laura* and Marie† in Paris to-morrow, and with them weep for our darling. I need besides the consolations of the good Père Gratry to give strength to my soul and lead it heavenwards.

'My old friend Boislecomte‡ is shocked by my excessive sorrow, and has written to rebuke me. I send you his letter. To-morrow I will write to you from Paris.'

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* At that time Princess of Camporeale, and afterwards Donna Laura Minghetti.

† Maria Camporeale, Contessa Bulofi.

‡ Comte de Boislecomte, attached to M. de la Ferronnays Embassy at Petersburg ; French Minister at Lisbon, 1837.

In her meditation for that day Mrs. Craven wrote :

'My soul is sorrowful even unto death ; my soul is adrift on a sea of anguish. I cannot meditate to-day ; instead, I leave my heart to bleed at Thy feet.'

Among her friends and relations in France during that autumn, so eventful for Italy, Mrs. Craven found small sympathy for her Italian opinions ; perhaps the trial of Lina's death, terrible as it was, steadied her soul. Of her grief she could write on September 20, when at Fontenay :

'I must accept to the full, and in all its bitterness, my cruel loss, my perished joy, and sorrow irreparable in this world, just as it has stricken me. Accept, and bear, and offer it up. Struggle against the aggravations of imagination, which are destructive of calm, and which cruelly trouble mine ; regrets, remorse, useless but haunting recollection which waste my strength and weaken my will to be resigned. I must struggle against this kind of aberration, which is caused by grief.

'Help me to comprehend this mystery of a child's agony. Heal me of this useless torture which depresses and does not lift my heart to Thee, while it continually broods over the incidents of the sad past, rather than on the glorious present which is hers. Only for us is the pain ; take away from us the illusion which still associates the idea of terrible suffering with her dear form instead of endless life and glory.'

Before October was passed Mrs. Craven rejoined the mother of Lina at Florence. On October 31 she notes that on that day in every year she habitually reflected on the beatitudes of heaven, and concludes with these touching words :

'Ah, chère petite âme bénie ! réunie en ce moment et pour l'éternité à ceux qui me furent les plus chers sur terre, de quel œil dois-tu regarder avec eux les tourments que me causent mon ignorance et ma faiblesse ! Mais, Linette chérie, sois maintenant l'ange protecteur de ta pauvre vieille

amie. Prie pour elle, aide-la. Attire son âme et toutes ses facultés vers ce ciel où tu vis avec les autres qu'elle aimait, que tu aimais aussi avant de les avoir rejoints.'

XV.

In Florence, orderly and reasonable during the revolutionary epoch which had regained for her autonomy without social dissolution, Mrs. Craven and her friend found greater quiet in their grief than was possible at Naples; after it was somewhat calmed they remembered again their political interests. Fresh from Catholic discussion in France, Mrs. Craven wrote to her friends, the Comte and Comtesse de Montalembert, with whom she was no longer quite of one mind in Italian affairs, as she had been, and would be again, in the European struggle for religious liberty against State interference. At the time the following letter was written she let her friend, the Duchesse Ravaschieri, copy it, and from her version we translate some passages from this characteristic and eloquent defence of her Italian sympathies:

'FLORENCE,
November 13, 1860.

'It would not be easy for me to resign myself to the pain of not having seen you while I was in France, if I did not feel that my presence here comforts my poor friend, with whom only can I freely express the sorrow that has these three months tortured my heart. I should have regretted days spent with you, because I could not have been by her side during three anniversaries, sad for her, which we have lately spent together. We passed them almost entirely at the church of the SS. Apostoli, where lie the remains of our dear Lina. . . . My friends, if you knew what deep roots of affection that child had planted in my heart

these past ten years, and what a sad void is left in it by her death, you would forgive me if I write of her at a moment when your thoughts are bent in a quite different direction. I am so used to find consolation in both of you, that I do not think it will fail me to-day.

'I am anxious that you should really know that child, and I forward you the manuscript of the translation I made of what her mother wrote to me about her from Bologna.*

'I am sure that, in reading of her life, you will see the resemblance between Lina's angelic soul and the souls of my dear ones, who were linked to me by ties that when broken, broke my heart with sorrow. You will understand that it was as sweet as it was good for me, to have found in my declining years my own happy youth reflected in that God-chosen creature.

'Notwithstanding all the sorrow of the recent time, I must tell you how good our retired life in this beautiful place has been for me. It is one of the cities most dear to me in this world, because, while it is the centre of noble life, whether intellectual or material, it has all the characteristics imprinted by a great past.

'Having left the noisy struggles, the violent discussions, the turmoil which politics always excite with us in France, I cannot tell you the well-being and rest I enjoy here, where the past is everywhere and the present is almost absent from our impressions. We think seldom of public affairs ; but when the people we see introduce them, it is in a form so little aggressive or quarrelsome that the difference seems immense between their ways and ours, and I feel, here in the heart of Italy, better content than elsewhere. When I was in France, if I heard the bell ring, I instantly tried to conform my judgment to the French fashion ; but now that I am here, I cannot help seeing the providential *eppur si muove* which comforts me and calms my fears.

'I could not but be entirely sincere with you, and to be so I feel bound to tell you that I am convinced of the consistency and reality of the national movement which is shaping the new

* Mrs. Craven's translation of the MS. will be found at p. 257 of her 'Reminiscences.'

Italy. I think its formation is possible, and I hope to see it, but I feel also that it must receive pardon from the Church, and be baptized, as Father Ventura says. I wish that from that party which first in France, and thence throughout the world, proclaimed the necessity of union between religion and modern liberty, should issue a voice that would defend the Italian cause, and do so with a convinced spirit, capable of embracing the greatness of the argument. Such a man, or such men, if they appeared, might perhaps be called revolutionary ; but were not all of you, who in 1830 did such useful service to the Church, so called ? Were you not like these same men whom you to-day condemn, while you abuse Italy and possibly harden her in her temptation to seek and find justice only among men who, while loving liberty as you do, do not equally love the Church ? Oh ! my friends, do not burden me with such a cross. Now that I open so much of my mind to you, let me say all I think to you. It is impossible not to feel, and firmly believe, that the worst danger for this poor Italy would be to draw back. In an outburst of impetuous grief (which would be general) she might fall into excesses, which I am bound to tell you have not yet been committed during the eighteen months that this revolution has lasted. It seems to me that its only deplorable side—its rebellion against the Papal sovereignty—leaves the religious faith uninjured, even of those most to blame, and less impaired than is believed in France. If God were to raise up a man, a saint, who could find the way to re-awaken in Italian hearts the love of the Catholic Church, without sacrifice of their national aspirations, he would be listened to by a people on its knees.

'In short, what you said one day of England is a thousandfold truer for Italy. Yes, she needs the Church, and the Church needs her. May God, then, bless those who endeavour to reconcile both, and increase their number and seek them among those whom I desire to see on their side.

'I pause, alarmed at my audacity. You will not at least reproach me with being on the stronger side (a reproach bitter from your lips). It is so much the reverse, that I am perhaps the only one among your friends, men or women, who has the courage so to speak to you.

'For those who, unlike you, are influenced by force and numbers, to be with a majority is an important consideration ;

but what can I do? Have I not told you that my will is not strong enough to conquer my reason? Reason, I feel, can for me only give way to questions of religious faith, and, thank God, in this question I am given full and complete liberty.'

The letter in which these passages occur was written just before Mrs. Craven left Florence for Naples, where Mr. Craven awaited her. Thence Pauline wrote to her friend on December 1, 1860:

'DEAR THÉRÈSE,

'I feel giddy when I look around me, seeing how all is changed, as is, too, the life of my heart. First, let me speak of yourself. I am anxious because I have not heard from you since our sorrowful separation. Dear friend, accept as some consolation, however slight, that we preserve in our hearts the memory of your angel. She is present in all our thoughts, as in yours. I see her, and find her again everywhere. How sweet was our common life in Florence! I wish it could have lasted longer. What can I say to you of myself in this changed Naples—changed in so many ways, but the same in her beautiful sky and in all material things? I seem to live in a perplexed dream, and the Neapolitan word *stonata** can alone make you understand my condition since my return.

'As for the political changes here, from the little that I have seen and all that I have heard, the horizon seems to be clearing in several directions, and as after the tempest, when the clouds break, some spaces of blue are visible, the sinister and grotesque faces which appear after every revolution are fewer from day to day. Red shirts still abound, and they make a little noise, particularly the English Garibaldini; but Farini will see to it. He has summoned to his help men who can second his excellent projects. Cardinal Riario's return is longed for, and there is hope, if not certainty, of it. All the best of the Neapolitan clergy are to call on him to-day, and entreat him to come back and resume his functions, with a promise that he and the Church shall enjoy full liberty, such as, perhaps, they had not before.

* Out of tune.

'In short, were it not for the fault-finding temper of our Neapolitans, I believe that, steering amid a thousand difficulties, we could reach a not distant future of peace and progress. They eagerly wish here for the construction of railways. They would give work and develop great life in this part of Italy, which is as yet without them. In their establishment Augustus, my brother Charles, De Martino, and others, take an active part as representative of several foreign capitalists. . . . Imagine how I enjoy sitting at table every day between my brother, who thinks as all Frenchmen do on these affairs, and Count Arrivabene, a young Garibaldian, *à peine défroqué et débarbouillé* from his prison at Gaeta, from which he was set free by an exchange of prisoners, as was also the correspondent of an English paper who has been with Garibaldi in his campaign, and who has been quartered on us! . . . I feel sometimes as if I were on burning coals, and I feel a wild wish to escape, particularly when they bring forward that endless Roman question. Yet I will not conceal from you, as generally I do from others, that, perceiving the moral force of these plebiscites, which one after the other lead all the Italian cities towards junction in one great kingdom, I cannot shut out the hope that from Rome may at last come the *gran rifiuto* of her lost provinces, which would so greatly increase the spiritual power of the Papacy.'

That her dear Italians should love their country without losing their faith, and that they should love religion without abandoning their country's cause, was Mrs. Craven's prayer, and probably few, if any, of those who found fault with her enthusiasms for the individual rights of men, more earnestly sought within the Church for spiritual support, and for daily increase of humility and obedience to its dictates.

She needed support; she found it in the advice and guidance of Capecelatro, who is now Cardinal Archbishop of Capua.

'I never knew a nobler mind,' she writes of him, 'nor a clearer intellect; his profound reason and tender heart

remind me at every turn of the Abbé Gerbet. His advice, however, is more efficacious because it is all-comprehensive, as is the light of his intellect and of his soul. I often see, also, Alfonso Casanova, who is as full of religious faith as of patriotism.'

With him Mrs. Craven had studied several plans of charitable institutions new to Naples, though well-tested elsewhere. An infant asylum in each quarter of the city, to be managed by Sisters of Charity, was one of their joint schemes. The municipality, dreading the accusation of clericalism, refused to accept the services of the Sisters, and Mrs. Craven, at her own expense, established a *crèche*, and attached it to the principal house of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, to serve as a model for other institutions of the same kind. Her courage and zeal succeeded; the prejudices of the municipal councillors were overcome, and other asylums were founded and prospered under the same system.

Who among those who have made the Christian pilgrimage will not be touched by the thirst of this weary soul, as she cries out while meditating on the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria?—

'Give me, Lord, this living water which can quench my thirst, and strengthen me, for I am exhausted and weak. Sorrow, which should strengthen, has this time left me worn out. . . . I must cease to turn within the circle of lost earthly joys, and make an effort to conquer my too terrestrial memory of pain.'

Measures were taken in the course of 1861 which grieved and discouraged her faithful heart, and the suppression of the monasteries was one; but she exercised all her influence in gaining exemption for the Oratorian house at Naples, for the Benedictine abbeys in that part of Italy, and for some other religious houses.

Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Monsell from the midst of her hopes and anxieties on January 30, 1861 :

'NAPLES.

'You wish me to write, and expect me to tell you what I have thought and think of all that has passed and is passing in Italy ; but you know very well that one (or twenty) letters would not be enough to do that ; and as it is impossible to tell you all, and would be mischievous, or at least quite useless, to tell you only one-half, I will for the present say nothing. This is certainly a time of extraordinary trial, and although I feel certain that your children will see brighter days for the Church than any we have ever known, this firm hope is not sufficient to keep up my spirits as it ought in the present gloom.

'What, indeed, are the intentions of the Emperor of the French? For my part, I do not think him bad, as you say he is. I see that he knows very well how to resist and reject the advice of England whenever it suits him, and only appears to yield when they happen to advise what he has determined to do. But all that does not signify ; "l'homme s'agite, et Dieu le mène" ; and if ever these words of Bossuet were true, they are true now, and that conviction is my only comfort.'

In a letter to Lacordaire Mrs. Craven at last gave relief to her perplexity of mind as a Frenchwoman loyal above all to the Church, and also to her family and friends. She reminds the great Dominican of their last meeting under the roof of Mme. Swetchine, whose memory she evokes before entering on her Italian sympathies. Evidently she believed that they would have been at least understood by the large-minded and accomplished woman who had been her friend, as also a mother to Lacordaire. She pleads for the Italy of that crisis, at once so unfortunate and so faulty, so foolish and so wise, at the same time so much adulated and abused, and beyond her own frontiers so misjudged and ill understood. Mrs. Craven's opinion was that the best government for Catholics would be that in which

religion should be free to exercise in the best way its true power over men's souls. She describes with what grief she has seen the break-up of the time-worn ecclesiastical discipline which had obtained under the old system—a grief shared by all that was best among the clergy. To that system of absolute government, and not to the reigning sovereigns, she attributes the decay of religious feeling. 'It is impossible for me to think,' she exclaims, 'that Italian liberty, even if it reached Rome itself, could injure the Church as absolutism has done by its long existence in this ancient kingdom. . . . I believe that, notwithstanding its dangers and the sufferings it inflicts, liberty is the only healing power able to cure the evils of our time.'

These words may sound strangely on the lips of one brought up in the society of the *Restauration*, and to the uttermost of her being saturated with theocratic thought and mystical experience. Possibly it was that very intensity of Catholic sentiment and loyalty which caused her to believe in human progress, such as is the goal and the crown of Christian endeavour. Since she wrote that letter, how many facts have justified her enthusiasm for the Church's action on the world, however often it is embarrassed by its temporary agents! How much that was feared then by adherents to authority is accepted now as the best basis for authority! It was her passionate devotion to Roman Catholicism and its higher interests that made her desire the liberties of men to be respected.

She writes:

'God only can measure how I suffered, when the truth forced itself on me, and I found myself irresistibly drawn to the side which was opposed to the traditions of my youth. Yes, the side which was opposed; for I am bound to say that by what I now see, as by what I have before seen, I feel that going back to the past (which could only be done by force of arms) would be the greatest calamity both for these provinces and for the Church.'

Lacordaire's answer satisfied Mrs. Craven's scruples lest her sympathies with the Italian movement had been too freely given. He writes:

'I read your letter with that care and attention which it deserved, for your own sake and for that of its contents. My feelings agree entirely with yours, except in one point—the unity of Italy; up to this time I have not thought that it was possible, or even desirable, except by reserving for the Holy Father a part of the Italian territory. What you tell me inclines me to believe the contrary, always, however, keeping for the Pope what is his by right. I cannot now write definitely of this. Events sooner or later will throw light on what is now dark in this great question. Meantime, I think the right of Italy to shake off her foreign yoke is undeniable, and also the right to assert her nationality and insist on government by those civil and political methods which are in harmony with the ideas of modern society—to constitute herself, in short, be she united or be she confederated, as a nation, mistress of her destinies in the European family. All this appears to me undoubted and clear, without hesitations or regrets. Still, it is true that the temporal conditions of the Papacy will suffer for the present by the enfranchisement of Italy, and may yet suffer for a long time. That is a misfortune that will find its purpose in the mysterious ways of Providence. To suffer is not to die, and from the expiation which belongs to sorrow a light may arise. The world was saved, Rome may be saved, by the Cross.

'I think that the Papacy, though it may not regain its territory, may preserve and recover what is necessary to its dignity and independence. That is important. To those who would say I am chimerical, I answer that God's providence and justice are above human events. A Christian cannot reason as would an atheist. He must make God his starting-point in politics, even in matters that seem unlikely and beyond human hope.

'I hang only in doubt between unity and federation I lean towards the last, but you have given me good reason to wish for unification, because of the very needs of the Church in Southern Italy. God will see to it. In any case your feeling in these affairs does not seem to me such as need trouble your conscience.

It is the feeling of a Christian and liberal mind. For thirty-six years of my life the strength and consolation of my whole being has been supplied from the same sources.

'If our common friend, Montalembert, does not recognize in Italian events a sensible progress (always excepting what has been evil) in what has appeared to us for the benefit of the Church, it is because he is influenced by his profound dislike of the French Government, to which I am far from being favourable; but my aversion does not lead me to ignore the fact that its action may have served Italy, whatever were its motives. God makes use of all, even of egotism and despotism. To effect some ends, hands not absolutely blameless may be made serviceable.

'Italy, and Rome still less, cannot remain as the treaties of 1815 required. Both lay in expectation of a hand that should raise them from the bed of pain on which they were bound. That hand has shown itself. I should have better welcomed the hand of Charles X., of Louis Philippe, or of the Republic—of a France, in short, that possessed liberal institutions. They declined the task. Another has accomplished it. What help was there? Am I to declare myself against Italy because her chains fell at an untimely moment? Truly no. I leave to others such intensity of passion; I prefer to accept good from whatever quarter it comes.'

'This gives me liberty to feel as I do, and peace has returned to my mind.'

So Lacordaire's letter was endorsed by Mrs. Craven, and for a time it restored her conviction that the Italian changes were for good. Whatever her judgment of the means by which they were effected, she believed the impulses were generous, and, indeed, justifiable, which insisted on man's right to stand erect, and most so when he is in the presence of God. There was, however, more of Gerbet than even of Lacordaire in her aspirations for herself and for others. Yet Gerbet was at that time Bishop of Perpignan, where his ultramontanism had associated itself with that of Veuillot and the *Univers*. But it was not any system of civil govern-

ment, nor any care for parties and persons, that roused her eloquent anger, but a burning desire that the Gospel might belong not less to the poor than to the rich, not less to Italianissimi than to Papalini, and, though herself more truly loyal to the Papacy than most of its defenders, she eagerly hoped that from the Vatican might come the impulse of generous reconciliation.

Few traits are more characteristic of Mrs. Craven than her interest in the politics and objects of the country in which she lived. It may be said of her that she not only visited, but lived the life of, the places where she stayed, were it but for a few months. Her horizons were broad in every direction, and no doubt it was almost necessary for her sensitive and anxious temperament to get at times beyond her immediate personal interests in worldly affairs. Her free spirit loved to survey an expanse and fly far afield. She enthusiastically admired action, though she cultivated spiritual calm for herself as a remedy for her too ready agitation. It had always been a grief to her, as to her husband, that he had had little sphere for his considerable activity. When Southern Italy was teeming with over-sanguine schemes for national development, Mr. Craven was not unnaturally eager to embark in some of them, which were in themselves admirably suited to the immediate wants of the revived but still sleepy country. Foreign capital seemed ready, and the two improvements on which Mr. Craven spent a considerable part of his fortune were urgent. He carefully studied the possibility of supplying Naples with good water by the river which had been found amply sufficient in Roman times, but the course of which had found since then a hidden way to the sea under the coast-line of sand and shingle. A scholarly and interesting memorandum on the lost river is all that remained to Mr. Craven of his labours in promoting the health of the

city where typhoid fever was so general, nor was he better advised in his promotion of highroads and railways in Sicily.

'The path we are following with feverish anxiety,' writes Mrs. Craven, 'is not our way, the way we have hitherto followed; and I sometimes ask myself how it will end. Towards wealth or towards ruin? We were born to go in search of other ideals, and the millions flashed before me do not attract me.' Again, she writes that she 'thirsts for a breath of the air which expands the lungs of the soul, and recalls the early days of full life and youthful fire, and hours of reading in the sanctuary of the library.'

Meantime the house at Castagneto was finished, and the world has gained by the days of her solitude there, when, having lost the visits of her child Lina, Mrs. Craven turned more faithfully than ever to the records of her youth and her *santi*.

XVI.

A LETTER written by Mrs. Craven in the course of 1862 will show her continued interest in Italian affairs, which was only second to that of the dominant work of her life—the picture of Albert and Alexandrine's love, painted with the prayer and the purpose of an Angelico.

To Mr. Monsell.

'NAPLES,
'*April* 29, 1862.

'It is a great and—I own it—an unexpected satisfaction to me to find how very much nearer agreed we are than I imagined. The language of almost all the English Catholics I had come across had not prepared me for this, and it is a great relief to me. You hit at once upon the very thing which seems to have

been overlooked throughout by them, and that is, the dangerous and impossible position in which people and clergy are placed when driven to choose between their feelings of nationality, their (most natural) wish for liberty, and their religion. You should be here, and see as much as I do of quite the best priests (I might almost say the only good ones) to understand fully what that difficulty is at this moment at Naples! You can imagine it, however, very well by fancying what the Irish would feel, or the Poles, or the French, indeed, if they found that a repugnant political opinion, or any political opinion whatever, was in any way imposed upon them as a conscientious duty.

'You say, and you are right, indeed, to say so, that the opinions of the "revivers" (which are those of the Civiltà Cattolica) give strength to the revolutionary feeling; and there again, I say, you should be here to judge of it. But first explain to me how it is that the whole of the French Liberal party, who have seen this so clearly in France, have been entirely blind to it in Italy. How is it that Montalembert, A. de Broglie, etc., all of them (except P. Lacordaire) have done nothing since the beginning of the war, but give the whole of their support to that party? How is it that they have never tried to ascertain whether there were no true Catholic Liberals whose most useful influence they were weakening and destroying? I attempted more than once to point this out to Montalembert, but in vain. It is, nevertheless, true; and had he or they given some little credit to those who, in Italy, had at all times sympathized with their school in France, and now expected their assistance for themselves, much that has taken place would, I feel convinced of it, never have happened; and a feeling has arisen which might have been conquered by them at first, and would never have acquired the strength it now has. In short, if they had wasted none of their strength in opposing the legitimate tendencies of the Italian movement, and in defending Governments that had fallen under the weight of their own mistakes and misdeeds, they would have been strong to defend Rome, and in that case would have defended it with such effect that I feel convinced we never should have heard of "Roma Capitale."

'La Marmora is doing well now, and great efforts are really being made to remedy some of the past evils; but years and

years of such an extraordinary state of corruption must leave long traces behind.

'In my opinion, this is an immense providential change, the details of which are, many of them, to be reprobated, but which, on the whole, is leading us to a better state of things, and one in which the Church will appear greater and more triumphant than ever.'

XVII.

In the spring of 1863 the ill-health of her eldest brother Charles determined Mrs. Craven to go at once to Paris. Her veneration for Rome would not allow her to treat her beloved city as a railway-station. She spent Holy Week *in limine apostolorum*, and paused at Bologna to see the Duchesse Ravaschieri, who was there. Mrs. Craven's love for Rome was a passion. When she spoke of the uncertainty that gathered about its political destinies, her eyes filled with tears. 'I might say of Rome what Mary Tudor says of Calais,' she exclaimed: 'if my heart were cut open you would see the name engraved there.' She nourished the dream which she herself confessed to be Utopian, of a spiritual capital where the Pope in full exercise of his sovereign power should remain the centre of the universal Church, to whom the representatives of all the Powers should be accredited, and where all questions of the world's rights and social order might be discussed, though never, however good the end might be, should they be pursued by methods of invasion. After some weeks in Paris devoted to her family, Mrs. Craven visited her dear England.

In her note-book of Meditations, under the date December 31, 1863, London, Mrs. Craven wrote:

'One of us is dead since last year. Twelve months ago he was in the midst of us, and nothing announced his

speedy death. He suffered pain, but none of us thought that it was suffering which should end in death. Just, merciful and divine Lord, Thou hast weighed his sufferings, his patience, his great sacrifice;* Thou hast had pity on him, Thou wilt have reserved a place for him in the midst of those who went before him.'

In March Mrs. Craven followed a spiritual retreat at the Sacré Cœur convent in Paris, with the defined object of obtaining the grace which seemed indispensable at that time, the grace of complete abandonment to the Divine will. The retreat was given by the Père de Ponlevoy, who well suited her spiritual needs. Mrs. Craven's few words on the incident that Jesus went up into a mountain to pray alone express the ardent upward flight of her soul. She describes it as the first condition of prayer, 'to lift the soul above all passing things, higher than all obstacles and entanglements, above the sounds of this world—to rise higher, higher still as far as may be, and then pause—take breath—and rest in the presence of God—alone.'

Returning to Lumigny, she felt to the full that strange entanglement of past and present, of Eugénie long dead and Eugénie's sons, now young men, full of promise; of familiar scenes tenanted by less familiar figures, who would give life the semblance of a dream but for its eternal ideals. Once more at Castagneto she found herself idle. The 'Recit' was completed. Its future was a cause of anxious consideration. Should the secret of her *santi*, the secret of their Lord, be given even to a restricted group of readers?

The question could not be finally decided at Castagneto. To occupy herself until her next visit to France, she wrote a comedy, but the Duchesse Ravaschieri, an excellent judge, found the dialogue too diffuse for the stage, and begged her

* Comte Charles de la Ferronnays had left the army in 1833, for reasons of political honour. See 'Récit,' vol. i., p. 105.

to write a novel, which should be of the English rather than of the French type. 'Anne Séverin' was the result of Mrs. Craven's first attempt at that wholesome romance which she wished to embody. In it there are traces of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's method, and it was dedicated to her. It does not equal the later works of its author, but it has passed through twenty-two editions—a success, no doubt, partly owing to the public reception of 'Le Récit,' which preceded it in order of publication.

But while occupied in bridging over the gulfs that separate healthy and unhealthy fiction, Mrs. Craven's perhaps even more constant companion than the Duchesse Ravaschieri was the little book given to her in 1863 by Père Ponlevoy, 'L'Abandon à la Providence Divine,' by Père Caussade. To the year of Mrs. Craven's death it was her favourite manual of spiritual reading. Her copy is lined and interlined in blue and black and red, with every shade of emphasis. It is not difficult to understand what comfort its doctrines of peace and adoring rest gave Mrs. Craven's over-eager heart.

In the spring of 1865 Mrs. Craven went to Paris, that she might herself submit to some members of her family the ripened labour of the last twelve years, during which she had given to documents used in her immortal work that proportion and harmony which proved her so consummate an artist. The Comte, now Marquis, de Mun's consent was required for the publication of his wife Eugénie's journal and letters. As he devoured the pages of the manuscript with indescribable emotion, he exclaimed: 'No, I cannot allow these pages of Eugénie's life to be given to the world. In any case the letters written after our marriage must be suppressed.' The blow was great to Mrs. Craven. She told M. de Montalembert what her brother-in-law had said, and he agreed that he also would have felt the same. 'I

believe that you will have to await the death of all concerned before you can publish these records,' he added; while more than one person reverenced by her frankly assured her that it were better to put them in the fire than submit them to a doubtful public. Mrs. Craven writes: 'A voice in my heart, however, said, "Courage! The example of these dear souls will do much good in a wider circle than that narrow one of your Paris intimates." This assurance conquered in me my own distrust, and overcame the opposition of others.' In a later letter she writes:

'Montalembert has read the "Récit" with true enthusiasm. Adrien, kind brother as he is, holds milder language. It is settled that the first volume shall be printed at once, but in a limited number of copies. A more ample publicity is not to be thought of, and the copies will be distributed by us alone. This, you see, greatly impairs my hopes. The publication, instead of being useful by its sale to the poor as I had intended, will cost me a considerable sum. In my final hesitations I consulted Monseigneur Gerbet (our dear Abbé), and with all his heart he gave me his *placet*. With even greater enthusiasm the celebrated and holy Père Ponlevoy (author of the "Life of Ravignan," which you admire so much) approved. Montalembert now completely consenting, not only approves, but wishes to do me the honour, unhoped for by me, of being the responsible editor of the work.'

To pass the proofs through the press, Mrs. Craven stayed near Paris. She was still haunted by uncertainty as to her future, and she exclaims: 'My life is like a looking-glass that turns every way while I fix my eyes on it in vain.' She writes from Dangu, the home of Comte de Lagrange: 'Here we are in all the intoxication of "Gladiateur's" success, who, having won the Derby, now returns the hero of Doncaster. All the "sport" of Europe hails him as the finest racer in the world. I understand all the satisfaction felt in this centre of sport, and I am most sensible to the triumph

of the high-bred legs [*jarrets*] of the beautiful creature; still, there seems something childish in the joy that every Frenchman feels in having beaten the English, even by the help of a horse's legs. There is not the same excitement on the other side of the Channel. Fréderic de Lagrange, who has returned from his triumphal progress, is lost in admiration of the chivalrous pleasure and the good-humour which has greeted his victory.' Shortly after she notes that the printing of the 'Récit,' of which the first part filled 500 pages, could not be finished till Christmas. 'May God bless this arduous undertaking! It is meant to show how in daily life the Divine presence can be recognized, desired and loved.'

Five hundred copies were struck off. Of these one hundred were privately distributed. The book was immediately in such request, and so evidently calculated to do good, that the sale of the remaining 400 was allowed by Mrs. Craven's family. In two days every copy was sold, and within a few months the book had run through nine editions; its complete publicity was almost forced on its author by the eagerness of the demand for it, and by its reception in the French press.

Mrs. Craven had been right. 'General consent,' the sense of many, which is somewhat minimized in our expression 'common-sense,' is not seldom the best judge, even of spiritual beauty and of the lives that reflect our Christian light. She proved her courage, her faith in her contemporaries, and her sympathy and love for those less illumined than her *santi*, by her steady determination to publish the 'Récit,' unlike as it is to all other works. She did not err in her estimate of how deeply and how widely felt are the emotions to which 'Le Récit' responds. To many the book was a revelation of their own undefined trust and hope. It was to yet more a fresh assurance of the eternal

fact that love worthy the name is essentially one in its many manifestations, and that human love is but the type and porch-keeper of our love for ideal union. Here were people who had lived in the world according to its actual ways, yet whose inner existence was mystic as that described by À Kempis, or as the white figures of the Christian past, that show still so clearly on the misty tissue of time. The interest evoked by these family portraits, and their life-like simplicity of attitude, make us forget the noble originality which dared to trust the sympathy of her contemporaries, even of her French contemporaries. Mrs. Craven believed in a response from consciences, at a time of what M. de Montégut calls 'robust incredulity,' and she got it. Not distinctively romance, memoirs or poetry, sacred or profane, 'Le Récit' appealed to instincts within us that hardly have form enough to be catalogued. It was a flower grown in the soil of the Abbé Gerbet's teaching, suggestive of larger hopes and wider horizons, and of a union of hearts that cannot be reached by controversy and formulas. And yet what was it but the story of a love exalted by suffering and sacrifice, the story of six deaths, golden in the light beyond their mystery; of lovers bound by ties closer than those which merely human passion can forge; of parents to whom their children are gifts from God; of children to whom their parents seem their guardian angels? Never was there a more human book, and in it Mrs. Craven's own hope and faith in the right issues of our human toil and struggle give life to the figures on her canvas.

The book appeared in January, 1866, and in April the distinguished critic, M. de Montégut, devoted an article to it, with lengthy extracts, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The writer half apologizes for his admiration; he minimizes the conversion of Alexandrine as an act of faith that he may the better emphasize it as an act of human respect to the wishes

of Albert; yet his enthusiasm is seen between the lines, especially when he writes of Eugénie, who of all the family group pleases him the most. 'Her rare soul,' he writes, 'is revealed in the fragments of her journal relegated to the appendix; they show a nature trebly noble—noble according to the world, noble in nature, and noble before God. A "gentlewoman," to use the expression of Mrs. Craven's second fatherland, altogether Christian and altogether French. The real grandeur of her sentiments is concealed by the light-heartedness which clothes them. Her radiant piety so illumines her whole soul that in it are no dark corners. Her desire for perfection is not the result of disgust because we are born imperfect, and it has nothing to do with experience of evil. It springs to God with natural joy, as the lark sings in rising to the sky. She loves death cheerily, death harmonious and luminous, unacquainted with the gloom of melancholy or the discordance of sighs. She has a love for God so intimately familiar that she can laugh before Him as a daughter before her father; an energy in religious submission only found in Catholic believers, and there seldom in such force as hers. All this is to be found in the living and eloquent pages of which we cull the flower for the pleasure and edification of our readers.' And these the readers, in 1866, of the *Revue des deux Mondes!* 'It seems to us,' concludes the critic, alas! far from the faith of Eugénie, 'that in this hour of robust unbelief the spectacle of souls, distinguished as these, believing in God and trusting in Him as they did, should possess interest, and even originality.'

That the instant and great success of 'Le Récit' was almost expected by Mrs. Craven is not strange. Its atmosphere, directly illumined by the Divine presence, was one in which she had lived from her first visit to the Roman Catacombs, probably since she could remember her mother's

first instructions, and understood the teaching of the men formed, as the Abbé Gerbet had been, in a school of reconciliation and charity, even towards the votaries of the first Revolution. Charity inducing hope rather than commanding faith, a conduct of life in conformity to their *paternoster*, a mysticism prompted by the Comforter and limitless in its adaptation to the needs of the century, in whatever formulas they may be expressed, was the true secret of the general welcome which the personages of 'Le Récit' received.

The *Académie* crowned it by the hands of M. Villemain, who in reporting on its claims declared: 'It may perhaps not be a work of literary art, but its value will possibly seem all the greater. It is the testament of a past time which will be read in the future. The *Académie* crowns these true sentiments which are embodied in touching language.' The usual gift of money accompanied the weighty words of the distinguished Secretary. But the true importance of the book could not be well appraised, except by those who accepted that spiritual theocracy which is the kingdom of God. It was not given to many of its readers to understand its title to their sympathy, but the sympathy was certainly felt. Mrs. Craven was almost bewildered by finding herself among so many new acquaintances, who insisted on talking to her of her dead with strange intimacy. There were, in truth, relationships formed by our common aspirations which took tangible shape in the 'Récit,' where a family known to so many as popular, agreeable and accomplished were suddenly discovered to have lived in a spiritual region where the pain of life was transfigured, and the shadow of death was lifted, and the common events of humanity took new forms, so that their drift was reversed. No wonder so many desired to join the happy and beautiful souls described to them; for hope is given to all. Yet no

doubt there were a few, and those belonging chiefly to the Faubourg St. Germain, who dreaded what was unconventional in its pages.

Mrs. Craven's pleasure in the success of her 'Récit' was clouded by the death in the same year of her last remaining brother. She had been able to be with Comte Charles de la Ferronnays during part of his painful illness, and at his death. But her brother Fernand was struck down suddenly by heart disease at Frohsdorf, when in attendance on the Comte de Chambord, of whom he was a devoted and faithful friend.* The news reached Mrs. Craven at Naples, where she was spending her last winter in her pleasant house at Chiatamone. Her husband's losses obliged him to part with it, and their future was in question. Some hope there was of a winter residence in Rome, in a house situated near the Colonna Palace, and Pauline writes that once again she felt intoxicated in mere anticipation of its religious and artistic atmosphere. Again Paris was proposed by Mr. Craven, and a house was taken in the Avenue Montaigne, to which was removed much of their London and Naples furniture. The mixed feelings inspired by so many and such differing reminiscences as were suggested by them, and the dominant note of that Paris where her parents had lived, and where Albert and Alexandrine had died, sorely tried her, but she writes: 'I ought to be very happy. I have henceforward a good house, but, in truth, I do not like novelty; when I have lived here awhile it will be dear to me.'

* The Prince and he had been shooting some covers in the neighbourhood. While driving from one to the other, Fernand was suddenly attacked by the complaint which had proved fatal to his father in 1842. He was sitting next the Comte de Chambord, who was startled by a sudden change in his companion's features. He was dead.

The adventures of Garibaldi, which ended in the battle of Mentana, greatly pained Mrs. Craven. After it she wrote: 'The errors of Italy are now taking the shape of serious crime. Never as now has the ground given way under the feet of those who would take her part. Garibaldi wounds by his arms, and outrages Catholic conscience by his words. . . . After what has happened at Mentana, Victor Emmanuel and the Italian nation should be grateful to the Pontifical Zouaves and the French soldiers, that they prevented Garibaldi and his volunteers from accomplishing their suicidal and parricidal expedition against Rome.'

In March the first part of 'Anne Séverin' appeared in the *Correspondant*, and already Lady Georgiana Fullerton had begun a translation of it. In the hearts of some of her dearest relations there was still a chilly antagonism to its publication; 'but if I had not learnt to row against wind and tide,' wrote Mrs. Craven, 'the dear "Récit" would be still in the deepest drawer of my writing-table. Now as then it is the verdict of my unknown friends, and theirs alone, which I look for.'

Mr. Aubrey de Vere,* a poet still happily among us, was not an 'unknown,' but even then a valued friend of Mrs. Craven's and had been so for many years before that date. It is hardly the place in these pages to dwell on the finished and stately rhythm, the noble standards of life, the learned and thoughtful patriotism, of his admirable prose as of his yet more admirable poetry. He had written two sonnets on 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' which were probably the verses for which Mrs. Craven thanked him, and of which we quote

* Aubrey Thomas de Vere, third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, co. Limerick. Sir Aubrey was the author of 'Julian the Apostate,' and other dramas, as of sonnets pronounced by Wordsworth among the best in the English language.

one. The second describes the scene in which Alexandrine declared that she 'could weep her Albert gaily.'

SONNET.

'*Le Récit d'un Sœur.*'

'Whence is the music? minstrel see we none;
Yet soft as waves that, surge succeeding surge,
Roll forward, now subside, anon emerge,
Upheaved in glory o'er a setting sun,
Those beatific harmonies sweep on!
O'er earth they sweep from heaven's remotest verge,
Triumphant hymeneal hymn and dirge
Blending in everlasting unison.
Whence is the music? Stranger! these were they
That, great in love, by love unvanquished proved:
These were true lovers, for in God they loved:
With God these spirits rest in endless day,
Yet still for Love's behoof on wings outspread
Float on o'er earth, betwixt the Angels and the Dead!'

To Mr. de Vere.

'PARIS,
'*March* 11, 1868.

'Your letter gave me more than pleasure: it touched me deeply. Many friends, and many people whom I never knew before, have written to me about this book, but no one as you have done it. Thanks also for the beautiful lines enclosed in your letter. They revived that feeling of gratitude which, in spite of all the grief I have known, ought, I know, to be uppermost in my heart and soul. You are right indeed to say that I am not the author of this book, and that is why I can also talk simply about it, and tell you that I believe what you say about its being in one sense more useful than controversy, as it may help to show the Protestants, without any dispute, that they are wrong in the opinion they form of our religion and of its action in daily life. I really think that Lord Russell mentioned it in his letter, because (with that fairness of the English character which I so much love) he perceived by reading it that it was

not true as he had asserted, that "Catholicism narrowed the intellect and enslaved the soul." I believe this impression has been produced on many Protestants, and I am most thankful for it. Have you seen a perfect translation which has just been published by Bentley? It was done by Miss Bowles, but under the direction of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose perfect knowledge of French has visibly assisted her in a marvellous way. I hope that it will now be read in England by the many people who can't read French. I don't see that the book has lost anything in the translation. One thing, however, I regret, and I cannot understand why it was done; it is that, instead of inserting the short profession of faith (very beautifully worded, I think) which Alexandrine did read and sign, and which was also signed by all the dear ones present at the time, Miss Bowles has inserted the profession of faith of Pius IV., habitually read now by those who are received into the Church, and every point of which was of course implicitly contained in the other one, but still was not the document signed by them and given in the "Récit." In all other respects it is admirable.

'Now that we have a house in Paris, I hope to see you again, both here and in England, where I have the greatest wish to go this year, and often again in future if it is the will of God. Mr. Craven unites with me in thanking you for your letter, and the recollection of our *rencontre* at Naples, which you so kindly mention. Our dear friend Montalembert is better, and hopes, as we do, that you will come over to see us here very soon and very often.'

Private anxieties beset Mrs. Craven throughout 1868, and years seemed added to her life, though her energy and activity were intact. In Rome, where she spent the winter of 1868-9, her countenance was often grave, if not sad. She and her husband occupied a small apartment in the Piazza di Spagna, and the usual circle of acquaintances were around them, but they lived very quietly, he always ready to speak of Dante, of whose work and life he was an accomplished student, or to read Shakespeare according to Kemble traditions, yet with special personal gifts of mobile

brow and fine and expressive eyes. He still retained his power as an actor, and played Joseph Surface and other parts in some amateur theatricals at Mr. Story's, while Mrs. Craven listened with all the pleasure of a sympathizing critic. In Rome she found friends from all the societies in Europe in which she had been known. It was the last year of that mediæval and renaissance atmosphere which had hung about the Roman palaces and princes longer than elsewhere.

The murmurs of the coming Council foretold the serious ecclesiastical struggle of the following winter, and though no one could prophesy at what point it would break out, it was felt that war, and perhaps European revolution, was in the air, and would probably be made, in some way, a pretext for that Italian unity which was to be enthroned on the Quirinal in menace of the Vatican; not, as Mrs. Craven had hoped, in at least spiritual obedience to it.

Soon after Easter Mr. and Mrs. Craven returned to Castagneto, whence she wrote to the writer of these pages, who had been fortunate enough to make her acquaintance in January.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*June* 12, 1869.

'It is very strange that your kind letter reached me a few hours after I had read the article on "Anne Séverin," which a friend of mine at Naples, who receives the *Pall Mall* (which I do not), had sent me. Of course I thought of you, and I recognized, as I thought, your influence in that most kind and gratifying review of the book and mention of the author. But I did not think you had actually written the article, because I did not think you would venture to give me the piece of good advice it ends with (which I dare say no other convert in England would have given me, excellent and worth following as it is). You are quite right, the fight at this particular moment is not in

that portion of the field of truth. Belief or unbelief, that is the question, and whoever fights for faith in these days fights more effectually for truth complete, that is, for Catholicism, than by losing time in disputes with those inconsistent believers who still hold to the remnant of truth they possess in Protestantism. They will soon find out their weakness now that the time has come for them not to attack us, but to defend themselves, and it is no use wasting time to prove it to them. Indeed, we ought now to stretch out our hands to them, act with them as if they already belonged to us, and hasten in that way the moment of our actual reunion. But, alas! that does not seem to be the spirit of Catholicism in these days. My heart sinks sometimes at what I hear and read, feeling as I do that the right note hardly ever makes itself heard. However, it is rash of me to say all this, perhaps, and I beg of you to pay little attention to these notions of mine, which to be understood require longer explanations than can be given in a letter, and therefore had better not be discussed until we can do so *vivâ voce*. As to my writing, as you wish it, on general social topics, you are mistaken in thinking that I have the necessary talent to do it, or power to do it to any purpose. I must go on my way attempting to purify French fiction, to redeem that word *love* from the profanation which has made it almost unpronounceable in French, and to revive or produce some little sentiment of poetry in my dear but most *prosaique* Faubourg St. Germain, where (next to the other one) "poetry" is the most forbidden of all words, and is itself looked upon as a most dangerous ingredient in life, whereas it seems to me so obvious that the present danger of even the best French society lies in exactly the opposite direction. If, on the other hand, I could also induce some of the writers of modern French fiction to believe that strong feelings, and even passion, can exist in that region of purity and goodness outside of which they live and write, the whole of the little good of which I am capable would be accomplished. I am ashamed of writing so much about myself. I wish you could have come to this place. We never can meet again in such perfect solitude, or find anywhere else time to discuss those many subjects about which you know a great deal more than I do. Since I have been here I have written a short biography of a very dear friend of mine. It is now being

printed in Paris. If you will tell me where I can send you a copy of it, I shall be glad to let you have it as soon as it appears, though it is rather the description of a noble and original character than at all an interesting story, but I wrote it *con amore*, and I hope you will read it with interest.

'I suppose the book you call "Les Mémoires de la Comtesse de Béarn," is "Les Souvenirs de Quarante Ans," which have been republished; it is quite authentic, she was my mother's first cousin, and I have often and often in my youth heard her give her most interesting accounts of all she and her mother (Mme. de Tourzel) had gone through. The book is, in my opinion, far superior to "Madame de Montagu" (all except the incomparable scene of the execution of Mme. de Noailles). Good-bye, dear Miss Morris, and be very sure, both of you,* that our meeting at Rome is one of my pleasantest recollections of last winter, and I hope and trust that we shall all three meet again there in a few months.

'I have read since I came here the little book of Princess Wittgenstein,† "Simplicité des Colombes et Prudence des Serpents," and I am so charmed with it that I am determined to make her acquaintance next winter.'

XVIII.

Donna Adelaide Capece Minutolo has been already mentioned as one of Mrs. Craven's most intimate friends during her brilliant Neapolitan life.

She died in January, 1869, and putting aside other work on which she was engaged, Mrs. Craven wrote, as she says, *con amore* of Donna Adelaide. It was a year when sincere Catholics were in suspense concerning the work to be effected by the coming Council, ardently hoping from it

* Mrs. Burrowes was the friend included in Mrs. Craven's observation.

† Princess Caroline Sayn Wittgenstein, *née* Princess Caroline d'Ivanoska, widow of Prince Nicholas of Sayn Wittgenstein.

fruitful labours of reconciliation and direction in the newer problems of society; yet not without anxiety, as the more violent partisans of this or that expected decision raised reflections of their own passions on the misty horizon, and prophesied their embodiment.

In the autumn of 1869, Mr. Craven's affairs seemed less promising than ever. In his extremity he sought to revive the claim of his grandmother, the Margravine of Anspach, against the Bavarian Government.

After the campaign of Jena, the States left by the Margrave to Prussia were made over to Bavaria, and the claim fell under the cognizance of the German Bund.

When Mr. Augustus Craven renewed it, it amounted to nearly half a million sterling. The continual uncertainty of how far he should be successful, kept him and Mrs. Craven in painful uncertainty for several years, though until 1870 the last fragment of his personal fortune had not been swallowed up. The Princess Marie of Baden, Duchess of Hamilton, a devoted friend of Mrs. Craven, rendered what help she could, and in the autumn of 1869 Mrs. Craven and her husband paid a visit to Baden on their way from Comte de Montalembert's place in Burgundy, La Roche en Breny, to Rome. The champion of ecclesiastical liberty was nearing death, and his words had an influence on Pauline that they had never had before, much as she had always loved and respected him. Never likely again to appear before the public, he spoke his whole mind. Mrs. Craven found him less opposed to Italian reform than before. 'I was able to say to him,' she wrote, 'finding myself in entire accord with him, that the union of the Church with liberty, still dreaded and opposed in Europe, would nevertheless be accomplished when the matter is fully understood in Italy. He told me, besides, things about the Council which immensely surprised me.'

Full of this painful surprise, unduly alarmed by the exaggerations of imprudent advocates of an indefinite and impossible Papal Infallibility, Mrs. Craven came to Rome. Almost without formal invitation, her intimates assumed that she permitted their evening visits, and on Fridays her apartment in the Via dei Maroniti was crowded by notabilities of almost every political and ecclesiastical hue. In January, 1870, she wrote: 'Friday last Monseigneur Mermillod and Monseigneur de la Bouillerie, both of the Definitionist party, met here the Bishop of Marseilles, the Archbishop of Bagnieux, a Hungarian bishop, Monseigneur Haynald, and the famous Bishop of Bosnia, Monseigneur Strossmayer, the magnificent Latin orator, who has created such a stir in the Council, all of the opposite party. On both sides alike we heard them speak of matters that were exalted to the highest level, because discussed by men whose souls are so enlightened and whose intellects are so powerful.' The sensitive nature of Mrs. Craven, ardent to martyrdom in questions of her faith and conscience, but ready to accept the opinions of her friends in the Liberal Catholic camp, was for awhile unnecessarily alarmed by the *Univers*, the *Dublin Review*, and the partisans of unrestricted Papal authority. To discuss the division of the Ultramontane school into two camps after the Education Bill of 1850, when Falloux, Foisset, and the *Correspondant* were content with a compromise between the new and old relations of Church and State, is outside the scope of this Memoir. By association, and by her enthusiasm for ideal freedom of conscience, Mrs. Craven was allied to the party who believed that the Church might best promote human welfare by adopting some modern ideas of social order prevalent since 1789, or, as she understood it, by conciliation and wide instruction rather than by uncompromising opposition to reforms of government eagerly demanded by

most European nations. She attended the first general congregation in which the public was admitted to hear the Conciliar decrees, and it was characteristic of her that she specially disliked to hear the anathemas necessarily pronounced in due sequence. Friendship, and that generosity which was in her so marked a trait, carried her with the leaders of the valiant minority in her private sympathies, though her salon was frequented by all men of mark. The Bishop of Orleans had been associated with her earliest and dearest memories, and every Sunday her slight figure was to be seen with her husband at the Villa Grazioli, where Monseigneur Dupanloup received his friends. Mrs. Craven loved the energy of souls aflame with zeal for a great revival of Catholic and Roman influence.

Her dread of the Opportunists or Definitionists, her consequent preference for those who did not think the time propitious for a dogmatic decree defining Papal Infallibility, was after all a transitory mood. No one was less Gallican; indeed, few of her nation were more Ultramontane in the best sense. The influence of Gerbet had taught her almost exaggerated respect for the decisions of Rome. As Döllinger did in 1855, she believed that the moral power of the Papacy never had been greater in European affairs. With the great revivalists of Roman authority who had been her teachers in her youth, she looked at Rome as the rightful champion of the people's liberty against weak yet despotic kings and infidel parliaments. Gerbet had been the spiritual guide of her dear saints, the poet-priest who always laboured for conciliation in his methods, and believed that, as La Mennais and his forerunner, De Bonald, had taught, the Pope was the mouthpiece of the Church, the protector of all people, rich and poor, in their rights and their liberty of conscience, the guardian of those universal traditions which

cement the mosaic of human society for the good and progress of our race.

The great revival of 1830-50, in which Mrs. Craven had taken such delight, had the results we know, and which were proved by the extraordinary change in public opinion towards religion that had been shown in the first revolutionary Parliament after the fall of Louis Philippe. In 1850, M. de Falloux's Education Bill was accepted by the more conciliatory wing of what was still the great Ultramontane party; but it was scornfully and insolently rejected by Veuillot, and by those who desired that Catholicism should be in permanent antagonism to modern society. The rift widened between the men of the *Correspondant* and the men of the *Univers*. The irreconcilable partisans of the Church, as a citadel whose walls had to be guarded from even a parley with society, made open war on those who thought of her as universal mother, ever giving birth to Divine truth as it was needed for the guidance of the nations in their perplexities. To seek in the human heart all the secret cords which can reconcile it to Christianity, to reawaken in it the love of truth, goodness and beauty, and then to manifest in revealed faith the ideal of those three things after which every soul aspires, had been, in Ozanam's words, the programme of the Liberal party. Circumstances, perhaps partly her residence in England, certainly her sympathy with Italian aspirations, strengthened Mrs. Craven's faith in liberty as a tonic rather than as a poison, and as, in truth, more Ultramontane than Gallican in its tendencies. She was possibly more consistent than was Montalembert in her dream of a theocracy of which a main support should be a united Italy. French sentiment was arrayed against her in this, and she found herself, of course, in disfavour with Conservatives of every camp.

She had, as was natural, followed the leaders of the

Liberal Catholic party in 1850. Most of them were personal friends, and of distinguished merit as writers and politicians. She inherited the personal regard of Mme. Swetchine for Lacordaire and for M. de Falloux, while Montalembert never ceased to be the 'Montal' of 'Le Récit.' Therefore, in 1870, fresh from the dying bed of the chief champion of Constitutionalism, even in the Papacy, and of Government by Parliamentary methods, even within the General Council, she was alarmed when confronted with the extra-Parliamentary exaggerations uttered before and even during its sitting. Perhaps by family tradition she loved minorities and their struggles, and she interested herself in the splendid but uphill work carried to its ultimate, if veiled, success by the comrades of Dupanloup and Haynald, Clifford and Moriarty, Dechamps and Gibbons.

Few will be found now to deny the practical and all-important use of the minority in the Vatican Council, who helped to fashion the dogma of Infallibility as it was finally decreed. In the heat and struggle of the arena, they themselves hardly recognized their providential mission, and that theirs was that victory in defeat which is generally the most conclusive of all victories.

Meantime, Mrs. Craven was probably more truly Ultramontane, more eager for the influence of

> 'lo loco santo,
> U'siede il successor del maggior Piero,'*

than many a hot combatant in the majority. No doubt it grieved her that the conduct of her friend Montalembert had been almost censured at the Vatican, on the day the news of his death was telegraphed to Rome. She resented the circumstance, as did the knot of sincere Ultramontanes

* 'The holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.'
'Inferno,' ii. 25 (Cary's translation).

who, when Montalembert was young, had joined him in freeing Catholicism from State trammels in France. No man had done more for forty years to invite the great Council where now they were officially flouted.

As a patrician of Rome, M. de Montalembert had a right to a funeral service in the church of Ara Cœli, which was the parish church of the Roman municipality. No one imagined that it could have been refused; and notice of it at an appointed hour was sent to those likely to attend. Intense was the pain of the friends invited, when they found, on arriving at the top of the long stairs leading to the historical fane, an official standing outside the church, and authorized to declare that the service was forbidden, to the great disappointment of the crowd assembled.

At that moment of friction, it was not perhaps known that M. de Montalembert, who had, before the meeting of the Council, been distressed by certain extreme suggestions of what might be its result, as became so faithful a son of the Church, declared his submission to all its decrees, whatever they might be. Almost before the fact was generally known that the service at the Capitol was forbidden, the official blunder was repaired, and a solemn Mass elsewhere, in the Holy Father's presence, was offered for the soul of the great soldier of the Church. The irritation felt meanwhile showed how nerves and temper had been strained on both sides, and it would have been strange if Mrs. Craven had not suffered more than the prosperous lookers-on, to whom the definitions of their faith were not *sacro-sanct.*

'I have found in the religious exercises preached by Mermillod,' she wrote, 'comfort in my particular troubles.' The Bishop of Geneva, afterwards Cardinal, had given a spiritual retreat for ladies, at the Trinità de' Monti. 'For other anxieties it is in vain to hope for tranquillity, for it is centuries since the Church has endured so formidable a

storm as this one. The unexpected tumult has arisen in so strange a way as to beget the hope that out of this struggle a good "al tutto del nostro accorger scisso," as Dante says. It is the sweet season of spring-time fragrance I enjoy it extremely, and when I am out of doors, among the flowers of the delightful villas, or gazing at the wide and poetic horizons of the enchanting Roman Campagna, I feel as if I could throw off the tormenting vexations of life.'

Except by a look of fatigue, natural to one so attentive to the duties and privileges of the Roman Lent, there was little trace of egotist discontent in the fine-tempered courage of Mrs. Craven, whose vehement feelings about the action of the extra-Conciliar prophets of their own invented and exaggerated infallibility perhaps prevented her from full enjoyment of the great Council. Had she remembered having heard Monseigneur Mermillod, fresh from Geneva, speak as he did of Catholicism as 'favourable to the most advanced social doctrines,' and declare that 'the Church was always suited to the needs of the age, and that she alone could secure the fruition of men's legitimate desires,' Mrs. Craven might have even then perceived how unlikely Gallicanism under Napoleon III. was to advance her favourite ideas. Surely there was an echo of the *Avenir* in the preacher's words at St. Luigi dei Francesi, when he proclaimed that 'the Church alone can guide the universal suffrage demanded by modern citizens; that she alone asserts the nobleness of labour, in a day when working men are imperatively claiming their rights; that she alone can transform that poverty which, without her guidance, threatens society with ruin.' It was almost strange that the exaggerations of the *Univers* could have dulled the ears of Montalembert's friend, when Monseigneur Mermillod, extreme Infallibilist as he was, could, on hearing the sug-

gestion of a timorous opponent, that Church and State might become separate powers, exclaim, 'Eh bien! le grand malheur!' Some of the leaders of the party, who desired to render the Papal utterances more available in difficult crises, now, when crises came and went with a rapidity hitherto unknown, were advanced believers in a theocratic republic. Certainly they were not reactionary nor indiscriminatingly conservative of certain forms of authority. Had Mrs. Craven trusted to her own shrewd foresight, she would not have been alarmed by a movement of ecclesiastical centralization; but those in whom she so trusted, by their useful and necessary stand against the extremists on the other side of the controversy, had touched the holy of holies within her—her sense of truth. She believed that they held the truth in their arguments, and she was led by them.

Ere long, even when their efforts to arrive at a universally admissible dogma seemed ineffectual, Mrs. Craven perceived that the work of her friends had not been lost, that a truth had been beaten out by the Council more likely to assist than to retard the fruition of Montalembert's wishes, and those of the Liberal Catholics. The name by which they were known as a party has almost disappeared, except in history, and it has been since absorbed in other titles that command respect, even from the *Univers*.

On March 25 Mrs. Craven retired to the Villa Lanti, a convent of the Sacré Cœur in the Transteverine quarter of Rome. She thus secured for her soul eight days of spiritual existence 'beyond these voices' of the agitated Catholic world. As she thought over past years, Mrs. Craven noted: 'This year seems the culminating point of that long trial which God has evidently willed that I should sustain. This year everything fails me at once. Awhile ago I was uncertain about the place where my future was to be spent.

I drifted from home to home, and vexed myself because I was obliged to leave each place as soon as I began to like it. To-day no home anywhere on earth is mine.'

Towards the end of the retreat Mrs. Craven could write: 'I have well considered the things I am about to lose, many of which I have lost already. I sincerely offer to Thee, my God, all material possessions, and I offer also this sense of poverty.'

Many circumstances combined just then to give Mrs. Craven great pain and perplexity, but seldom, if ever, did she rise higher in her spiritual thoughts, or read with greater fervour her favourite Rusbrock.*

Of her private anxieties, rapidly accumulating, there was little sign, except in the look of suddenly accentuated age. Mrs. Craven went through the round of Easter life in Rome, and perhaps never took part more assiduously than that last year in the charity of the *Pellegrini*.

The writer of this Memoir was admitted to see the pilgrims housed in that year. The crowd was great, but the pushing and fussy strangers were railed out from the long table on which the simple supper was laid. It was very largely made up of salad and bread. The waiting ladies, wearing the uniform pinafore of the association, bustled about in a very practical fashion, pouring oil and vinegar on the salads, apportioning the figs and *finocchi* on

* Rusbrock, born near Brussels, 1294; leader of the contemporary mystics, priest at St. Gudule at Brussels. He caused the reform of the Abbey of St. Severin, at Château Landon. His simple piety reacted against Scholasticism. At the age of sixty he took the religious habit, and founded at Grœnendæl (Vallée Verte), or reformed, a house of Canons Regular. He died at the age of eighty-eight. Gerson and Bossuet found some inexact expressions in his writings, but Bellarmine altogether approved them. Rusbrock and Tauler both refuted energetically the 'quietists' of their time.

the plates, and filling the bowls of soup. With genuine pleasure Mrs. Craven flitted here and there. Having done her task of washing a pilgrim's dusty feet, she went from seat to seat, supplying the wants of her half-dozen clients, and no doubt carefully non-observant of their furtive appropriation of loaves or salads which they thrust into their wallets with a view to future feeding. The contrast was great between her and the massive mothers, many of whom had infants at the breast; between her eager rapidity and dexterity of motion, and the stolid and ruminant peasants, dignified and ignorant. The great variety of local costumes interested the monotonous upper class who crowded to see the show; but nothing seemed to disturb the pious gravity of the pilgrims, even though a woman from the mountains of Susa sat by a semi-Greek daughter of Otranto, or a Ligurian by a Venetian. Servers and served all spoke to one another as *sorella*. For a time there was a real fraternity. Mrs. Craven loved chiefly the moment when, kneeling before the woman whose feet she had to wash, she listened in veritable sisterliness to the prayers appointed to be said. As she served, she felt within herself a sense 'that not love but hatred was supernatural—a feeling external to the human heart and strange to it.'

XIX.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven left Rome soon after Easter. On the previous Friday there was hardly standing room in Mrs. Craven's salon. Throughout the winter it had been a pleasant meeting-place for a society of unique distinction. The most eminent leaders of Catholic thought were there at their best, and their thoughts were given to the discussion of questions vital to all human progress. It was the atmo-

sphere Mrs. Craven loved best, and much was stored in her memory for meditation when she returned to Castagneto in the last days of April. She had need of all its restorative influences, and she loved her mountain valley all the more passionately that she knew that she must soon leave it, probably for ever. With some sense of their impending loss, her friends the villagers in the neighbourhood welcomed her back more effusively than ever. The valley was illuminated for 'i cari signori,' as Mr. and Mrs. Craven were called throughout it; and always beautiful, it was at its best that May.

It may be imagined that the invitation contained in the following note was eagerly accepted by the author of this Memoir.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*Saturday, May* —, 1870.

'How much I have to say, my dearest M., in reply to your most kind and dear letter! So much, indeed, that I will not attempt it, but when we meet I will make you understand what the value of such sympathy and friendship as yours is to me! When will you come? Why not on Monday?'

Travellers who follow the itineraries of guide-books lose much by neglect of Italian by-ways in the spring-time, when the living forces of the wonderful country assert themselves over its past records, and in every field vie with the bronzed peasants in friendly brotherhood. It was easy to understand pagan visions of nymph and faun in the intense life everywhere. Life throbbed almost audibly, and animate things mingled strangely with inanimate in the semi-intoxication produced by the vibrating air. Great Pan breathed in it, for he is not yet altogether gone from that Tyrrhene region where natural forces are so vehement that man hardly knows

if he be their master or their slave. Standing on the garden terrace at Castagneto, when the sun had gone down behind the towering crests of the mountains, Mrs. Craven could drink to the full the beauty of the purple depths below, and beyond, the sunset light on the gleaming sea. In the clear height of sky in which the stars moved, they seemed visibly detached.

That year a broad flower-border of orange marigolds enhanced the colouring of the distances, and as we sat entranced by circumstance, drifting and darting fire-flies outlined the nearer perspectives and gave hazy light to the forest eaves. Hardly a nook or cavern of the hills but was pointed out as the scene of some legend of ascetic hermits, who had fled from the plain to seek God in the stern and difficult heights above.

The taste of Mrs. Craven was visible in all the details of her dwelling. The simplicity of well-understood comfort reigned in the airy rooms and the choice of chintz and furniture. Books were everywhere. She and Mr. Craven sat of an evening in the spacious library, the shelves of which carried some seven thousand volumes, among which were most of the notable works of the century, French, Italian, German, and English. Upstairs was her morning-room, where she worked. Her writing-table stood before a window embowered in climbing plants, and from it the view of the valley, seen in its many folds, and crossed here and there by the arches of the road to Vietri, was even finer than below.

She and Mr. Craven had, while alone, been reading through their correspondence of nearly forty years with M. de Montalembert. His recent death had spurred them to the task, and they were full of renewed memories of him and his friends. Before we separated for the night, the Rosary, the Litany of Our Lady, and other prayers, in

which the household joined, were said in the chapel, with which, however, I made better acquaintance next morning at Mass. An excellent copy of the Madonna di Foligno was the altarpiece; a dead Christ, by Ribera, was at one side. Other art treasures were there, but in the serene and devout calm they were but accessories. The air was full of perfume from great bouquets of roses above the altar, and after Mass the incense of Nature to her Master seemed doubly sweet. The light clouds which floated on the shadowy mountains appeared to carry it upward to the sky.

Then the post brought its cosmopolitan supply of letters and literature. Then came English breakfast, modified by Italian custom, and when we had taken our chairs in the wide veranda, conversation followed, earnest and witty —reminiscences of forty years in the great world at its best.

There were few days in which some notable visitor did not pay his respects to the host and hostess; and the learned Benedictines from their Abbey of the Trinità* often came to discuss the last rumour from Rome. In the afternoon, when her morning's work and her letters were finished, Mrs. Craven read to us 'Fleurange,' her novel then in hand, or letters from Mme. Swetchine or M. de Montalembert. They were texts for conversation on what was highest and noblest in human aims, and they received fresh consecration on Mrs. Craven's lips.

To certain chords she always vibrated; new light shone in her eyes, slight colour tinged her cheeks, when generous sacrifice or the achievements of faith were spoken of. In

* From the beginning of the eighth century there had been clustered in the valley of Cava cells, each of which was tenanted by one or two monks, who lived a solitary and austere life. In 1011 the Abbey of the Most Holy Trinity was founded on the site of one of these cells known as Crypta Arsicia, or the Arid Grotto, by S. Alferino, a Benedictine.

discussing her own work she was absolutely without the egotism either of vanity or of self-depreciation. She deferred to criticism, but not too much. The truth in which she habitually lived allowed no affectations. When, after an evening of rare talk, the household met for family prayer in the chapel, a momentary glance at her face and attitude left an impression that underlay all future intercourse with her. Light was there,

'che visibile face
Lo Creatore a quella creatura,
Che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace.'*

Faith and hope and love were revealed in her gaze, and never again could one who had seen her in such a moment forget her look, her abiding look, whatever veil custom and the reserves of society might afterwards draw over its radiance.

The two following letters sufficiently prove the true Catholic obedience of heart with which Mrs. Craven had prepared herself for whatever decree the Council should impose on the faithful:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*June* 27, 1870.

'I have not answered your letter, or thanked you yet for your most welcome *envois*, for no other reason but that I was particularly anxious to accompany Fleurange in her retreat at S. Maria al Prato, and not to part from her, even for a few days, until I had seen her off to Germany; that is, in other words,

* 'which
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing Him alone
Have peace.'
(Cary's Dante.)

until I had concluded the second part of my story. There have been wonderful oscillations between hope and fear lately, but now that St. Peter's Festival is at hand, the extreme limit is reached beyond which it would be cruel not to allow the Council to be prorogued. Yet no definition has been brought about. How is it possible for those who have firmly believed all along that the minority represents the true spirit of the Church (or else, long before this, with so many human obstacles opposed to them, they must have been defeated)—how is it possible for these not to be very hopeful that even the immediate result will be in accordance with this impression? It seems already certain that such words as "personal" or "separate" infallibility are sure to be exploded; and in that case I hardly see how anything can be proposed to the belief of Catholics that any of them can shrink from; in short, I am once more in spirits on that great point, which I try to forget, so as to make submission easier when the time comes; but it forces itself on one's thoughts *en dépit de soi-même*. . . .

'I have been reading, in the *Pall Mall*, a review of a novel called "Higher Law," which makes me foresee that when English authors forego their traditions, and cease to be moral, they will soon become disgusting, and perhaps stupid also, which would at least have the advantage of preventing their being as dangerous as the French.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*July* 26, 1870.

'Yes, it was a blow and a trial for which I was not prepared, because I had convinced myself that that doctrine was not true. On that point I see that I was mistaken; and when I examine thoroughly what made me cling so strongly to those who opposed it, I find it was principally because of the manner—the odious and unchristian manner—in which it was defended by those who upheld it. Veuillot, the *Tablet*, and their friends, must now thank themselves for having roused in many Catholic souls so strong a repulsion for an article of Catholic truth that they have turned their acceptance of it into a painful instead of a joyful act of submission, and tempted some to reject it alto-

gether from mere repugnance to agree with them. However, that is their look-out; ours is to conquer that feeling with simplicity and humility, and to agree with the Church. At present the Church has made herself heard, and unless she sanctions hereafter the doubts which still exist in some minds as to the validity of these Canons, we are certainly bound to include them in our act of faith in the teaching of the Catholic Church. That is really where we are. Admitting, as I do, that a great deal seems to be required from our faith by this definition of the privilege granted to St. Peter by our Saviour's words, would you find it easier to reconcile your mind to the Protestant notion, and to believe that those most solemn words addressed to him meant nothing whatever? It is just like when they say that we make too much of the Blessed Virgin; perhaps we do. But is it more in accordance with the Gospel to do nothing, and to ignore the blessed Mother of our Lord? If, therefore, we do exceed in one direction, let it be in that of faith and love and trust. That the visible Church to which the promise was given is the Church founded on Peter is absolutely true; about that there is no doubt, or there is no visible Church. Let us, then, blindly obey her voice when it speaks to us distinctly. Some, I know, hold this Council (or some portions of it) to be invalid; but I don't think that we have at present any right to dwell upon that possibility. If it is so, time and the Church itself will tell us. . . . In the meantime, my own duty is to submit to it, and to compel my pride and my feelings to admit that those whom I disliked were in the right, and those whom I most loved and revered were in the wrong.

'I have heard nothing yet of our dear Bishop since he left Rome. In the meantime, even the definition is forgotten in the midst of the awful preoccupation which, on the very same day, took hold of men's minds. I don't think that on the whole I ever went through so much mental suffering of every description as I have this year; and certainly this war makes one feel unutterable things. For the first time in my life I am doubtful of the success of a French army, for the double reason that it is fighting in a bad cause (that is, without a cause), and fighting against a formidable adversary. I therefore cannot honestly feel that they ought to win, and yet their being defeated would

go to my heart, so that about this also I am torn to pieces. The best would be, that there should be no crushing victory on either side ; but how are we to expect that, when on both sides they have worked themselves into a fury ? There is nothing to do but to try and bear patiently this terrible suspense. In the meantime all our plans are upset. Germany is not to be thought of, so that for the present we remain here. As to next winter, who can say what anybody will be able to do then ? At this moment I quite envy you being in England—quiet, and yet within the reach of all the people one would like to see, and of all the news. The only thing I don't regret is missing the exultation of our Anglo-Roman infallibilists.

'All things considered, I retract what I just now said, and had rather be here, all alone with my work and my chapel, than anywhere else in the world. I am going on with "Fleurange," and hope to have finished in about a month.'

Four of Mrs. Craven's nephews were engaged in the Franco-German War, and few held family ties more dearly than she did. Her ideal of an independent and sovereign Papacy at the head of an Italian federation was at least postponed by the seizure of Rome. There seemed little chance of making Mr. Craven's claim to an annuity heard in Germany. They remained at Castagneto, from whence Mrs. Craven wrote the letters that follow :

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CAVA DEI TIRRENI,
'*August* 26, 1870.

'You know why your very dear letter has remained so long unanswered, and you already expect that I shall not be able to answer it to-day, my whole thoughts being taken up by this awful, most awful struggle ! You know what I thought of this war ; you know that I never felt it was either just or probable that France should come out of it triumphant. But what anticipation could ever have prepared me, and what reflections can comfort me, for the immensity of this disaster ? and leaving aside the mortal anxiety which all must feel who have friends or

relations in either army, it is to me like a perturbation in the natural order of things, that France, in one short month, should have been brought to this state of humiliation, and I often feel as if it was impossible that all I am reading should be true.

'Thank you very much for Mr. de Vere's beautiful letter. . . . As usual, all his views and opinions move in a sphere far above that in which my inferior faculties exercise themselves, and I cannot follow him ; but it is always good to look up, and that is especially the effect produced by his writings and conversation. In reality, I do not agree with him at all, as to the delight of living at a time when a General Council is sitting, because I don't see, as he does, that a General Council is in itself a joyful event. It is a great remedy ; but great remedies are never wanted except at very unpleasant moments, that is, when there are great evils, and may be sometimes very painful indeed ; of this we have had some experience, and may have more. I don't agree with him either as to craving for definitions, but rather with Newman, who so truly said that dogmas (involving as they do a fearful anathema) have never been promulgated as "a sort of luxury granted to the devotion of the faithful," but as the performance of a very stern and terrible duty. The Church (so I think, and I believe I am right) never reveals anything new to us ; but where a cloud has fallen upon some portion of the treasure of truth confided to her by our Lord, she dispels it by a definition ; but it is happier still that no cloud should have to be dispelled.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CAVA DEI TIRRENI,
'*October* 16, 1870.

'Since I saw you, we have had almost as much of private as of public anxiety and suffering. After the thunderbolt that fell upon my head that evening at Rome, when Aubrey de Vere was sitting with me, something very like an earthquake (at least it was quite as sudden a surprise) took place after we had been here some time ; and now the war has brought on what seems to be a shipwreck ; at all events, those are all the sensations which I feel as if I had gone through since this trial began. . . . Under these circumstances, however, it suddenly becomes a

matter of quite unexpected importance to me to publish what I write ; and the impossibility of doing so at present in France is a fresh disaster added to all those that have followed one another in quick succession since the month of May. . . . Can you, then, and will you, make some inquiries as to the possibility of publishing "Fleurange" in England, and could you tell me *à peu près*, in that case, what sort of terms would be proposed ? . . . Your encouragement in the spring was very useful to me ; I trusted to your judgment and sincerity, and it gave me great confidence to go on. It is now all but finished, and my own impression is that the third and fourth parts are better than the two first ones (part of which I had read to you). . . . I have not yet composed, however, my very difficult *dénouement*, but as I am quite come to it, it must now be brought about *de mon mieux*, and I must trust to Providence not to spoil everything by my ten last pages. And as it is essential to me not to fail, I hope to have a good inspiration, if nothing happens to interrupt me at the last. . . . Oh, how I wish that I could write in English ! In that case, with a little energy and perseverance I could perhaps do great things in this our present emergency. But, alas ! in France all is at an end, for a long time to come ; and no publisher in England, I dare say, can care to publish a French book.'

On November 1 Mrs. Craven wrote that they were on the eve of leaving Castagneto, and that her next address would be at the Duchess of Hamilton's, Palais Stéphanie, Baden.

It had become a sad necessity that Mrs. Craven should earn money, and the writer of this Memoir had suggested to her that possibly the materials at her disposition might enable her to write another family history, dealing with the period anterior to that of 'Le Récit,' which might be published in England, pending some return to peace in France.

On November 9 Mrs. Craven ended a letter to Miss O'Connor Morris :

'These are the last—probably the very last lines I shall ever write at Castagneto ! I am writing them now near my window,

looking up now and then to watch the beauty of the light on the mountain (just now at sunset), and feeling that I shall never see it again. I am glad you have an idea of the place, because I know that you will thoroughly understand what my feelings are at this moment, especially as after I have left this I shan't have any home at all for some time to come.

'But although these things might be expected to be harder to bear late than early in life, I am thankful to feel that it is not so, and that, as it should be, I cling less than I did in my youth to what I most care for.'

XX.

KNOWING Mrs. Craven as the reader should do if he have read the preceding pages, it can be imagined what peculiar pain she suffered at the complete ruin of Mr. Craven's hopes. For him she felt far more than for herself, and only those who have seen those preceding Journals in which she laid her heart bare can read between the lines of her correspondence and measure her daily anxieties. With perhaps unnecessary enthusiasm of honesty she sold her diamonds as soon as the telegram announcing the disappearance of her husband's remaining capital reached her at Rome in the spring. Mr. Aubrey de Vere was in her drawing-room at the moment of its arrival, and he bears witness to her calm self-possession. One ignominy she determined to escape, the ignominy of indebtedness while any way of relief remained open. In her haste her diamonds were sacrificed for a third of their value (and that was considerable), but she remained free of debt, as did Mr. Craven, who in his turn made sacrifices that entailed much loss, but left them clear of personal obligation.

Mrs. Craven made the journey from Naples to Baden in three days *viâ* Foggia, Bologna, and the Brenner, leaving

her husband to complete some necessary business at Florence, though he soon rejoined her.

'I feel all the horrors of this prolonged war,' Mrs. Craven wrote, 'more than ever since I am come within reach of them, and a visit to the French wounded at Rastadt has brought it all home to me very differently from what it was in my quiet retreat at Castagneto, keenly as I suffered about it there.' In another way the humiliations of the war were brought home to Mrs. Craven: Boury was occupied by German soldiers.

To Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

'PALAIS STÉPHANIE, BADEN,
'*January* 11, 1871.

'Thank you, dearest Lady G., for your kind letter of the 4th. I had hardly courage to write, even to you, at this saddest beginning of any year since we were born. I wish I could have been with you, and received courage and comfort from you—I very much need both—but I am afraid my journey to England is indefinitely put off. The cold is so intense here that it is almost impossible to think of moving, especially with the prospect of having to go across from Ostend, which nothing but absolute necessity would induce me to do, and that necessity does not exist. I cannot publish my book there, I don't exactly know where to go, and I rather dread at present the prospect of finding myself in any country house with a party. And besides all this, the Duchess is not well; she finds it impossible to travel with a baby in such weather as this, and in this empty and melancholy place at this time of the year she finds my company useful, I may say pleasant, and wishes me very much to remain with her as long as she is here. She has now an additional motive for staying here some time longer, as Carlo* is fighting with the Baden army against Garibaldi and Co., and perhaps soon against Bourbaki, very near the frontier,

* The Duchess of Hamilton's second son.

so that if he was wounded, and had to return here, it would be both painful and foolish to have moved out of the way. . . .

'I see that a fresh society has organized itself in England for the much-needed purpose of relieving also the unwounded prisoners, and I have written to Lady Lansdowne in hopes of getting her to take an interest in those detained in large numbers at Rastadt. . . .

'Adieu, bonne et chère amie ; priez pour moi, j'en ai vraiment bien besoin ; surtout pour ne me *plaindre de rien*, quelque dure que soit la phase actuelle de ma vie. God bless you, dearest Lady G.!

'Ever affectionately yours,

'P. LA F. CRAVEN.

Still at Baden on February 23, 1871, Mrs. Craven wrote to Miss O'Connor Morris :

'By the time this letter reaches you peace will, I trust, be an accomplished fact, peace such as we can expect it, and such as it was proposed before the last four bloody months, during which nothing has been retrieved. Nevertheless, if this formidable trial has really brought us to our senses, if Aubrey de Vere's beautiful lines* are true as regards the future, as they are true as regards the past, then I shall be reconciled to even this last

* 'Laugh, thou that weep'st ; or with thy weeping blend
The glory of that joy which mocks at pain :
Vain was thy pride ; the penance is not vain :
Lo ! this is the beginning, not the end :
Beyond that rain of fire I see descend
Armies of God t'ward yon ensanguined plain ;
And these the cross, and those the crown sustain :—
Elect of Penitents, thy forehead bend ;
Meet thou that crown in hope that springs from love !
Once more true greatness greets thee from above !
At last, while far away the tempests rave,
Forth from the ashes of thy pagan boast
Leaps thy new life ! Mid yon celestial host
Thy Clotilde triumphs, and thy Genevieve.'
('St. Peter's Chains,' by Aubrey de Vere, p. 28.)

amount of useless bloodshed and of appalling misery! Of course those lines express all my feelings, hopes and wishes! If only they were realized! But there are still many alarming symptoms. We (the French) are still deluding ourselves, still asking others to delude us, still shrinking from facing the real cause of our disasters. As long as this is the case, as long as hatred and vengeance alone are thought of for the future, as long as we are only thinking of punishing our conquerors, instead of correcting what made the conquest possible, indeed inevitable, I shall hardly venture to indulge in the blessed hope that

'"This is the beginning, not the end."'

Mrs. Craven's prevision was correct. The revolt of the Paris Commune had yet to come. It shocked her all the more that it was so terrible a criticism of the democratic tendencies of society, from which the school of French Churchmen who had influenced her youth hoped so much. During the experiments of Louis Philippe's reign, though certainly not on account of them, religion had thriven in France, and in 1848 Lacordaire could sit, though not for long, at the extreme left of the first revolutionary chamber. Two years later M. de Falloux, as Minister of Public Instruction, had influence enough to secure the enfranchisement of primary education, to the benefit of the Christian cause. Larger and larger doses of civil liberty seemed favourable to religion, and the plebiscite which reinstated Cæsarism was greeted by the *Univers* and by too many of the French clergy as a crowning mercy. While violently Ultramontane in their reception of the Syllabus, and more than Papal in their interpretations of it, they remained pitiably Gallican in their tolerance of Napoleon's 'Divine right' to carry out the schemes of secret societies in the name of his uncle's ideas. Fortunately the chief friends of Mrs. Craven, the writers of the *Correspondant*, had steered a straighter course. Their wish to enfranchise the human

conscience had not flattered democracy; Sedan and the Commune were certainly not prepared by Montalembert and Lacordaire, though doubtless La Mennais, and even the saintly Gerbet, may have contributed to the plebiscites. Democracy, much reddened since 1830, and as yet unbaptized, had now become the terror of all who loved freedom. In their dismay many turned to the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, as the readiest anchor by which society in France might ride out the storm.

Mrs. Craven, moving, as she hoped, towards Paris and her publisher, M. Didier, was detained at Brussels by the usurpation of the Commune. She wrote:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'29, CHAUSÉE D'HAECHT, BRUSSELS,
'*May* 17, 1871.

'You ask me if I am of the Court of Henri V. Not actually, for though he is supposed to be in Belgium, I don't know where he is; but in heart and soul I am, not because I belong to those who have never served another cause—no, not at all on that account. Indeed, I was always accused of being a lukewarm Legitimist, and although my preference naturally went that way, I never had any of the sort of feeling that others had on that subject. I cared more for other things, and I did believe that if those other things were secured France might get on very well under a monarchy that was not the old one, and I think so still. But now that it is evident that all those experiments have failed, now that we are suffering so terribly from the want of truth, and that we are so evidently punished for our national disregard of religion, there is to me something consoling and refreshing, something that revives *hope*, in the straightforward and brave statement contained in the Comte de Chambord's letter, which I trust you have read, though the *Times* has not yet thought proper to publish it. It is the first time in my life that I feel quite irritated with the *Times*, but I ought to have known before that they can be fair and even lenient on all

occasions (even as they now are in relating the acts of the Commune), except *lorsqu'il s'agit* of any man or any party that may be supposed to care for the protection of the Papacy. . . . If they dread so very much the notion of there being once more a King of France daring to call himself *très chrétien*, they should remember the liberal convictions of the younger branch, and ease their minds of their fears on that account. . . . I have seen Père Gratry here. I will speak of him and of Döllinger some other day ; there is too much to say to begin now. I must only tell you that I am daily happier and calmer in my firm adherence to the Church's decree. Our minds were disturbed by those who defended it, and by the manner in which they did it. But all that vanishes gradually. I am convinced that, if farther explanations are needed, they will be given when the Council meets again. For my part I require none. Apropos, I have only now read "Lothair." I read very patiently, and even approvingly, the first volume ; the second is disgusting as well as absurd, but I have more to say about it, and I must positively write again soon to do it.'

To Mr. Monsell.

'CHÂTEAU DE CHÈREPERRINE,
'*July* 14, 1871.

'Our dear Comte de Chambord has now put an end to his own prospects and to those of the monarchical party, by an act which looks noble, and is in reality, I may say, unjust. It is not true that he could not with dignity accept the colours of France, or that the duty of France was to accept his. It is a mistake and an alarming one, as revealing much of the old disposition of his race to say *l'Etat, c'est moi.* He dislikes the flag that was flying by the side of the scaffold of Louis XVI.—that is perfectly natural ; but, however, many have fought under it and made it glorious, whose relations had in those days suffered with and for his own—indeed, if that same flag was not utterly disgraced during the last campaign, it is thanks to the Legitimists ; he ought not to have forgotten it, and he might have shown himself as generously *français avant tout* as did his most devoted partisans, among whom the faithful old friends

are now grieving, whilst the young ones are indignant and disgusted.'

Meantime the *Correspondant* had accepted gladly the MS. of 'Fleurange.' That 'Fleurange' should have any success in the conditions to which French literature found itself restricted was remarkable, but Mrs. Craven wrote, when in some anxiety about its translation into English: 'Here comes a letter from Father Hecker from New York, announcing his intention to publish it in the *Catholic World*, and after that in two volumes; does not this put an end to the use of any other translation?'

Rarer even than good and careful art itself is appreciation of it; but 'Fleurange' had qualities which ensured success, not only among lovers of refined romance, but in the Académie. Apart from the merits of high thought and religious feeling which the reader expected from the author of 'Le Récit,' there are sketches of character, fragments of condensed social experience, and admirable good sense in its pages, which are seldom met in fiction. There is in 'Fleurange' nothing lovelier than the passage in which the wise nun explains to the heroine, in the moment of her distress, that she must not seek shelter in a convent because life is difficult.

Mrs. Craven's description of Mère Madeleine was selected by the late Lady Waterford as a subject for her brush. Its beauty evidently struck her fine sense of what could be done by art.

Mrs. Craven does not fear to make love the motive of the book or to paint its extremes. Nor does she fail to intimate the powers by which love can be restrained, and the suffering it causes healed of its bitterness. There is an echo of the story of Albert and Alexandrine in Mère Madeleine's words to Fleurange when in her sorest distress: 'There is

an earthly love which, though it may lengthen the road that leads to God, yet does not prevent our following it. Often, indeed, by the virtues it requires of us, the sacrifices it imposes, and the sufferings which accompany it, such love seconds the noblest impulses of the soul.'

The story witnesses throughout to the author's conceptions of life, and to her personal experience when she points out the value of religion and of truth in such varied scenes as the Florentine circle of Princess Lamianoff, the home of the German Professor and the Court of the Czar in the confusion of 1825, a confusion that Mrs. Craven had herself witnessed.

XXI.

After some visits in Belgium, among which was a fortnight's stay with the Comte and Comtesse de Flandres, Mr. and Mrs. Craven went to Sigmaringen, cradle of the Hohenzollern family, where they had excellent friends in their princely hosts—friends able and willing to second the Grand-Duchess Stéphanie of Baden in securing payment of the Margravine of Anspach's claim. In a letter from Mrs. Craven, she says that her hosts at Sigmaringen wished her and her husband to remain with them for the *Christkindchen*, and it is most likely that Prince Ferdinand, then five years old, was of the homely, happy party celebrating, in the marvellous old Schloss, the thousandth year of their family existence. The Schloss stands high above the town, which is surrounded on nearly every side by the winding Danube. Situated on the highlands of Suabia, it was a fitting nest for the immemorial princes of the ancient race; and so much has been added to the old walls that it is equally ready for modern hospitalities.

The writer of this Memoir was in Paris in the following February, and saw much of Mrs. Craven, who, with her husband, was in a charming apartment in the Rue de Chaillot, lent to them by M. de Mun. Her features looked older and sadder, but her manner had its constant brightness and sympathy with every interest of her friends and of the day. As usual, she deprecated the exaggerated reaction of the 'white-flag' party, which alone was thought to prevent the fusion of Bourbon and Orleans interests. There were, she believed, four hundred monarchists, including every shade, in the Assembly; but (and it was an important but) M. Thiers had 'drifted to the Left.' Her nephews, Comte Robert and Comte Albert de Mun, were eagerly carrying forward their labours of conciliation among the working classes.

With her continuous trust in a good providence, but without any special faith in its visible agents, Mrs. Craven rejoiced in the revival of religious ceremonial. Her name was eagerly sought as patroness to many of the innumerable good works always maintained in Paris, to a degree we English seldom realize in our estimate of the *Ville Lumière*. Though she detested, and even feared, crowds, she took the present writer to a meeting of l'Œuvre du Patronage where were white perspectives of *sœurs de charité*, portly elders, lady patronesses in black, and girls in blue scarves, listening attentively to a report by the Comte de Melun of the good done by these young women during the siege and the Commune. Monseigneur Guibert, the venerable and aged successor of Monseigneur Darboy, presided. 'It is fortunate,' said a looker on, 'that at last the Archbishop of Paris has a chance of dying in his bed.' As we prayed in the Rue de Sèvres by the graves of five Jesuits, who had been murdered with unusual cruelty during the Commune, her thoughts of forgiveness and hope, and her personal readiness for any

sacrifice, might almost be read on her countenance, as, indeed, on the faces of many who knelt there.

A visit with Mrs. Craven to the Bishop of Orleans at Viroflay, and to a sitting of the Chambers, were occasions for her most eloquent conversation. Monseigneur Dupanloup had recently been received by the Comte de Chambord with but cold recognition of his efforts to promote the 'fusion' of monarchical parties. He described his work in his diocese, when it was occupied by the Prussians, with sad recognition of his country's shortcomings.

The next letter from Mrs. Craven announced her coming arrival in England.

In London Mrs. Craven had been seeing much of Mme. de Montalembert, who was on her way to Windsor to consult Mrs. Oliphant on the life of her husband, first attempted, strangely enough, in English, and by a Scotch and Protestant author. In the selection of letters and materials for it, Mr. Monsell took naturally an intense interest. He had been the close friend of M. de Montalembert, and of the leaders of the party who desired to make faith and liberty friends rather than foes. Mrs. Craven describes her part in the labour of love which writing of their friend was to both of them.

To Mr. Monsell.

'HAMPTON COURT,
'*May* 22, 1872.

'Having had three quiet days since I came here, I read with attention all these most interesting letters (after having replaced them separately in their right order according to their dates); in those addressed to yourself I have marked in pencil, without any scruple, the passages which ought to be omitted if these letters were published, although as a matter of course those passages are the most interesting of all. As to those to Lord Dunraven, I have only marked with a cross in red pencil those

which seem to me particularly interesting or amusing. . . . Church matters in Germany seem to be assuming a very serious aspect, and all the results of the misunderstanding which were prophesied and apprehended by those who opposed the Definition are being but too completely realized. . . . In the end the simplicity and clearness of the doctrine will be felt by all. But notwithstanding this certain hope and this firm faith, for those who dreaded all these evils that are now taking place, and wished to avoid provoking them, it is not pleasant to have to live through them with probably no chance of living long enough to see them end.

Many friends in London, and particularly Mme. de Montalembert, detained Mrs. Craven there; but after a visit to Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower's house (Holmbury, near Dorking) she arrived at Tunbridge Wells with her faithful maid and friend, Elisa, and her two little dogs. These were Maltese terriers of such determined courage and resolve to assert their position in the dog peerage, or 'doggage,' a word suggested by a friend of Mrs. Craven's, that they incontinently turned out two St. Bernards, the usual occupants of the sitting-rooms. The astonished giants stood afraid with amazement at the drawing-room door while Zinga and Joy barked dismissal from the sofas.

Mrs. Craven enjoyed English country life even when it was of the simplest. A pony carriage amused her, and the vagaries of the pony did not disturb her; she took for granted that there could be no accident for a well-ordered English vehicle, and, as is common to imaginative natures, liked speed. The recent Galway election, in which for the first time the Bishop and priests of a Connaught county fought a political battle with its landlords, even though most of them were themselves of the old faith, somewhat disturbed the thoughts of more cosmopolitan Roman Catholics. In a letter to Mr. Monsell Mrs. Craven wrote :

'I return this letter with a thousand thanks. I hope to talk it over soon with you (as well as other matters), as I am going to prolong my stay in England a little longer, and perhaps Augustus will come over and spend a fortnight with me at Holland House, which, though not quite London, is near enough to enable us to see a little more of our friends. . . . What I principally want to say to-day is that Anna de Montalembert and Madeleine* are coming over directly to meet Mrs. Oliphant.

'Have you a word of comfort to give me about the Galway election? And is it possible not to feel that the whole Catholic Church is injured by so grievous a scandal? If these are the last results of the sort of faith originally strengthened by persecution, it increases my dislike to the mode of revival you are looking forward to in Germany through the present attitude of Bismarck. I had much rather it had not been provoked, I own, and that German Catholics had simply insisted on extending to other parts of Germany the entire freedom which (since 1849) the Church possessed in Prussia.'

After leaving her friends of Tunbridge Wells, Mrs. Craven went to Holland House. She and her husband had lived in such constant intercourse at Naples with Lady Holland that at her English home Mrs. Craven found many fragments that remained of her old society at Chiatamone, and most of her foreign friends who came to London.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'HOLLAND HOUSE,
'*June* 20, 1872.

'You wonder, probably, at not having heard from me yet, but I am always bewildered now when I arrive anywhere and quite unable to do anything. And yet (to do justice to Holland House) I know no place where one could contrive to have more time to one's self (with only a little firmness to take possession of it).

* Now Comtesse François de Grünne, daughter of the Comte de Montalembert.

'I have seen Mr. Monsell, and I find that he disapproves of Judge Keogh's charge as much as your good pastor did. Yet he is as indignant as we are at the conduct of the clergy in that election, so at first I did not understand what he meant, and why this outrageous conduct was not to be denounced. He says, because the violence of the charge has enlisted on the other side those who had hitherto kept aloof from these madmen. So everybody is in the wrong, and that is the only comfort I get from him.

'You remember that you have both promised to come and see me here. . . . If Mary Fox* is at home, I will make her take us all over the house, as she is the best cicerone in the world ; but if she is otherwise engaged (a thing not quite unlikely just now), you must be satisfied with my company and my most imperfect explanations and knowledge of the riches—literary and artistic—of this house.'

XXII.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'NORMAN TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE,
'*July* 7, 1872.

'Of Miss Fox's marriage I say nothing, as the newspapers of all kinds have abundantly supplied you with every detail concerning that certainly (all things considered) very extraordinary event ; and, of course, the most extraordinary things are not told. . . . We had a glimpse of the young couple on their way through town last Tuesday to go to Scotland (after spending three days at St. Anne's Hill), and they are now at Dunrobin Castle, which the Duke of Sutherland has lent to them to finish their honeymoon. On that same Tuesday I came here to Mrs.

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* Miss Mary Fox, a child of French parentage, was adopted by Lord and Lady Holland in April, 1851. From the age of two and a half she shared their home and received the consideration their own daughter would have enjoyed. She married, in July, 1872, Prince Louis Lichtenstein.

H. Ponsonby,* a dear, young, old friend of mine ; and I fancy that on Saturday next I start for Paris, but it is hard to say whether we shall or shall not tear ourselves away, even then. . . . We more and more think of taking an abode in England if we can, about October. I certainly feel an increasing interest in all I see and hear, and I fancy that if I were once settled here with my books about me again, I might do some things. I have come across a great deal more of that spirit which you were the first to reveal to me ; indeed, I have been brought in contact with it in a way that has amazed and terrified, and also interested me greatly. Against this, Protestantism is so utterly powerless and disarmed that I believe the *raison d'être* of this dreadful form of error to be the manifestation of truth which it must call forth. I have a great deal to say about all this—a great deal more than any letter could contain, so I put it all off, to some not very distant time, I hope, when we may have a good long talk together.'

The spirit of which Mrs. Craven wrote as a 'dreadful form of error' was apparently unexpected by her in England, however used to its manifestations all Frenchmen have been for a century and a half. It has always existed among the countrymen of Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Agnosticism, as it is now called, had not, however, been common in English society as Mrs. Craven had known it some thirty or twenty years before.

Her next letter is dated from a temporary but charming apartment in which she lived after her return to Paris.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*August* 15, 1872.

'Your letter from Baden was sent back to me here, having been sent after me to Lumigny, which I left sooner than I had

* Now the Hon. Lady Ponsonby. While still Miss Bulteel, she had, when she was very young, acted with Mrs. Craven on one occasion, taking a part in 'Don Cesar de Bazan,' of which Mr. Craven played the title-rôle.

intended, to come and meet a very dear old Neapolitan friend of mine (Duchesse Ravaschieri, of whom you have heard me speak, certainly). With her I went to the séance at the Académie on the 8th, when "Fleurange" was "crowned," as they call it (and then they explain the prize is a gold medal). In reality it is a sum of money, which, though not a very considerable one, I was not sorry to get, and certainly glad at what I got it for. And you, the first friend of "Fleurange," will be glad of it too, I am sure. . . . I think that when we write anything (I say this for you as well as myself) there ought always to be something within our subject (if I may so speak), which is like the soul of the body we are shaping. I suppose if I had time to explain my meaning that this would be, as I wish it to be, understood, the very reverse of realism, but I leave it to your ingenuity to understand me, as I am really to-day in a dreadful hurry.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS.

'I began my own article* with no intention of protecting Mrs. Oliphant. I had long before that made up my mind that she had written an excellent book, and that I had nothing to do to prove it, but to go through it, translating whole pages out of it, as I have done, with one great advantage on my side, that of giving in the original her quotations from Montalembert's speeches. In France there is but one opinion on the merit of this book.

'Mme. de Montalembert and her daughter are at Rome, where the Holy Father most graciously and spontaneously told Monseigneur de Mérode to ask them to take up their abode with him, so they are actually lodged at the Vatican.'

Monabri, the name of Princess Sayn Wittgenstein's ample châlet just between Lausanne and Ouchy, will often be mentioned by Mrs. Craven.

* A study of Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Montalembert,' which appeared first in the *Correspondant*, and was afterwards reprinted.

Princess Sayn Wittgenstein wrote of Mrs. Craven to the compiler of this Memoir:

'It was after the war of 1870 that I saw her more often. Intercourse with her was so easy; she was so simple and natural, and knew so well how to efface her own superiority, that all constraint disappeared in her presence. It was these qualities which caused me to desire her friendship, and it was soon after 1870 that she often stayed with me at Monabri, and it was during those visits that she frequently met the Empress Augusta of Germany, who, better than anyone else, was able to appreciate her. I was greatly struck by the singular contrasts in her character. Her naïveté was almost childlike, yet her spirit was thoughtful and serious. She loved all that was graceful and tended to comfort, yet she had extraordinary appreciation for austere virtue and for renunciation of this world's vanities. At first her taste for the refinements of life might have suggested a certain frivolity, but further knowledge of her, and more attentive study of her nature under this deceptive exterior, showed her soul to be firmly anchored to supernatural truth. When we had witnessed her frequent and devout Communions, after which she remained absorbed in prayer and meditation, we saw her as she really was, and were able to arrive at a true idea of the worth of this great Christian.

'Better than anybody I can speak of her, having had the happiness of her presence under my roof, often for two or three months at a time, during the summer and autumn. Her extreme modesty continually astonished me, when on the arrival of the post I saw her frankly surprised by the expressions of admiration which came to her from persons altogether unknown to her, but who, thanking her for the good her books had been to them, expressed keen desire to make her personal acquaintance. Her charity to the poor was inexhaustible, and no one could have suspected the loss of fortune which she had suffered, and continued to suffer with a dignity and courage worthy of her noble soul.

'Her residence in Russia was still fresh in her memory, notwithstanding the many years that had since elapsed. Her happy youth, when she enjoyed fête after fête in the most brilliant and dazzling Court in the world, had not been forgotten,

and everywhere her friends were of the most distinguished society in Europe.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'MONABRI,
'*October* 2, 1872.

'I have not been able to do much here—the country about this beautiful lake is too lovely, the weather has been too fine, and when at home in this perfection of a châlet, *en tête-à-tête* with a very dear friend, the inducement was too great to have resisted the temptation of spending a great deal of time out of doors, and of losing a great deal of it indoors (if pleasant conversation is ever time lost). . . . I feel at this moment ready to fight anyone here in behalf of Monseigneur Mermillod, who is being most unfairly used, in fact quite persecuted, by the Government of Geneva. . . .

'The last article in the *Saturday* on the Cologne meeting, if written by Mr. Oxenham, gives me some hopes that he is giving up the untenable position of the Old Catholics. But I fear their number is increasing, as it naturally must, since they admit every description of believers and non-believers, such as Dean Stanley, the Bishop of Lincoln, and Père Hyacinthe! What did you feel when you read his nuptial epistle?

'If Aubrey de Vere is anywhere within reach, give him my kindest remembrances. . . . *Un tenero abbraccino* to Donagh and Gletscher.* They are, I trust, as flourishing as my little white inseparables, who would, I have no doubt, send many dutiful messages if they were not at this moment fast asleep at my feet. Can you tell what was properly the object of the Cambridge Camden Society (in 1842), and something about it?'

To introduce Mrs. Oliphant's admirable life of Montalembert to the readers of the *Correspondant* was a labour of love; and in the pages written at Maiche, one of his old residences, Mrs. Craven is at her best. To praise, to feel

* Donagh and Gletscher were the two St. Bernards who hardly dared approach Mrs. Craven in presence of her Maltese pets.

enthusiasm, was delightful to her; her fault-finding was always tentative, and even timid. To judge anew of that chivalrous crusader's early eloquence, she studied the *Avenir* once more, and rose to its eloquent heights with a fresh joy in noble Christian aspiration. She seems to breathe her native air as she quotes her old friend's article, *La Croix*, published in February, 1831. She reminds her readers that Montalembert did not represent the historical past, however dear its memories were to him. He neither then nor ever desired to 'unite the immortal destinies of the Church with those of any earthly dynasty. Such alliance seemed to him a peril for that Church herself,' though the article is addressed to 'those who love the things that were.' To their trained devotion and faith, and to their traditions of spiritual life rather than of social forms, he commended the cause of the Cross. We all know that the *Avenir* was condemned at Rome, but Mrs. Craven's heart beat again as she reminded her readers that, alone of the leaders of new thought, the three chief writers of the *Avenir* laid their aspirations at the feet of St. Peter's successor. Remarking on Mrs. Oliphant's surprise that Montalembert before his death, and at the moment when parties struggled most severely within the Vatican Council, expressed his absolute acceptance of its decrees, 'whatever they might be,' Mrs. Craven says: 'The author appears to think, very mistakenly, that we do not base our faith on conviction. Yet she has too well studied our belief not to know that its very foundation is our immutable conviction that Divine truth speaks to us by the authority and the voice of the Church.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'MAICHE, DOUBS,
'*October* 12, 1872.

'I left Lausanne on Tuesday, and came by rail and road to this place through almost the most lovely country I ever saw.

From Le Locle, a place at some distance from Neuchâtel, where I left the railroad, I had, however, to travel in rather a singular fashion, having performed the last thirty miles of my journey in a one-horse open vehicle, such as is not to be met with anywhere but in France (the most *arrièré* of all countries with regard to country locomotion). This is the strangest place you ever saw, and certainly no description of mine could give you an idea of how exceedingly unlike anything that is conveyed to an English mind by the word "country-house" this old mansion is. And yet it is so quaint and full of character, and there is about it a certain stamp given by Montalembert to all the places they lived in, a something combining study and repose, and almost monastic order, which is altogether very delightful, sad as it is to realize the loss of his presence. I feel happy here, and more able to work than has been the case with me anywhere for a very long time. The society of Mme. de Montalembert is to me very interesting: her daughters are the most charming creatures I know anywhere. Montalembert's study has been given up for my exclusive use, and it is actually on his table, and surrounded by everything belonging to him, that I am studying this book on his life, and writing myself about it!

'We dine here at twelve o'clock, and the bell is ringing, so good-bye, dearest M.'

The writer and her friend Mrs. Burrowes determined to spend Christmas, 1872, in Paris, and found Mr. and Mrs. Craven established in their new apartment. Both had a real genius for making an 'interior' appropriate to themselves, and comfortable to their two faithful servants, who followed them in every circumstance of their wandering lives. Luigi and Elisa were part of the home which their master and mistress created wherever they were. Mr. and Mrs. Craven's friends were theirs, and no small comfort to Mrs. Craven was Elisa's careful control of the little household. The rooms were still dignified by the fine portraits of the Margravine of Anspach, and of her sons Keppel and Berkeley Craven, by Romney, and some other family pictures and a few Italian ones hung on the walls. Though

the library at Castagneto had been sold with the house, Mr. Craven's books were still multitudinous, and his wife surrounded herself with memorials and gifts of her varied life, some of which were precious, and all of them had charm and a cachet of distinction, if not in themselves, in the associations they recalled. In her welcome to her guests among these Lares and Penates, whatever were the dimensions of her sitting-room, she was indescribably courteous, *très grande dame*, of a race and generation not yet oblivious of the old order. She was still much cheered by the religious reaction, which that Christmas had not yet died out. Little more than a year and a half had elapsed since the scare of the Commune.

The 'great event' of which Mrs. Craven wrote refers to the death, at Chislehurst, of the Emperor Napoleon.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*January* 13, 1873.

'The great event which has happened since your return to England has produced, I think, more sensation here than is admitted. We are in such wretched hands at present, and, in spite of M. le Play's hopefulness, the future is so dark that the immense amount of insult which has been heaped on the Emperor is now remembered with something like compunction.'

XXIII.

MRS. CRAVEN writes in January, 1873:

'All those whom party spirit has not turned mad here are deeply touched at the behaviour of the English to the dying and dead Emperor. We have gone farther, to fare so very much worse, that we have no reason not to be thankful that some homage should be paid to him; and on the whole it has been

looked upon by all those I saw as a demonstration very creditable to England. From the French account of the Agricultural strike, I felt all on their side. Yet attending the London meeting seems on the part of our Archbishop (Manning) an odd proceeding. What does he mean by it? and how is it judged? May one be a Radical though not a Liberal? . . . Let me thank you for the enclosed letter, which interested me deeply, as Mr. A. de Vere's letters always do. . . . They do one the same good, morally and spiritually, as climbing a high mountain, and breathing the air at the top of it, does to one's health.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*March* 13, 1873.

'I do wish that I could talk to you instead of writing; there is so much to talk about, and so little that it is possible even to *effleurer* in a letter. I thank you very much indeed for the number of the *Fortnightly;* painful, dreadfully painful, as it is to realize the state of mind of those whose principal organ it is. That article "Are we Christians?' is astounding as a revelation of the state of the atmosphere in which such statements can be made without contradiction, and in itself more astounding still. . . . Is it not enough that a man should say gravely (as if he were talking sense) that "Comte kept up the practice of prayer, although he denied that there was a God and Creator to whom those prayers could be addressed," and that as a homage to humanity he used to make this prayer of his by the side of a woman's dead body! If absurdity does not refute itself by simply being so expressed, I see no hope, as certainly something is amiss with the brain of those bold deniers, and as a punishment for having trifled with *Il ben dell' intelletto* they have lost it! . . .

'Sit down at once and tell me all you think about the Irish Education Bill, which is throwing you into a *crise.* From Lady Georgiana Fullerton I had one view of the case, and that view is yours, probably, as I see that the whole of Catholic and clerical Ireland is banded with rabid "No Popery" Conservatives and infidel Radicals to oppose it, and that the result is the fall of the one Ministry which in our life-time has appeared (to

us spectators on this side of the Channel) to have honestly and truly wished well and done good to Ireland! All this requires to be explained to me. We in France (Catholic though it is) have had to accept gratefully such compromises, to put up with such difficulties, and even to run such risks, in order to secure something like a Catholic education, that we cannot understand the *tout ou rien* system which prevails in all religious matters (Catholic) both in Ireland and in England. . . .

'We had Monseigneur Maret at dinner a few days ago, and most charming, interesting, and edifying he was. I wished every present or possible "Old Catholic" had heard him! It would have taught them what is meant by the words faith, submission, and humility. But I also longed that some of our friends had been present to be reminded of what is meant, on the other hand, by charity and liberty in the right and Catholic sense of the word.'

Writing on April 19, 1873, the shrewd sense and true moderation of Mrs. Craven rebels against the idolatry of ideals which is shown when excellent but fanatic men prefer the logic of their own conclusions, too frequently based on mistaken premisses, to the logic of facts. Mrs. Craven could not 'feel at home' among those who support the 'no compromise system.'

'And now I ask, she says, What have we gained by it? The close of the Monarchical Assembly is approaching, how have we used our opportunity? I am looked upon as *très terre à terre*, and as relying on human means, and in fact there is no reasoning at present with anyone. Never in all my life, during which, alas! party spirit has been active enough in France, do I remember anything like what it is at present.

'My nephew, Count Albert de Mun, has lately been speaking very well indeed at a *réunion d'ouvriers*, and it is delightful to me to hear him, and to hear people say around me, "C'est bien là le fils d'Eugénie!" But two

days afterwards the poor fellow lost his eldest boy, who died of one of those pernicious sore throats that have been so prevalent in Paris, and have carried off so many children. He had spoken of resignation with great eloquence on that Sunday, and on the following Tuesday he was called upon to realize the full meaning of the word. This sad reason kept me away from the Académie, where the Duc d'Aumale had kindly kept for me one of the best places in the "centre." I should have enjoyed greatly that séance, and it was really an effort to give it up. It was most interesting, by all accounts, and I thought the speech an excellent one. So did Mme. de Montalembert, the best judge of all. It was also, they say, charmingly delivered, and even the Legitimists present admitted that it had been "digne d'un Prince, d'un Bourbon, et d'un Chrétien."'*

To print all the letters during these years from Mrs. Craven to her friend in England would be almost to supply a political history of the Republic, but that were beyond the limits of this work. The reader may be referred to M. de Falloux's "Mémoires d'un Royaliste' for an account of the period. Mrs. Craven's ideas largely sympathized with his.

In one letter she wrote: 'Poor dear Castagneto is sold, and I am bound to refrain from grieving at the thoughts of never seeing it again. It is sold very badly too, but it could not be helped; the Neapolitans of this period travel in the summer, and villas are no longer in request. I never wrote anything worth reading except in that gray room. I wonder whether I ever shall anywhere else?'

There could not but be a certain ground-swell throughout the Catholic world after the storms of 1870, and Mrs.

* It was the occasion of the Duc d'Aumale's reception by the French Academy. He succeeded to the chair of the Comte de Montalembert.

Craven was sensitive to the ungenerous tone used by parties outside the Church, and, indeed, by some of its own sons who were still sore from blows taken and given in the great disputes of the Vatican Council. Monseigneur Strossmayer, the Bishop of Bosnia, had been her friend; Montalembert had named him as 'un vrai pasteur des âmes,' and he was a prominent figure of the minority. Efforts had been persistently made to minimize his final submission to the decree of the unconcluded Council which defined Papal Infallibility. False views of his action were prevalent, not only among 'Old Catholics,' but among Anglicans, to whom a flaw in the Catholic armour was welcome. A translation in English of what proved to be a gross forgery was circulated in the press, and appeared in a Kentish paper. The Rev. Joseph Searle, parish priest at Tunbridge Wells, drew the attention of Mrs. Craven's correspondent to the mischief that it was doing. She mentioned the use made of Monseigneur Strossmayer's name to Mrs. Craven, who wrote, with a tinge of impatience that such forgeries should be possible:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*June* 8, 1873.

'The speech is a complete forgery. It has been denied in the German newspapers by Monseigneur Strossmayer himself, and I hope to get for you the German paper in which the denial was published. The Bishop of Kerry,* who was here and dined with us yesterday, had read the supposed speech, and was astonished that anyone could believe it.

'I dined at the English Embassy on Tuesday, and met a number of acquaintances of whose presence in Paris I was ignorant—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Lady M. Beaumont, Lady Louisa

* Dr. Moriarty, one of the most distinguished Irish bishops, who supported the arguments of the minority at the Council.

Mills, Lady Wharncliffe, Mr. ffrench, and many others, not one of them seemingly having got hold of any other view than that of our ingratitude to M. Thiers! I hate his being held cheap now, and turned into ridicule, but if what the Assembly has done is ungrateful, then it is ungrateful to jump out of a carriage that is being driven towards a precipice; it may be dangerous to do so, and very difficult to get another coachman safely on the box, but when the thing is accomplished, when not the smallest illegality has been committed, no harm done to anyone, except to the party of actual destroyers, and when for once French partisans from true patriotism have given up party spirit (that fatal curse of France), it is hard to get no credit for it, and to find it almost impossible to get even a hearing for one's reasons. . . . On the other hand, I don't know England either, if people are right in attributing these opinions to her jealousy of us and fear of our reviving, and wishing us to be a second-rate Power like herself. In the first place, I don't believe that she has this humble opinion of herself, and for my part I don't think she ought to have it. I have lived in Palmerstonian days, when "the strong arm and the vigilant eye of England" were everywhere, and I remember that the result for herself was, to be more hated than feared, and to be to other countries very questionably useful by her interference, so that in that respect I like the present system best. I don't think, either, that envy or mean fear of another's advantage are among England's faults.'

XXIV.

From Mr. Craven to Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,

'*June* 24, 1873.

'I enclose the article contained in the number of the Cologne *Volkszeitung* of February 16 last, with Bishop Strossmayer's peremptory denial of the absurd speech attributed to him by some ignorant but wicked enemy of the Church, and published as having been pronounced by him within the walls of the

Vatican Council. In Germany, where it appears to have originated, the invention was of short duration, and had scarcely appeared (six months ago), when Bishop Strossmayer, in reply to the laconic question of a friend whether or no there was any truth in the story, returned by telegraph the equally laconic answer, "Most decidedly not, nor on any other occasion whatever [*nien und nie*]. The decrees of the Council are published" —thereby on the one hand disclaiming the heretical language placed on his lips, and on the other manifesting and proclaiming his submission to the Vatican decrees, by publishing them in his own diocese.'

The writer of this Memoir was honoured by an autograph letter in the same sense from Bishop Strossmayer, and Mrs. Craven writes:

'MONABRI,
'*July* 14, 1873.

'You have indeed succeeded at last, and I wish on all occasions we could obtain such a satisfactory result. . . . And now, don't you think it wonderful, after all we saw and heard and feared at Rome, that the whole Church, the Episcopate without any exception, should now be gathered round the Pope, more strongly united than they ever were before? Don't you feel that this is a case in which there is great pleasure in humbling one's self, and in acknowledging the vanity of one's own little personal opinions? It is such a comfort, after all, to be leaning on something so much greater and stronger than one's self.

'On my way here I stopped a day at Paray-le-Monial, and I don't know when and where I ever spent such another. In old days at Rome, perhaps, on one or two occasions, but nowhere else. . . . My friend here, Princess Léonille Wittgenstein, who is a fervent convert, has an idea of organizing a meeting at Paray-le-Monial of pilgrim converts of all nations, as a sort of public and general act of thanksgiving and homage of the many who within the last twenty years have joined the Catholic Church. Don't you think it a fine idea? though, of course, it would be misunderstood, as everything is by scoffing onlookers. Anyhow, it is impossible to over-rate the striking character of what has just taken place in France. When 15,000 people at

a time arrive from long distances by crowded trains, and all arrive fasting in order to receive Holy Communion on their arrival, there is, to say the least, something very uncommon in this fact. It proves them, at all events, to be very much in earnest, and puts an end to all idea of its being nothing but *une partie de plaisir*, as some have called these excursions. Indeed, for most of the pilgrims there were hardships and difficulties of all sorts to put up with. I thought of you a great deal when I was at Paray, and wished you had been there to describe it all.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*August* 8, 1873.

'And now in reply to the part of your letter concerning Paray I think the best thing I can do is to send you my article on the pilgrimage. I felt that my day at Paray had been both delightful and useful, and that it had made me enter more deeply into the real meaning of the devotion to the Sacred Heart; and I believe it is the same with all those great devotions fully sanctioned by the Church (which is not the case with many of those which yet are dear to many Catholics). I believe that we at first take to them like children, simply through obedience and imitation of the example of others, and then, when we get a stronger intellect and more real knowledge, we plunge deeper into the immensity of their meaning. It is so for the devotion to the Blessed Virgin or to the Blessed Sacrament, and it is so also, it appears to me, for this very dear devotion to the Heart which has been so properly called "le foyer de l'amour éternel."'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'Lumigny,
'*November* 21, 1873.

'You know how patient I am with English absurdities; but, on the whole, I think the English people have the best notion of what justice and fair play mean (often and often as they fail to act up to that notion). But at this moment they try me

beyond all endurance, on all subjects, or, at least, on three principal ones : (1) The *Fusion* and French politics ; (2) the German persecutions of the Church ; (3) the pilgrimages.'

Mrs. Craven's letters during the following months relate chiefly to the personal affliction suffered by the writer in the death of her dear friend, Mrs. Burrowes, who died on October 9. In one only is there a flash of Mrs. Craven's indignation at the final failure of the Bourbon *fusion*, and the tone of the English press on it and on other subjects important to her.

From her visits in Switzerland and Burgundy Mrs. Craven returned to a different apartment in the Rue de Miromesnil. It was somewhat larger than that in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and in the same neighbourhood. After her re-establishment in Paris, she devoted herself to writing a new story, which she had promised to the editor of the *Correspondant* for March, 1874. Many cares were again thickening around her, and pressed heavily on her for more than five years after this date. The little capital put together by the sale of private effects waned, and no permanent income was secured.

To Mr. Craven it was especially hard to see his dear and noble wife denying herself in daily trifles, by which her family affections and her ordinary tastes were constantly cramped. Many of us suffer little or nothing when we renounce a visit to a friend or a relation, when we cannot afford to please ourselves by the usual gifts, and where almost necessary hospitality has to be restricted. But to both Mr. and Mrs. Craven such complete abandonment of their social traditions was specially disheartening, nor had he, perhaps, the will and somewhat stern courage that could have established them in a position absolutely suited to their resources.

In the following May Mrs. Craven so required rest and

change (for she had had a return of the aguish attack which was a legacy of her Italian evenings), that she came to England for a few visits. Hampton Court, Wrest Park, the Norman Tower at Windsor, Hampden and Holland House, had the happiness of receiving her. When the writer of this Memoir saw her at Holland House she looked harassed and weary. A topic she and her friend had at heart was her very remarkable novel 'Le Mot de l'énigme.' For a true estimate of Mrs. Craven's character, this should be, perhaps, more studied than any of her literary work. It belongs to that epoch of her life when existence was to her more intense, and its circumstances were more real and more closely enfolding her, than even during her hours at Boury, her English experiences, her intellectual and political, or even her theological, phases. The book recalls the free individuality of her Neapolitan life, where there was less of convention and less regard for the pasteboard effects of the daily comedy of society, than in England or in the Faubourg St. Germain. The social sea at Naples was by no means smooth. Passion and whim, tragic emotion and all the situations of drama, abounded in the last years of Bourbon rule. Mrs. Craven was the guiding star to many adrift on the waves, incomparably pure and yet helpful, 'a spirit yet a woman too,' who could give free rein to all her impulses because they were so right. Her keenly sympathetic and artistic nature was in Italy at its fullest stretch. There is a pulse of her beating heart in her letters to the Duchesse Ravaschieri which is hardly felt elsewhere. Lina lived, Lina died, and the rift made in the surface of Mrs. Craven's life by her loss gives us insight into the earnestness of passion which gleams in 'Le Mot de l'énigme.' In the book she had for once slightly lifted the veil always drawn round herself. Many of its strangest circumstances are literal facts. Her other novels are delightful essays in

conventional romance founded on wide social experience. 'Le Mot de l'énigme' is written without a purpose, other than that of telling the truth in a circumstance where supernatural influences controlled natural emotions. An altogether higher region is entered with a doubled effect upon the Neapolitan background. It is the region where faith protects morals, rather than where morals patronize faith. It is not perhaps strange that the book missed the crown of the Académie, and puzzled and somewhat startled many of Mrs. Craven's habitual readers.

XXV.

During the winter of 1873-74 Mrs. Craven had renewed what had been a slight acquaintance with, perhaps, the most sympathetic of those admirers who, while not Catholic, understand the value of 'Le Récit.'

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has been good enough to write a note of his early acquaintance with Mrs. Craven, which is subjoined:

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff to the writer of this Memoir.

'York House, Twickenham,
'Middlesex,
'*January* 19, 1893.

'My dear Mrs. Bishop,

'My interest in Mrs. Craven was first excited by a friend, whose opinion I respected, telling me, early in the sixties, that she was the cleverest woman he had ever met. Soon after this I met Mr. Craven in London, but his wife was not then, I believe, in England. In 1866 I read at the Athenæum an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Montégut, called, I think, "Un Amour Chrétien," and found it exceedingly interesting; but I was overwhelmed at the time with work of a kind to

absorb all my thoughts, and the whole subject of Mrs. Craven and her book went quite out of my mind, never returning to it till, on January 12, 1872, I met her at breakfast at our friend Lord Emly's. She seemed to me quite charming, and we had a good deal of talk, but I did not again come into relation with her or her circle of ideas and interests till about a year had gone by. At the Whitsuntide of 1873 my wife and I went abroad for the Parliamentary recess with two of the most agreeable companions Europe could furnish—Lubbock and Hooker. We had a delightful little tour among the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel, and some specially pleasant spring botanizing in the Valley of the Aar. It was on my way back from this little interlude to the House of Commons and the India Office that I bought at the railway-station in Brussels the "Récit d'une Sœur."

'You know the rest. You know that, although I belonged and belong to a school of opinion widely different from that to which Mrs. Craven and those whose story she has told were so devoted, it would be hardly possible for anyone to admire her book more than I do.

'It seems to me that if the Catholic Church could say nothing more for itself than, "At least I produced the 'Récit d'une Sœur,'" it would have proved its right to be considered one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

'It is close now on twenty years since I first read the "Récit." I have re-read it, in whole and in part, Heaven only knows how often—and the charm is no degree less strong than it was at first.

'Send me any other questions; I shall be delighted to reply, and believe me,

'Affectionately yours,

'M. E. GRANT DUFF.'

Mrs. Craven's first letter to her new friend follows:

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*February* 10, 1874.

'What I feel most touched by and most thankful for, in the letter I have just received from you, is your saying that the

"Récit d'une Sœur" is not a book. You know, therefore, also that you are not receiving at this moment the thanks of an author. But as you feel also (for no one seems to have sympathized with me so thoroughly) that there must have been on my part a great deal of reluctance and of dread to overcome before I could bring myself to publish a story so dear, so *intime*, so thoroughly my own, you must understand how deeply thankful I am when I find that I did well to overcome that reluctance, and that I was justified in introducing my dear beloved ones to many who never knew them upon earth, and in hoping that the recollection of their lives might be useful and consoling to others beside myself.

'I have to thank you from my heart for giving me this assurance.

'I hope to see you soon, either here or in England, and then I can say to you what I will not now attempt to write.

'Thank you for remembering what yesterday and this day are to me. . . .

'Mr. Craven begs to be most kindly remembered to you. He has never forgotten meeting you at Sir John Simeon's, any more than I have our breakfast at Lord Emly's eighteen months ago.'

In the following letter to Mr. Grant Duff, Mrs. Craven lays one of the corner-stones on which their future unchanging friendship was based. She resolved that he should not misunderstand her in questions of her faith, the ultimate interest to which all others were subordinated.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'15*a*, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
'LONDON, 1874.

'I have read, and, moreover, understood, the whole of your speech—that is, as much as I ever understand anything that relates to financial matters, but enough to feel that you are arguing in the sense with which I always sympathize; and although I could not take in all you say about the means in discussion, I feel that your aim is good and great, and that you are

quite right. But you say that on these matters the *mot de l'énigme* has not been spoken yet. I wish you believed, as I do, that on some other and far greater ones, it has. You tell me that those are regions beyond science ; so I say also, only it seems to me that the man of science who ignores these regions deprives his intellect and his soul of their proper food, and is less reasonable than the man who, whilst plunging in the deepest investigations of science, still knows that they will not reveal to him anything concerning that great inward world which everyone feels (whatever may be said about it) to be more interesting and important to all of us than the whole of the marvellous outward world.

'As to Ginevra, her story is true—at least, that part of it that seems the most incredible. I heard it from the lips of one to whom this great grace (as I call it) was granted. I am absolutely certain of her veracity. I witnessed the durable effects of that one moment's illumination, and I don't think it would have been easy to persuade her that all these results were only produced by "some subtle working of her own brain."'

The next letter is to Miss O'Connor Morris :

'MONABRI,
'*August* 22, 1874.

'No, my dearest friend, I don't suppose that in real life Lorenzo ought to die (is this to be called Irish ?—*scusate*) ; he dies, indeed, in my story simply because Ginevra could not otherwise have refused Gilbert. And besides this, as there is no time to develop the character of Lorenzo under its second aspect, it seemed to me in keeping with the impression already produced (and perhaps the real truth of such a character), that a long spell of uniformity and happiness would be dangerous for him ; and if so, it seems to me a rather original, and not an improbable trait that he should feel this himself, and see that the safest thing for him was to die. An English friend of mine writes to me that she thinks Gilbert "rather shadowy, whereas Lorenzo is decidedly flesh and blood," which criticism had also, I believe, suggested itself to you ; but, on the whole, I rather take it as a compliment, for Gilbert was not intended to monopolize the

interest of the reader. The story is not that of his struggle, but of Ginevra's ; and if he only can be felt to be attractive enough to justify her temptation, it makes it not an improbable one. It was enough ; I intended no more.

'I am much the better for my stay in this delightful place. The mountains and the blue water recall Neapolitan reminiscences, and I enjoy this spell of repose. . . . The Empress of Germany has been here (in this châlet) on a visit of three days to my friend, and we had some very interesting conversations. I think that no woman in her station ever got less of the credit she really deserves for the noblest qualities of heart and mind. But when *en scène* she is rather affected—looks as if she made "phrases," and is not her real self as I have seen her here. Yesterday we had a visit from M. de Charette, fresh from the Catholic meeting at Geneva.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*October* 15, 1874.

'In general, I have no belief in the close union of Catholicism with any political party whatever ; and when one thinks of what the Bourbons of Spain in particular were, it seems to me the most arrogant mistake to identify their cause with that of the Church. I, for my part, have no idea, and, indeed no wish, that the Pope should recover his independence and the necessary power to govern the Catholic world through the interference of any foreign army. The day of his liberty will come assuredly, but I cannot imagine that it will be brought about in that manner, and I don't think it possible to do more injury to Catholicism than by making it one with Carlism.'

In a letter to Miss O'Connor Morris, Mrs. Craven wrote :

'LUMIGNY,
'*September* 9, 1874.

'We have had here in this *milieu* (the most French in the world) two visitors of an unusual sort (and very different

from one another), in the shape of Lady Herbert of Lea, who caused great admiration here by her beauty and her eloquence, and my friend (or, rather, Alexandrine's friend), Mr. Grant Duff, who, still continuing to care about the "Récit d'une Sœur" in the same strange way, came here for no other purpose but to visit Eugénie's tomb and the place that was her home. He is on his way to India now. He left me the number of the *Fortnightly Review* of this month, in which there is an article of his, where I find many reminiscences of my books, and some even of my thoughts, that is, of Catholic thought.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*January* 15, 1875.

'Your letter of November 17 from the Agra Camp reached me yesterday, and if this reply to it reaches you quite as soon as it is now possible, I hope you will feel inclined to forgive me for not having written sooner. I wished to do so, and I meant it, having a great deal to thank you for, but I am not a good manager of time, which all comes from my not getting up early enough, and so losing those precious early hours of the day, during which, according to Mme. Swetchine, "La qualité du temps est la meilleure." But now let me tell you how grateful I was to you for coming to Lumigny, and for your purpose in coming there. I can't tell you how I feel this, nor can I tell you either how often I am puzzled, and wonder at your sympathy for all these dearest remembrances of my life, because I cannot help always seeing and feeling that we are so very wide apart on the very subjects which form to me the real substance and *raison d'être* of the "Récit." All this came to my mind very much again when I read your excellent reply to Cassandra.* How much I had to say, and wished to write about! But now we must put that off till you return in a few months, and I will tell you all I thought about it; how pleased I was at some things, and then grieved at others, especially as I know

* An address delivered to the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh in reply to a work by Mr. W. R. Greg, entitled 'Rocks Ahead; or, The Warnings of Cassandra' (1874).

that no words can express the motive of that grief or remove its cause. That I was immensely flattered at your quotation from the "Mot de l'énigme," and more than flattered at your allusions to the "Récit," I cannot deny, and this leads me to a little digression. You must know that in a book (a great book on subjects of high spirituality, whose author is Rodriguez,* a compatriot of St. Teresa), it is said that the first degree of humility is to receive abuse without emotion; the second and highest, to receive praise with indifference. Well, I find that I have only reached No. 1, as your praise of that one good thing I have done in my life gives me a great deal more pleasure than I have felt pain at the extraordinary abuse that has been poured upon me since the publication of the "Mot de l'énigme," on which occasion one critic has really exhausted the French language in his invectives against me, both literary and personal. I cannot say how much the account of your journey as far as Agra interested me. The Taj, to my shame be it said, I had never read a description of, till your mention of it made me look for one, and now I am expecting yours with patience. It is so pleasant that some people who know how to look at things should travel for the benefit of those who stay at home. You must feel that you are doing good to others as well as to yourself.

'I should like to fancy the impression produced by Mr. Gladstone's singular onslaught upon us when heard of for the first time under an Indian sky. I cannot help fancying and hoping that I am not quite mistaken as to your appreciation of the vagary.

'Apropos of that, I am now writing a few pages, which, if they are not torn up long before your return, you will have to read patiently.'

In January, 1875, the writer of this Memoir spent, after her marriage, a fortnight in Paris, during which she frequently saw Mrs. Craven, and one night enjoyed in her and

* Blessed Alfonsus Rodriguez, S.J., born at Valladolid in 1526, died in 1616, the well-known author of the 'Practice of Christian Perfection.'

Mr. Craven's company a good representation of 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' at the Comédie Française. As she watched Mrs. Craven's face, it was not difficult to conceive her past successes in comedy. Every point was seized; each detail of the finished acting was appreciated with as hearty approval as if she had never seen it before.

Yet at that time Mr. and Mrs. Craven were living with no certainty of income. The arrangements which finally secured them an annuity in lieu of the Margravine of Anspach's claim were not concluded. The German Emperor and the English Foreign Office supported their contention, but the Bavarian Government still held back.

Meantime, Mrs. Craven's pen was busy. The article published by Mr. Gladstone in the *Contemporary Review* of October, 1874, entitled 'Ritualism and Ritual,' roused the well-known controversy on the loyalty of Catholics to their Queen and country. The article, which caused many protests from Catholics, was followed on November 7 by a pamphlet, in which Mr. Gladstone analyzed the decrees of the Vatican Council and the Syllabus as having imposed a contradictory allegiance on English citizens. It is interesting to find Mrs. Craven eagerly defending the true sense of the Papal action. Always recognizing that it was not for her to discuss any abstruse rights of the Church, she contented herself with a sketch of the effects of Mr. Gladstone's revival of English prejudices. In a brief but admirable account of the part played by Catholics since England separated her ecclesiastical system from that of Rome, Mrs. Craven, quoting several historical documents, efficiently asserts Catholic loyalty in every national crisis.

Her paper appeared in the *Correspondant* for January 25, 1875, on the same day as did Cardinal Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk, to be again followed by Mr. Gladstone's 'Vaticanism.' Mrs. Craven—the wish being father

to the thought—believed that she saw in Mr. Gladstone's tone some leaning towards Newman's faith, a belief which has, alas! not since been verified.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 3, 1875.

'This article of mine is liked here by many people and criticised by others. One man said to me that, "though he could only glance at my novels and had not quite got through any of them, he had devoured these pages," and "that I had better stick to that sort of thing." Another found fault with them as being un-French, which puzzled me very much, until it struck me that I ought to have explained in a note (which I thought useless) that loyalty in English does not mean *loyauté*. I had said as much, as I thought, in the text, but it appears that I did not sufficiently remember Montalembert's advice, which was "to treat one's readers as if they knew nothing, and explain everything to them." (He made me add a note in the "Récit" to say who Mme. la Dauphine, the daughter of Louis XVI., was!) . . . Lord Lyons, with whom we dined yesterday at the Embassy, was rather ungracious about the article, which I had sent him, thinking him fair-minded enough to read it patiently. He said things that really made me imagine those statements were quite new to him, and that he thought them exaggerated. It was pleasant to remember that I was supported in the most important ones by Fox, Hume, and Burke.'

XXVI.

THE illness of the Comtesse Charles de la Ferronnays, Mrs. Craven's widowed sister-in-law, who will be remembered by readers of 'Le Récit' as Emma, detained Mrs. Craven in Paris in the following spring, when she was to have come to London. In one of her letters Mrs. Craven amusingly describes an old friend who sympathized, as she

thought, too decidedly with Dr. Döllinger, but who would not allow himself to be drawn into discussion, 'so, as they say truly that "pour se quereller il faut être deux," and as he was determined not to "come on," I had to pocket my pugnaciousness, which made me feel false and not myself. I wish I could hope that his reluctance to speak arose from the feeling that he had nothing to say for himself. The "Mot de l'énigme" has found favour with readers, and more so than any of my books, except "Le Récit."'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 11, 1875.

'I am quite ashamed of myself for not having thanked you yet for the two last numbers of the *Contemporary*. I go on reading your Indian notes with the utmost interest, and bad as I am at realizing the description of any place I have not seen, you have succeeded in making me feel as if I had been to Jummoo, for instance, and to several other places. As to the Taj, no stretch of imagination was needed to follow your description of that, as I have it always before my eyes on that pretty brooch which I never cease to admire.

'Your recollection of the gravestone at Lumigny touched me very much. I wish the sky over it was as blue as it is over that other strange Indian tomb, which (by contrast) recalled it to your mind.* It grieves me more than you can imagine, that everything at Boury is so desolate. Often and often have I had to comfort myself with the thought that, at least, what I could do to honour those dear memories I have done. However, since I have mentioned Boury, I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I am at last going to have a little my own way about it, and the poor little churchyard is going to be restored to something like what it was when Alexandrine used to go and sit there every day; it will soon now, I trust, look very different to what it did when you saw it. . . .

* 'Notes of an Indian Journey,' by M. E. Grant Duff, p. 141.

'I am enjoying immensely my quiet stay in this lovely place. We have had few visitors, though one of some importance, since the Empress-Queen spent three days here last week. She is the very great friend of my friend here, and she comes to this châlet once a year. This is the second time I have met her in this way, *en tête à trois*, and I found her again, as I have done before, far above any of the other women in her station in the world that I have ever known anywhere.'

No literary labour could have been more agreeable to Mrs. Craven than her life of the Sister of Charity, Natalie Narischkin. It carried her back to the atmosphere of 'Le Récit,' for Natalie had been the friend of Olga de la Ferronnays, and was one of the two sisters whom to the last the dying girl hoped to see, but who arrived at Brussels an hour too late. Both were of the Russian Church, both became Catholic, in spite of those national and political difficulties which are more powerful than any theological reasons for the separation of the two great Christian communities. Natalie had in time perceived that, to use Mrs. Craven's words, 'La vérité connue oblige.' Soon after she entered the great community founded by St. Vincent de Paul, and immediately after her reception she was sent to visit Mme. Albert de la Ferronnays. Two days later Alexandrine died. Her last words to the novice were, 'Happy girl!' It can be imagined how beautiful is Mrs. Craven's treatment of her theme. Already in 'Fleurange' she had written nobly of religious vocation, and probably in no work of hers has she equalled the eloquent enthusiasm for the beauty and good of human life displayed in 'Natalie Narischkin.' One passage in it describes her own work so well that it may be translated here:

'The suffering of sacrifice can be loved and become a thousand-fold more precious than pleasure. This is to be learned in the study of holy souls of whatever period; and

truly such study is more important for those interested in the destiny of our race than the contemplation of the obvious and slightly commonplace results of blind and ungoverned passion in hearts abandoned to it. No doubt it is more difficult to study the sanctity of holy souls, as it is more difficult to discover precious stones than to pick up wayside pebbles.'

Natalie Narischkin, one of that Narischkin family who refused titles because the mother of Peter the Great sufficiently illustrated their race, was in another way a sympathetic subject for one of Mrs. Craven's biographies. She belonged to that Russian society with which Mrs. Craven had so many ties through her father's embassy at St. Petersburg.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'CHÂTEAU DE MENOU,
'*October* 7, 1875.

'I am very sorry that you did not see F. Hecker. . . . I admit that he is eccentric. . . . . But, I suppose, what strikes me as strange is simply American. Anyhow, he has plunged very deep and risen very high in spiritual life, and whatever people may think of his political or temporal religious views, there can be but one way of thinking as to his feelings and language on spiritual matters, or as to his love, devotion, and obedience to the Church. I feel quite as you do about sectarian narrowness. . . . I have the strongest possible conviction that though some individuals will be converted by that method, the general feeling of the country—I don't mean of the bad and irreligious who always must hate us, but of the good and pious Protestants—will be more and more set against us, and yet the good and pious among them ought to (and might) belong to us, and our duty, it seems to me, is to think of them, of what will help them, of what will remove stumbling-blocks out of their way; in short, withdraw the veil that prevents them from seeing the Church as it is, rather than satisfying the devotion of those Catholics who are already safe. But, then, I feel sure that all

these exaggerations will come to an end, and the next generation will, I trust, preserve the piety of the converts of our time and lose some of their peculiarities, which certainly have nothing to do with the substance and truth of Catholicism.

'I am now staying at my dear cousins', the Blacas. . . . I am very happy with them, and altogether, though I have lost so much, and in many ways have been rather sorely tried, I cannot bless God enough for the many dear and kind friends He has left me. . . . I am alone here with them, and Beatrix and Bertrand, whom you both know. Augustus left me a few days ago, and is now gone back to Paris. He has written (*selon moi*) an excellent article on the Bonn Conference. Has he written to you about it? I hope he has. I am anxious that he should, if possible, get it published as it is, or as it was when he read it to me at La Roche. I am always afraid of his altering and then writing over again, and at last giving up what he has written, as he has too often done, to the detriment of what might have been to him a useful and satisfactory occupation.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'LUMIGNY,

'*Monday, November* 15, 1875.

'Here is the letter I promised for my very dear friend the Duchesse Ravaschieri. If (as I hope and trust she will be) she is well again, and able to see you, I know that you will thank me for giving you the opportunity of knowing her. When I think of your being at Naples, that old *quasi patria* of mine, I envy you very much, and I wish I was there also to show you all those places which are constantly before "my mind's eye."

'When you asked me yesterday a question about Jesuit literature, I might have asked you whether you had ever glanced at their *Études Religieuses et Littéraires*, a periodical which used to appear in Paris, and was then certainly as remarkable as any of our French reviews, and more so than most of them. I have not seen any number of it myself lately; it is now published at Lyons, and may be inferior to what it was, but it was certainly worth reading some years ago. Then, as you like biographies, have you read Père de Ravignan's life, by Père de Ponlevoy? A Jesuit's life by a Jesuit! What would all your friends say if

they read this? and what would they not suspect me of? However, as I am only answering a question, my mind is at ease, and I can safely say that you are the author of this Popish plot. But what I am going to recommend you (*de mon chef*) to read, if you have never done so, is the "Journal de Maine de Biran"; that is a curious book, and will interest you, I believe.

'Quite enough about books, which you will have no time to read during your Neapolitan excursion. But if ever you carried about with you the "Récit d'une Sœur," pray have it with you when you climb the hill of the Vomero, or that of Castellamare. In the latter place the little villa (then called Villa Dechenhausen) where Albert and Alexandrine went after their marriage, and where we all lived together (for the last time), stands to the left, after the third winding of the hill (going up to Quisisana). . . . The house where Alexandrine lived with her mother, next door to ours at the end of the Riviera di Chiaja, is now the Palazzo Bagnano, and (*par parenthèse*) should you happen to meet with the Marchesa Bagnano, to whom it belongs, she is a charming person whom I have known all her life. Her *belle mère* was an Englishwoman, a sister of Mr. Higgins (Jacob Omnium).'

XXVII.

In January, 1876, Mrs. Craven suffered the loss of her friend Louisa Hardy,* who had been one of her earliest acquaintances when she first came to England in 1836; and in February the widow of her elder brother died. 'She was so connected with the dear past,' wrote Mrs. Craven, 'that I feel the loss most deeply. She was the only one remaining (except my sister, Mme. de la Panouse, who was too young at the time to remember it so well) who lived with me

* The daughter of Sir Thomas Hardy, the friend of Nelson and Governor of Greenwich Hospital. He married a daughter of Admiral Sir G. C. Berkeley. Miss Hardy after her father's death lived in Hampton Court Palace, where Mrs. Craven occasionally visited her.

through those early, happy, brilliant years which seem to me now to belong to another existence.'

In the following letter, which recommends Miss O'Meara's* 'Life of Frederic Ozanam' to the kind offices of Mr. Grant Duff with an English publisher, Mrs. Craven omits what was, and perhaps will still be, M. Ozanam's chief title to honour. He was the principal founder in 1833 of the lay society of St. Vincent de Paul, a society by no means to be confounded with the Sisterhood called by that name. The society is meant to direct the goodwill of the men who are enrolled in it to intelligent and perfectly unsectarian and unpolitical helping of the poor. It has proved a useful effort towards that lay action within the Church by which its

* In 1875 Mrs. Craven formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into sincere friendship, with Mrs. O'Meara and her daughters Kathleen and Geraldine. They were nearly related to Dr. Barry O'Meara, the physician of Napoleon at St. Helena. His devotion to the fallen Emperor roused the dislike of Sir Hudson Lowe, who procured his recall from the English Government.

Miss Kathleen O'Meara, who for some years wrote under the pseudonym 'Grace Ramsay,' published much and successfully. Her first story of French life, 'Mabel Stanhope,' at once secured her position as a writer of refined fiction. 'Iza's Story' was an able and touching picture of Polish life. Her life of Dr. Grant, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, gained for her a letter from Cardinal Newman, in which he wrote: 'You have a genius for biography.'

Mrs. O'Meara, left a widow early in life, came to France in the first decade of the Second Empire, for the education of her daughters, and afterwards they made Paris their home.

There, after a few days' illness, Mrs. O'Meara died in 1887. Though her daughters met her death with the resignation born of earnest faith, grief told on the physical strength of Kathleen, who succumbed to a severe chill within a year. Among the most effective workers in the cause of good literature, Kathleen O'Meara's loss is severely felt both in England and America.

bases may be widened, and ecclesiastics may gain the co-operation of men of all classes, in reconciling the traditions of the past with modern inventions, whether in the material or the intellectual order.

The society spread rapidly, and has branches in most European cities.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*February* 17, 1876.

'I cannot help thinking that Ozanam's life would interest many people even among Protestants. He belonged to that knot of men who are associated with the best of my recollections of French religious society. They were unlike any of those that had preceded them, still more unlike those that have come since; and although at present their memory is under a sort of cloud among people of a particular party, I feel convinced that it will clear away; and I am deeply convinced also that the peace I dream of will never be brought about by any other means than those they used. By peace, of course, I don't mean the vague confusion of doctrinal indifference; I mean the power and the wish to place the truth which they and I care for in the light that will allow it to be seen as it is, not as it is often made to appear by the violence or awkwardness of some of those who defend it. Ozanam was of the same school as Montalembert, Lacordaire, Abbé Perreyve, Père Gratry, Augustin Cochin. They all loved true and honourable liberty, not its excesses (who does?) . . . . Ozanam, as it happens, was a Republican, not of the Gambetta sort, I need not tell you, but yet a Republican. This gives originality to his life, and an interest which passing events seem to revive. "Grace Ramsay" is a charming writer, and she has had opportunities which few English have of knowing French society. In short, she is my friend, and I am most anxious for her success.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*February* 19, 1876.

'You know, of course, that since the death of my dear Xavier de Blacas I have lost my sister-in-law, Mme. Charles de la Ferronnays, and just before the first of these sad events, and after Louisa Hardy's death, I had attended the death-bed of another relation of mine here. In short, since January 26 I have three times witnessed that most solemn and awful scene. . . . At my age death has quite a different meaning from what it had formerly, and brings with it less of fear, and more of hope and promise. Apropos of this, the Princess Murat (of all people, an American and a Protestant, though I believe about to be a Catholic) lent me the other day a tiny book, a poem called "Near Home at Last," by a clergyman, a ritualist called John Monsell* (a chaplain to the Queen, I think). He is now dead, and wrote this little book for private circulation; it contains most beautiful things on purgatory and death. . . .

'Why is there among Catholics in England an objection to M. le Play's book? Probably because it is too favourable to their institutions, which it is the crotchet of some English people to run down. He seems to prove (in a useful way for us) that the political side which we foolishly try to imitate is not the real secret of English prosperity, but just that part of their social system which they, though Protestants, have left as it had been handed down to them from Catholic ages, and which we French, though Catholics, destroyed eighty years ago. I dare say you will not approve of an article of mine which will appear in the *Correspondant* on the 25th, I believe. It is about Broadlands as it was in Palmerstonian times and as it is now. It looks as if I had rushed into personalities in an unwarrantable way, does it not? . . . . Yes, dear friend, we do intend to go to England, and I look forward with great joy to the prospect of taking advantage of your kind invitation, and of really spending this year a few quiet days before I go to

* The Rev. John Bewley Monsell, LL.D., a cousin of Lord Emly.

Holland House, where we are bound to go if we go to England. But at this moment the mere thought of that brilliant and worldly world (even in its quietest moments) is very repugnant to me. I wish I could spend with you a month in complete solitude somewhere! But these are dreams.'

In a letter to Mr. Grant Duff, dated April 10, 1876, Mrs. Craven writes of the Kultur-Kampf then raging in Germany with natural indignation, and afterwards expresses her delight at the election of 'Eugénie's son' to the Chamber.

'Albert has had an extraordinary success; friends and foes agreed to praise his first speech; everyone seemed surprised to see in that Assembly a gentleman, and his looks added, I dare say, much to the effect of his eloquence. He has real talent, however, and although in some things we disagree, he is not *en guerre avec la raison humaine* any more than I am. Of course to be at war with human reason is to be bereft of reason.'

On May 4, 1876, Mrs. Craven wrote to Mrs. Bishop:

'I shall bury myself at Lumigny till I get over my task. I say no more at present of what I hope and intend to do next, as I have quite determined now never more to plan, propose, expect or hope for anything (except *dans mon for intérieur*).

'I return this most interesting letter. I envy A. de Vere's uplifted state of mind, and I wish I really could think that it is our merits alone which are producing distrust and repulsion. I cannot believe, however, that truth is ever hated by those who honestly differ from us, but only the aspect which is given to it, and I can't say that I think the present method an attractive one; read, for instance, the speeches made here the other day at the Catholic Congress, and remember those made at Malines in 1865! The falling off in the way of talent, power, I might even say in point of love and charity, seems to me very great. I cannot wonder that no one is converted, and that those only are edified who were pious and good before, and needed no looking after.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'LUMIGNY,

'*July* 6, 1876.

'Although I have not written to you for a long time, I have been lately (indirectly) in frequent communication with you. Mrs. Bishop has communicated to me your "Hyacinthine" impressions, including those of your friend written in pencil during the meeting, all of which has been soothing to my feelings (though it is a subject about which I am still excited), and this morning she sent me the last number of the *Contemporary*, in which I have just read your article on "The Pulse of Europe." Its conclusion will not quite satisfy, I am afraid, the impatient politicians I am likely to meet with here, who think (or talk as if they thought) it the easiest thing in the world to *balayer les Turcs*. As to myself, whether it is that I have good reasons to have a high opinion of your fairness, or that your very peculiar habit of knowing exactly what you are talking about inclines me to think that (except on one subject) you are always in the right, the fact is that I agree with you almost on all occasions, and in this case very readily, as my reflections have led me to see the truth of the question where you see it. *Ce qui n'empêche pas*, I suppose, that Europe may be in a blaze before the end of the summer! But what am I to say to you about those passages at the beginning of this article which (having fortunately received it here) I was able to communicate at once to those, besides myself, most interested in them? My brother-in-law was so pleased and touched at your mention of his son, and so flattered at the passage concerning his own book,* that he means to write to you himself, and to tell you all about it; and I was touched also, I assure you, by what falls to my share in that most kind mention of us all, but on that subject you have accustomed me to such an amount of indulgence *que je m'attends à tout de votre part.*

'I was amused, however, at your turning old Helvetius to

* The Marquis de Mun published a book entitled 'Un Château en Seine et Marne en 1870.' He was Maire of his commune, and stayed at Lumigny throughout the Prussian invasion.

account! As a fact, there is about Albert a great mixture of the two races he comes from; he is by no means of a naturally submissive disposition. His mother's faith and the great moral shock of 1870 have made him what he is, but leave him much of the inquiring and *caustique* spirit of his great-grandfather. If you have time, or can take the trouble, to read the Commission's report on his election, you will not feel so hopeful as you seem to be as to the justice which men of Albert's way of thinking have to expect from their antagonists.'

In the spring of 1876 Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences' of her life in England appeared in the *Correspondant*. There were many misprints in the book, and she wrote to Mrs. Bishop that 'fortunately there are few readers of the review in England.' In the same letter she introduced the Dominican Père Chocarne, the friend of Lacordaire, and the author of an admirable life of him, with the words, 'I know that you will like him and appreciate his large mind, his eloquence and holiness,' and adds: 'I expect we are now going to pass through an ordeal which will put an end to all these miserable quarrels and attacks on the Liberal Catholic party, and will bring to the front again all those poor faithful champions who have been so studiously kept in the background for some time past. The real enemy has now got the upper hand, the time for our fighting with each other is over, and I hope there is an end of what always seemed to me a most cruel civil war.'

The welcome given to M. Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) during that summer by some of her English friends much disturbed Mrs. Craven. Soon after her article on Broadlands appeared he stayed there with Mme. Loyson. 'He ventured to write to me,' indignantly remarks its author, 'to complain of the last page, in which he assumed that I had alluded to him. As a fact, the passage did not refer to him, but to Father Achilli, who became a Protestant when Dr. Newman became a Catholic.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 28, 1876.

'Your letter finds me here enjoying, as you imagined, "many things physical and spiritual," and among the latter the presence of the Bishop of Orleans, who has passed nearly a week here alone with us (the Princess and myself), and only left us this morning. It was great repose for him after his hard-fought battle in the senate, and the many ways in which his bodily, mental and moral strength is tried; and for us I need not tell you what a real blessing it has been. It is next to impossible to find him alone, and to converse comfortably with him, either in Paris or at Versailles, so it was quite an unlooked-for treat to meet him in this way. He spoke of you with his usual paternal affection and regard, and hopes that whenever you come to France you will go and see him. He had not received your letter nor the book you speak of. Where did you direct them? If to Orleans, I suppose they got there after he was gone, and although forty letters were sent after him here, I suppose it was only from those who knew where they might overtake him, and those sent to Orleans will only be given to him when he goes back there next week. But what induced Mr. M. Arnold to send him his book?'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 24, 1876.

'My book is not out. Didier dawdles to that degree that I am only now correcting the fourteenth chapter (there are twenty), so that I hardly expect to see it really published till the middle of next month. Pray say this to Mr. de Vere, and also thank him for those two little French poems he sent me, one of which I admired extremely. It was the one on Calvary; I did not like the other one as well, but this vivid meditation on the "Via Crucis" touched me very much. Thanks for this most interesting letter of his. You will find a few words concerning Abbé Gerbet's conversation in "Sœur Natalie" which

I could apply just as well to Mr. A. de Vere's letters. I laughed at his fling at the Catholic Liberals, but I don't admit that they are the reverse of bigoted Catholics. I feel, for one, that I am both one and the other (within due limits). But when people, because they are not liberal, think it right to be illiberal, uncharitable, narrow-minded and crotchety, I don't think they are that into which we are all to develop when we have been three minutes in heaven. But I will say no more, and I do not and will not relinquish my hope of seeing you.

'My nephew Albert de Mun is here, and for the first time for ever so long we have spent a whole month together, in a most satisfactory way. He is a dear and attractive creature.'

XXVIII.

Mrs. Craven's longing to see England, where 'everything is not topsy-turvy,' always made any plan of coming over agreeable to her, but increasing age, less good health, and other causes obliged her frequently to alter her plans. She wrote: 'I have, though you will hardly believe it, a passion for stability and order. I like to do things at stated times, as I have settled it beforehand, and, above all, I like a regular and monotonous home life.' That she should go first to Lady Cowper at Wrest Park is sufficiently explained by the passages in a letter to Lady Amabel Kerr, a daughter of Mrs. Craven's old friend, Lady Cowper.

Lady Amabel Cowper was received into the Catholic Church in 1872. 'Unravelled Convictions' in a measure explains the reasons for her conversion. Mrs. Craven's little volume taken from it is entitled 'Le travail d'une Âme.'

*To Lady Amabel Kerr.**

'LUMIGNY,
'*July* 31, 1876.

'Before you thought of sending me your "Unravelled Convictions," I was in possession of a copy, which the Duchess of Norfolk gave me when I saw her in Paris at the end of June. What I thought of it when I first read it five years ago (five years already !) you well remember, but when I re-read it the effect was much greater. In short, my dear A., I had better tell you at once that, ever since I have been here (where I came six weeks ago), my whole time has been devoted to a work which has interested me beyond description, which I firmly believe would do good to many souls in France, and perhaps elsewhere, and yet which I must give up at once unless you give me full leave to go on with it. This work is not actually a translation of yours (though almost the whole of it will be translated into it before I have done); it is more a sort of French adaptation of it, with reflections of my own mixed up with your text, and (here comes the difficulty) certain things said about yourself which you could not have said. All this, for you to consent to, requires, I know, a great deal of confidence in me on your part. Will you feel that you can trust me to that extent? That is the question. I have a strong conviction that the very singularity of such a work emanating from the pen of a girl of the age you were when you wrote it, would attract the attention of many among those (so very numerous in France) who have ceased to believe anything firmly, who are led away by the general tone of all French books except religious ones, and who do not find in those religious books, edifying though they are, the food they require. Good people seem to me to be always thinking of and writing for pious people. Now, I don't much care about pious people—they are already safe—and I do care intensely, passionately, about those who are good, and yet are losing or have lost their faith; and to what can do

* Lady Amabel was the second daughter of the seventh Earl Cowper, and married in 1873 Lord Walter Kerr, a younger son of the seventh Marquis of Lothian.

them good I always feel induced to devote every little bit of power I have. Will you help me to do this? Will you allow me to speak of your conversion with some details? You see that you have a great deal to think of before you answer me, but I am anxious that you should answer as soon as you can, after you have well reflected and consulted your husband about it.'

To Mr. de Vere.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 27, 1876.

'You must have wondered at my leaving so long unnoticed your kind letter and your precious gift. But I put off reading "St. Thomas"* till I got where I knew that I should find repose, silence, beautiful scenery, and have the full and quiet disposal of my time.

'I have had all this here, and I have now read this beautiful drama with all the pleasure which history, poetry, and the deepest spiritual interest ever made me feel, all combined together in the same book. I should like to see you and to tell you more fully all I think about it, and perhaps I may do so before long, as my present intention is certainly to pass in England part of the autumn.

'I will send you before that time, if you please to accept it, a copy of a book of mine which is being published at this moment, and which, although in very plain prose, will perhaps interest you. It is the life of a saint who has only recently departed from among us. Not, therefore, like St. Thomas, a great heroic historical figure, painted as boldly and grandly as one of the frescoes of the "Stanze" or of S. Clemente, but just one of those which holy monks painted on the leaves of their missals.

'She belonged in her early youth to the group of those dearest to me, and my critics will probably repeat what they have already

* 'St. Thomas of Canterbury,' a drama by Mr. de Vere. As might be expected from a Catholic poet, his delineation of the saint, if not of the man, is in many respects more interesting than is that of Lord Tennyson in his play on the same subject.

said, that their memory haunts me too much, and is too frequently recalled. But you will not say so, I know.'

'Natalie Narischkin' appeared in the same month in which Mrs. Craven arrived in England. 'I am afraid,' she wrote, 'the book is too religious for the worldly people, not good enough for the very good.' At Wrest Mrs. Craven was attacked by her sensations of ague, and she did not reach London until the first week in December, from whence she went to St. Anne's Hill, Lady Holland's country house. Of it she says: 'It is comfortable to the last degree—a dry soil and a landscape so open to sunshine that at one time to-day the house had a look of the cheerfulness of spring, and the lovely view could really be seen and enjoyed.'

Soon after, while at Frognal, Mrs. Craven went to Chisle hurst, where she heard Mass 'by the side of the sarcophagus which contains the remains of Napoleon III. I said a hearty "De Profundis" for him. I felt moved by all the thoughts which the fact of his being there suggested.' Among the visits paid by Mrs. Craven was one to the author of this Memoir. She wrote from London:

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'*December* 19, 1876.

'I am at last better to-day, and I can thank you for your two letters, and for your very kind reception of "Natalie," although I knew very well beforehand that there must be a great deal in that book that would say nothing to you. I shall be glad to hear your opinion on the whole of it, and on other matters, on Monday, when I hope to be quite well again.

'I should very much like to see the engraving sent by M. M.* As to my Alex's "tolerance and large heartedness," true

* The engraving of which Mrs. Craven writes was one of St. Andrew, given by Madame Albert de la Ferronnays to Mme. von Orlich, *née* Mary Mathew. It was sent to Mr. Grant

as they were, they strike you the more probably because you imagine that there are few like her of her way of thinking, which is not the case; within the limits, that is, which she would never have dreamt of overstepping.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ST. ANNE'S HILL,
'*Saturday, January*, 1877.

'I must go to the Sydneys (near Chislehurst) before I go back to town. They are quite the oldest friends I have in England. I danced with Lord Sydney at Moscow when I was seventeen.'

Before the end of the month Mrs. Craven had left England.

XXIX.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 28, 1877.

'Mme. d'Harcourt is charming, affectionate and clever, but she has never quite shaken off the disadvantage of having been early in life mixed up with that peculiar Protestant and most edifying set, of which the Duchesse de Broglie (mother of the present Duc, *née* De Stael) was the brightest star. She was an angel, and Mme. d'Harcourt has a strong feeling that to be an angel is enough, and that one need not be particular as to how people become so perfect. In short, there is some confusion in her mind (I think so, at least) between virtue and truth, which

Duff by her. At the back he found a prayer in Alexandrine's handwriting, so broad in its charity that it may well be given to the readers of this book as an illustration of her 'tolerance and large-heartedness':

'Mon Dieu je crois tout ce que vous voulez que je croie. Mon Dieu je me livre entièrement à votre grâce pour vous aimer autant que possible et mon prochain comme moi-même pour l'amour de vous.'

unfortunately do not always go together. If they did it would be too plain sailing. Nevertheless, I love her dearly, and if I was Irish (*scusate!*), I might say that I agree with her better than I do with many with whom I agree quite.'

That winter it was arranged that Mr. Craven's translation of M. de Falloux's 'Life of Cochin' should be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and several circumstances combined to make a visit to England desirable for him. Meantime, Mrs. Craven had settled down comfortably in the apartment of the Rue de Miromesnil, and though she seldom went into the great world, she wrote in March: 'I spent the evening at Passy on Sunday at the Duchesse de Madrid's, and there was "his Majesty"* dancing away without stopping for one moment. He seems to think of nothing else at present, and I like to see it, as an indication that the Civil War is at an end. I see much of her, and I like her more and more.'

It was characteristic of Mrs. Craven to write on March 7, 1877:

'Converts to the Catholic faith are already plentifully supplied with books of edification, and as they seldom help the lookers-on outside, I think the one thing needful is to teach ourselves to use, in speaking of the treasures of our dear faith, a language that will induce those who know them not, to approach and judge for themselves, instead of scaring them all away.' . . .

Mr. Grant Duff had published in the *Fortnightly Review* an article on Balthazar Gracian, the author of very interesting and profound apothegms, who had belonged to the Jesuit Society in the seventeenth century, a brilliant period in its annals—so brilliant, indeed, that perhaps its almost inordinate success was a provocation to the men who

* Duc de Madrid, generally known in England as Don Carlos.

attacked it with a skill of pleading and rhetoric equal to its own.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*March* 7, 1877.

'I have to thank you very much for the two articles which, each in its way, interested me and pleased me even beyond what I expected, though what you write always interests me (even when you feel conscientiously bound to state how thoroughly you disagree with me in those things which I think most true). But it is amusing that you should reveal to me the existence of a Jesuit of whom I had never heard in my life, and certainly of a very sensible one. Many of your readers will probably be more astonished at this than I am, but these maxims are many of them very striking, simple and deep, and to the point, and in plain, accurate language, which is not a characteristic of Spaniards in general. But saints are apt to keep the good and great qualities, and to lose the faults of their different nationalities, and I dare say this good Balthazar Gracian was what he winds up by telling us all to be.

'Another Spanish Jesuit, better known to the generality of Catholics (Rodriguez), has written books full also of remarks that prove the deepest acquaintance with the human heart, and some of his I never have quite out of my head. I should like to talk these and Russian matters over with you, and I hope you will keep your word and come here at Easter, and visit us in our Parisian retreat, more so this year than ever ; we spend almost all our evenings literally quite alone, with the exception, a very delightful one (of which you shall have the benefit, if you care about it), of an occasional visit from my niece and grand-niece, Mme. de Dreux Brézé and her daughter, who both sing most charmingly. I am also once a week honoured by a *tête-à-tête* with the Grand-Duchess Constantine of Russia,* who is a reader of the "Récit" almost as *bienveillante* and attentive as

* Alexandra, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, married to the Grand-Duke Constantine, uncle of the reigning Emperor of Russia.

yourself, and who (principally for the sake of talking it over) desired me to go to her when she arrived, and since then I have seen a great deal of her. She is very charming. What of Ignatieff? and what of everything? I wish you had time to write me some news. . . . The *Nineteenth Century* begins under brilliant auspices.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 12, 1877.

'A thousand thanks for the hopeful intelligence you send me concerning the "Life of Cochin." I am exceedingly anxious that anyhow it should appear at last. I don't in this case care for or expect any profit for Augustus, but I wish very much that his long labour should not be lost. . . .

'Marie de la Ferronnays* is a dear woman, and has more sense and tact than anybody I know. I am glad that she has not quite left off her singing, which might have been very perfect if she had been less indolent about it. Apropos of that, I have two other nieces (or, rather, a niece and grand-niece) whose singing really deserves that appellation. I have not heard for a long time anything so delightful as this still young mother and daughter (of eighteen) singing together. . . . This niece is my eldest brother's (Charles's) daughter, Mme. de Dreux Brézé, and her daughter, whose first season in the world this is.

'You wish me to talk of myself, but I had better not ; it is a bad habit, of which I must break myself. It certainly interferes with the state of mind (of which Mme. Swetchine was such a perfect and holy example) expressed by the word she so thoroughly realized : *être content de Dieu.* Whatever still perplexes and unsettles my life seems to be so entirely His will that I must bear it quietly, and refrain from craving for what it is clearly not intended that I should possess. He certainly knows best.'

* Wife of the Marquis Henri de la Ferronnays, the only son of Mrs. Craven's brother Fernand. She was a daughter of the Duc des Cars.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*September* 8, 1877.

'I am always glad of your praise, but you must pay me no compliments. How can you talk of my industry, when I am both lazy and slow? For the last eighteen months I have written nothing but these few pages. No, I am not industrious, and as it is very desirable in many ways that I should be, I feel ashamed of myself, and not at all to be praised. . . .

'Your remark about Gambetta is in print, but I would not object to his political and religious adversaries in France meeting him. I do wish they would not keep so much apart. I wish they would discuss matters face to face with him sometimes, and, by treating him like an honourable enemy, perhaps induce him to become one; but I object to a man like Mr. Grant Duff, an advanced Liberal, certainly, but a gentleman, utterly incapable of tampering with such social doctrines as are (leaving aside the religious ones) those of Gambetta's party—I object to such a man conversing with him as if they belonged to *à peu près* the same camp.'

XXX.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'Menou,
'*October* 12, 1877.

'I have been very quiet, and have enjoyed the absolute repose of my stay at La Roche-en-Brény. I don't even require to look upon anything very beautiful in Nature. The scenery in all these regions is only just pretty; but it is green and undulated, and the woods are beautiful, and it is repose—dear, delightful, needed repose. At least, it looks like it, and I have been able to put off a great deal of fatiguing thinking. But it will and must soon return, and much thinking, I fear. In two words, it seems to me decidedly necessary that we should give

up Paris. And when we shall leave it, where we shall go is still uncertain. . . . I am now on my way to Lumigny, where I am very impatiently expected. It will be a terribly sad meeting, and more so than ever at this time of the year, which is the one that used to be so especially cheerful in that large house when all the family was collected together. . . .

'The Marshal is not going to upset the Republic. . . . This is so clear to those who will really look into it, that it is discouraging to feel that when what is resisted is what every honest man in England would shrink from with greater horror than ourselves, yet that the whole weight of English public opinion is given to support the man who is the personification of revolution in this its worst aspect. The speech Gambetta made the day before yesterday, in which he so fiercely denounces what he calls clericalism, was addressed to that very population to which the murderers of the hostages belonged (Belleville), close to the spot where these murders were perpetrated. It is a speech which even the *Radical* and the *Rappel* think "imprudent" . . . but all the "No-Popery" feeling, which is extinct in England, seems to revive against the Catholics of our Catholic country, and Gambetta will never, I see, be thrown over as long as he makes up, in the eyes of the English public, for being a demagogue by being a renegade. What will happen here I cannot foresee, but . . . no one can imagine how much wrong and mischief has been done to us by the tone of the English press. So thorough a misunderstanding I don't remember ever to have witnessed.'

It was a time of even greater political tension in France than in 1873; and Mrs. Craven foresaw with her usual sagacity that serious difficulties for religious institutions, and therefore to some extent for religion itself, would follow. No one was less violent in political partisanship than she was, except where questions of faith and morals were concerned.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 28, 1877.

'I have been meaning to write to you ever since I have been here, but I was not very well the first few painful days. . . . I shall remain here till a few days after November 2, which is kept in this place with great and touching solemnity. All the people in the village go in procession to the churchyard, carrying flowers to the tombs of their friends. What it will be for all these poor people you may guess. I wish, for their sakes, and also for my own, that it were over. I shall return to Paris after that, whence, I am happy to say, I don't think we shall stir this winter. . . .

'Pray remember me most particularly to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. I saw a great deal of him at one time, and of his wife. They were most kind to me, and I had and have for him the greatest regard and affection. He knew something of my life at Naples when it was brilliant. Lady Stratford was ill, and I was chaperon on many occasions to her two daughters, and also at Rome in 1859, where we met again, and were both staying there, when war was declared, which Lord Stratford saw beforehand would lead to no good, whilst I had some illusions about it, having Liberal tendencies, as you know.'

On her return to Paris in December, 1877, the doubts and indecisions of Marshal MacMahon were not yet solved. 'In short,' wrote Mrs. Craven, 'no one knows, and everything is possible, this country not being one in which, as Charles Greville says of England, "nothing does happen."'

Another part of Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences' appeared in the *Correspondant* of that month. It was the chapter which describes society at Worsley, and the noble lives of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, among the first of the great English proprietors who fully perceived that 'property has its duties,' and spent much time in Lancashire, giving their sombre neighbourhood what light they could by building beautiful churches and making wise improvements.

We know no writer who better translates for us than does Mrs. Craven the charm of that society which retained much *grand seigneur* tradition, together with the breadth of post-reform ideas, in the early Victorian time, nor do we wonder at her delight in it, so frankly expressed, even after her bright girlish career at Naples.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 6, 1878.

'Think of my writing to you from the Sacré Cœur Convent, where I have been in retreat since the beginning of the week. . . .

'I thank you again and again for the many interesting things you send us. . . . It seems to me dreadful to think that so many people we know believe in nothing, and that apparently their number is increasing. When one has time (as I have had it here) to think deeply of the blessings of belief, of the satisfaction given by that to all our faculties, and as Mme. Swetchine used to say, "more than to any of them, to our reason," it makes one feel uncomfortable and amazed at the recollection of these friends of ours whose reason is deprived of this light.

'You have heard that I was well "and brilliant"! . . .

'As to my brilliancy, I suppose that means my having appeared at Mrs. Bellew's ball,* which is what I had not done for many years, so many that I suppose none of the young people who were dancing there were born the last time I went to a ball in Paris. Mrs. B., having taken for three months an apartment in which there was a ball-room, was bent on using it for that object. I helped her so far that I introduced her to my niece, Mme. de Brézé, whose daughter is of the same age as Mrs. B.'s., and who, as I am out of the world, helped her to make a list, and made what use she pleased of my name when asked by her

* Mrs. Grattan Bellew, grand-daughter of the Irish patriot, married to Mr. Thomas Bellew, of Mount Bellew, co. Galway, Ireland.

friends how she had become acquainted with an Englishwoman not previously known in French society. It pleased Mrs. B. and her daughter, and the party was very successful, and strange as it was that I should have a finger in that sort of pie, I think it would have been very ill-natured of me not to do what I could to be of use to that very nice mother and daughter. Otherwise the winter has been a particularly dull one. . . . As a very trifling instance of the *régime de bon plaisir* under which we are living, Albert, my nephew, who was elected in October last with a majority of 2,000, has not yet been validated, and sits there in the Chamber of Deputies, liable to be turned out of it whenever it suits our absolute rulers to take the trouble to decree it. . . .

'But I think as little as I can of France. Rome, the East, and England, at present occupy all my thoughts. I am full of hope and confidence in Leo XIII., and I feel that his Pontificate will be one of spiritual conquest and peace.' . . .

It was the year of the French Exhibition, and, much to the distaste of both Mr. and Mrs. Craven, they let their apartment from May until October. Mr. Craven was busily engaged in publishing his very interesting translation of Lord Palmerston's letters, and pushing on the Paris printers, who were not delighted with what seemed to them so 'anti-French' a work. Mr. Craven's first volume was a reduced translation of Lord Dalling's three volumes, and the second volume of Mr. Evelyn Ashley's two, on Lord Palmerston.

Mrs. Craven wrote from Mme. Cochin's home to Mrs. Bishop:

'La Roche,
'*June* 3, 1878.

'I found the most delightful repose on the banks of the Loire, in that quiet, cheerful Touraine, where the climate is as mild and genial as is the aspect of the country and of its inhabitants. I was staying, too, at Rochecotte, the possession once of Prince de Talleyrand, now that of his grand-niece, Mme. de Castellane,* who is my friend, and a saint. There I really found

* Pauline de Talleyrand Perigord, Marquise de Castellane.

everything I especially wanted then, the greatest affection and the noblest example, deep repose, complete liberty, and the sort of society that suited me best at that moment. Do you remember that good and intelligent Abbé Couvreux who was one of the Bishop of Orleans' assistants at the Villa Grazioli? He is now, poor man, a confirmed invalid, suffering from an incurable spine complaint. He is settled at Rochecotte, where, my poor friend's health being as wretched as his own, it is to her an immense blessing to have him there, able to say Mass every morning in her chapel, and to help her in her innumerable good works, which he is still strong enough to promote and assist, though quite unfit for ordinary parish work, still more for the sort of work which lays up, one after another, all the assistants of our dear Bishop. . . .

'In the meantime the Bishop has won another battle, and saved France from the ignominy of a public festival in honour of Voltaire. But it is a battle that is perpetually renewed, or, rather, it never ceases, and we are living in the midst of it. Pray, if you have not done so yet, read Taine's volume on the Revolution (the sequel of his equally remarkable one on the "Ancien Régime"). It is the whole truth about it, which I suppose no man, with the natural bias which must be his, ever said before, and which no one with other opinions ever knew how to say. He merely states the facts as he finds them by a most careful study of documents, and does not care for the conclusions that must follow. No one, who reads that book attentively and realizes the depth of the devastation accomplished, can wonder at the apparent impossibility to right itself which seems to be the fatality of France.'

XXXI.

MRS. CRAVEN concludes her next letter to Mrs. Bishop from Monabri, dated July 21, 1878; she speaks of the results of the Berlin Congress:

'I hope you approve of the line the Government has pursued, and of what they have accomplished, and although my old

friends in the Opposition are preparing to play their part by finding fault, I cannot help fancying that in their hearts they find very little indeed to object to.

'In France, of course, with the never-failing unreasonableness that characterizes them, after being in all parties most anxious to keep entirely out of the game, and to give England no support whatever, either material or moral, there has been a great deal of ill-humour shown at discovering that she could stand up for herself all alone. It was a double mortification, because, first, the Eastern Question was the very one on which was to be proved the folly of England in having allowed France to lose Alsace and Lorraine (as if she could have helped it !), because for want of her support England could do nothing against Russia ; and secondly, the utter humiliation of England had been proclaimed and "regretted" as *un fait accompli*. I remember one day (just after Lord Salisbury's first circular) to have had near me at dinner a general of some reputation in the French army, who opened his eyes very wide when to his question, "What could England do ? and how could she in any way help herself, and as she was so utterly helpless, why hold such language?" I answered that I thought that she could do more than he imagined, and that "what she could she would do !" His surprise could not have been greater if the country in question had been, instead of England, the principality of Monaco, or any such. The surprise has been the same everywhere, and not a pleasant one, because nobody likes to have made a mistake, but I hope the ill-humour, having no real cause, will be short-lived ; and in the meantime I am glad to have been here during that time with a Russian friend, who is reasonable enough to feel that the check Russia has received will prove in the end as advantageous to Russia as it certainly is to the cause of true Christendom and reasonable liberty. That the Church is to be free wherever the influence of England will be felt I assume to be certain ; and that being the case, these events could not have taken a more favourable turn for what I have most at heart—so I think, at least.'

In the leaves of a note-book in which Mrs. Craven has written at intervals during the years 1879 to 1884, Mrs.

Bishop found a letter from Mr. Craven to his wife, dated August 28, 1878, just after her journey from Monabri to Maiche. It speaks more eloquently of their mutual devotion than would pages written by a friend to describe it.

From Mr. Craven to Mrs. Craven.

'DEAREST,

'I am glad to find you writing in such good spirits after your unpropitious journey, and trust you have experienced no ill effects from it. I am a little breathless, waiting for to-morrow, and my nervousness stupefies me, so you must not expect much from me to-day, though I am full of thoughts of you, all of which terminate in one—the firm conviction that, if our earthly career is nearly run, we have before us, with the grace of God, an eternal life happier than this, and during which we shall never be parted. The sooner that hour sounds the better. *En attendant*, God bless you, as the dear angel who, more than anybody or anything, has taught me to love Him.'

Mrs. Craven wrote to Mrs. Bishop from Lumigny on December 7, 1878:

'In this house (where, although it is quite a family party, there are twenty-two people besides ten children), I had only yesterday a long explanation given to me of the many reasons for which it was unadvisable to allow young girls, or girls at all, to read the "Récit"; and in a notice of books which fell under my eyes some time ago, I found much praise of "Sœur Natalie," with only this little remark, that it could not be safely put into the hands of very young people. And then, these young people, so cautiously kept out of these, I think imaginary, dangers, are no sooner married than they plunge into the literature of modern French novels, and never having set their foot in a theatre before their marriage, go directly afterwards and see everything that is acted. It is a very strange system, and it is equally strange that it works as well, to say the least, as the English one.'

XXXII.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*January* 23, 1879.

'I am glad that you liked some parts of my "Reminiscences," and in particular the one you mention. The thoughts therein expressed were brought back to my mind yesterday with a rush, by a glimpse I caught of Schopenhauer's mode of dealing with what your excellent friend* (whom I so much admire) calls the "enigmas of life." His solution, I see, is, that humanity (the whole of it), by a spontaneous and universal act of its own will, should extinguish itself altogether, and disappear entirely and for ever from the face of the earth. Well, I think that a very logical and rational conclusion, if, indeed, sorrow, sickness and death have not the meaning in which I believe.

'I never had, as a Frenchwoman, such a sinking feeling of depression as at this moment! How strange it is that this Republic, so cruel always in its wishes, even when it can't be so in its deeds, should find such favour with Liberals of all countries! You see how near the Ministry was being upset by the merciless Republican party, and you see that the merciful one had had to pledge itself to some points, one of which cannot be carried without breaking 100,000 pure and devoted hearts, and distressing all those who really love the poor; and another without cancelling a law sanctioned less than two years ago by both Chambers. But all that is nothing, as you perceive, and I don't see how those who want more can long be prevented from having their way. I have received your speech, for which many thanks. I had already read it, of course, but I am glad to have it in this form. . . .

'You are aware that in all our religious schools (I mean those under the direction of members of religious orders) there is already a Government "programme" accepted and conformed to, as well as a Government inspector to supervise them, and

* Mr. W. R. Greg.

also that, as on all occasions their pupils have obtained the greatest distinctions at the public examinations, the *brevet de capacité* now required is therefore obviously not needed, and is only proposed because it is known to be objectionable for women in religious orders (according to their views) to appear at a public *concours* in order to obtain such a *brevet*. It is, in fact, an attempt to force them, in an indirect way, to give up their work. I just mention this that you may judge of the way in which on the whole of the Republican line are made good Gambetta's words, *Voilà l'ennemi*, and this is one of the smallest satisfactions required by that *mot d'ordre, ou de dêsordre*.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*February* 8, 1879

'The book* has reached me at last, dear Mr. Grant Duff, and many, many thanks for it. I read last night, with intense interest, your two articles on Castelar, who certainly has reason to be thankful to you for your selections and wonderful translation of those eloquent pages. . . . Anyhow, I could not put down the book after I had begun those pages, and when I had finished them, I remained a long time under the impression of admiration and of extreme sadness they had produced. When I tell you that till then I had never read anything of Castelar's (except an absurd and ultra-Spanish letter which he addressed to Mme. Thiers on the occasion of her husband's death), you will understand that the admiration I felt in reading your translation was quite unexpected, and that only added to the other and stronger feeling. Yes, I feel it is very sad that such talent, such genius, and so many other great and rare qualities, should be thrown away on the subject of turning an old monarchy into a new republic. The Romans did it once, but I fancy we want some of the qualities, and also some of the defects, that made that experiment such a success. As to our brand-new one here, as we are told that it only began *bonâ fide* a week ago, or, indeed, yesterday, when the new (and first really Republican)

* 'Miscellanies, Political and Literary.'

President sent his message, it is rather too soon yet to set us up as a model.

'It is foolish of me to joke when I am quite out of spirits, and for the first time in my life hopeless as to the future. The English press and public astonish me very much by their general approbation of all these proceedings. I hope it won't bring ill-luck to England. What a difference there is, however, between Castelar and our Radicals! The fact is that the word *caballero* exists in Spain, and has the same meaning there as that of "gentleman" in England. In French, as you know, the word *gentilhomme* has not the same extension, nor quite the same signification, and that, I am afraid, not without some good reason.'

Returning from Cannes to Paris, the writer of this Memoir stayed some days there, and saw Mrs. Craven very constantly.

Her little home in the Rue de Miromesnil was on the eve of being broken up, and she was as a weary traveller obliged to start again on a journey to unknown regions. She wrote in her touching humility:

'You can hardly imagine what a strange sensation of moral relief it was to me to say all I said to you, and to hear your pacifying answers, besides a real prospect of material relief, which I hardly wanted more than I did the other. Would you believe, though, that this faint and as yet unfulfilled hope was a pleasure so strange, and one which has become so unfamiliar to me, that it excited me, kept me awake and restless in a manner which proves to me how completely I have lost the habit of peace!'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*May* 23, 1879.

'You must think me very ungrateful not yet to have thanked you for that beautiful translation into verse of my dear Alex's poetical prose. Are they Lord Coleridge's or his brother's*

* The allusion is to an admirable version of the passage in the 'Récit,' 'Perles, larmes de la mer,' by Father Coleridge, which had been given to Sir M. Grant Duff by Lord Coleridge.

(my kind Jesuit friend)? You promised to tell me, and I am curious to know. Once before in England I was shown a beautiful illustrated translation of those lines. These things make me feel so thankful that I wish nothing else ever disturbed my thoughts and that I might for ever dwell upon them.

'All this, and a great deal more, I meant to write about long ago, but the many weddings about to take place in my family have absorbed a great deal of my time. I told you of Simone de Dreux Brézé's* when I saw you (which is to take place in a few days), and now I have two more to announce, and in one of them I know you will take especial interest. Bertrand de Blacas is engaged to Mdlle. de Beauvau, a very young but very nice girl, and whose preference for him has had more to do with this marriage than is usually the case in France. He seems very happy, and as, besides her great name, she has a very large fortune, the world approves entirely. Thirdly, Marie de Mun is also engaged to a Comte de Francqueville (nothing to do with the M. de Franqueville you know; their names are spelt differently), who is a very agreeable and good-looking man, and also enormously rich. The amount of visits that such events oblige one in France to receive and to return is a painful addition to the many things one has to do besides.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*June* 12, 1879.

'My niece's wedding went off very well. She looked very nice and pretty and happy; the Bishop of Moulins, her uncle (Monseigneur de Dreux Brézé), made her a present of her magnificent wedding-gown, telling her to order it and that he would pay for it. Accordingly, the day after it had been exhibited (at *la signature du contrat*), he came, as he said, to settle his little account, carrying under his arm a small inlaid box which he gave her. It contained twenty rouleaux of 1,000 francs each. His only request was that, after she had paid for her wedding-dress, she would spend the remainder of that sum

* Only daughter of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Dreux Brézé, who married Baron Reilel.

in a lump on one thing, whatever it might be, that would give her pleasure and be a souvenir of him. All this was done so kindly, so generously, and so graciously, that it reminded me that he belongs to the *ancien régime*, though the solidity of the gift certainly proves also that he is not unobservant of the tendency of this generation. He performed the ceremony, looking very holy, very paternal, and very much like *un grand seigneur*. Do you remember him at Rome, and his Fridays that clashed with mine? and our dear Bishop of Orleans, who was so imprudently rude to him?'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*June* 16, 1879.

'We have made up our minds to part with those of our pictures which are most valuable, and which, for other reasons, we most valued. . . . My husband intends to go over to England to see what chance there is of selling them, and our kind friend Mrs. Bishop has undertaken to make some inquiries. They may be called some of the best of Romney's. If you should happen to think of any little bit of good advice to us on the subject, pray charitably impart it to us. We are not clever at this sort of thing, besides being generally unlucky.'

It had been suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Craven that the portraits of the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach, and the group of Keppel and Berkeley Craven by Romney, which had seemed to them chiefly interesting as family relics, had a considerable market value in England, where Romney's works had become a fashion. The sudden prospect of their sale at a good price seemed to Mrs. Craven an inexpressible relief, though she felt keenly their sacrifice.

On June 27 Mrs. Craven wrote again in her Journal, after a pause of three months, during which she had suffered much:

'Those beautiful pictures which are associated with every

recollection of my youth, and even more with my brilliant life at Naples, are gone. I shall not see them again. After all, I am not detached from the accessories of my past existence, and I ought at least to have attained that slight degree of abandonment after so many lessons and so much endeavour. I must let myself be led without even wishing to know whither. After having done my best in what seemed my duty, after offering my whole life to God and leaving its direction in all things to Him, I must have lively faith and humble hope, and believe that He conducts us, not always according to our convenience and our wishes, but according to what is best for us. I have but to shut my eyes with a firm will, and let myself be led.

'The winter, with its anxieties and indecisions, has been somewhat heavy to bear, but, after all, as things go, the trials were small. I bless God for all its days, even for those which, while they passed, seemed sad. I have seen few people, and, as usual, and even more than is usual, I have not seen the persons whose forgetfulness gives me the greatest pain.

'Adrien has been seriously ill, but God preserved him to us when he himself had prepared with admirable courage to die.'

Mrs. Craven mentions the three marriages among her relations, and adds:

'When life is quite over, and we have no children in whom to see it recommence, perhaps in a fairer because less egotistical form than before, the sight of these crystallizing destinies, of these circles which disperse or grow closer, the large store of interest and hope and confidence with which all in their turn embark on their voyage towards the future, causes me strong emotion. I feel at once sad and satisfied —sad from the natural feeling which dislikes privation, and which would rather bear the anxieties accompanying the

goods of this world, counting children and wealth among them, than be without them; satisfied according to the truer sentiment which is glad to be free of ties that bind us to the earth which we shall quit so soon, and to which we still cling too closely, even when we have been deprived of what most strengthens those ties. Oh! dear and true freedom of mind and heart! May it grow in me and make me gentle, trustful, silent, and indifferent to the disputes of earth!

'Simone was married on June 9, and Marie the 24th. Both were charming in their betrothal and wedding dresses.'

XXXIII.

To Miss O'Meara.

'PARIS,

'*Sunday, June* 29, 1879.

'Thanks, thanks for your recollection of the day, and for that lovely little *image*. You must have guessed that I have a passion for *images*, which is exactly what it was a little more than sixty years ago! Alas! I shall not be able to thank you for it to-morrow morning, as I should have liked: for before the hour of the dear last instruction I must be off. Pray, write and tell me all about it, at La Roche-en-Brény. I have not for many, many years heard anything so perfect from the pulpit. I wish for no better preaching anywhere. I remember when Père Hyacinthe (!) was preaching at Notre Dame one day, saying, when it was over, that I was glad to have heard him, but that I should not come again, because I felt *que ce n'était pas là le besoin de mon âme*. I say just the reverse of Père Ferrari's preaching. . . . In a conversation I had with him in the *parloir*, he told me that a priest had lent him "Le Mot de l'énigme," asking him to read it, "as a book containing the whole *venin* of Liberal Catholicism." He said he read from beginning to end, and did not find a word to find fault with. But is not this

a curious instance of what being prepossessed by an idea will make people fancy they see? There is not in that book a single passage which, as you know, has the most distant relation to that much-hated bugbear, except one—and that, I suppose, coloured the whole—that one is the departure of Lorenzo to fight the Austrians. I dare say that was the head and front of my offending; it slightly marked that I was not a *codina*, therefore, etc., etc. He—Père Ferrari—was most kind, and I was altogether charmed with my conversation. . . .'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*July* 7, 1879.

'I am so glad that you liked the outside of the little book* I sent you. I hope you will like the inside of it a great deal more, and the less you understand it the more you must. It is no use expecting to be made thoroughly happy by anything we thoroughly understand, here below; and it is not in the nature of a book of this sort to be quite comprehensible, and that is the very reason that makes me like it (which people would think more incomprehensible than all the rest). . . .

'I am still under the painful impression of the poor Prince Imperial's death. It is so mysterious that the one Prince of that house, who was good and pious, as well as brave and clever, should be taken off in that way! When I consider what the fate has been of all the children born at the Tuileries for the last hundred years, I certainly am puzzled as to what the lesson intended by Providence to be the result of these repeated blows is. Indeed, the mystery began as early as Louis XIV., when all the best of the House of Bourbon were carried off one

* The book given by Mrs. Craven was the volume of Rusbrock's 'Œuvres Choisies,' translated by M. Ernest Hello. In the first page of it she wrote: 'Si on est incapable de gravir soi-même les hauteurs de la Sainteté, il est utile et instructif d'écouter ceux qui les habitent; tout comme il est utile d'interroger un homme placé au haut d'une Tour, sur ce qu'il voit à l'horizon.'—('Sœur Natalie Narischkin,' p. 361.)

after the other, to make way for the wretched sovereign whose vices were to prepare the great catastrophe of the Revolution! And yet it cannot mean that the Republic is to be the right and lasting thing; so altogether it is better not to attempt to solve the enigma. In this case my grief (for I am grieved as I never expected to be at the death of a Bonaparte) is much increased by the *cattiva figura* made by the English on this occasion. It has a look so unlike them; for when did ever friends or enemies think of them as people who would leave a friend in the lurch, and that friend a prince and a guest? I wonder whether any part of that tragedy will ever be explained? The account I read in the *Tablet* was the least disgraceful of all; but it did not explain why the Prince was in command, nor who sent him, nor, either, why poor Lieutenant Carey ran so quickly away! Poor man! I pity him, too; for I cannot think that his only motive was that of getting safe out of the mess. But it is a most unfortunate circumstance added to the misfortune itself, and will never cease to feed the Anglophobia of the French; whereas the poor Prince's gallant determination, had it not had this fatal result, was intended to tie closer bonds of friendship between our two nations.

'I am very happy here, with my dearest Madeleine de Grünne, her sisters, and all the children.'

To Miss O'Meara.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*July* 10, 1879.

'Yes, I certainly think you could, and ought to write the story of that short life, and most touching and heroic death.* When Mme. de Mouchy has returned to Mouchy, after this awful week, I will write to her about it. At present it would, of course, be useless. The more I think of it, the more I feel moved at the whole of that tragedy! From all that has been revealed of him, and especially from that admirable prayer, he seems to have realized an ideal of bravery and piety which, crowned by his untimely and tragical death, would be enough to redeem his house, if it had another representative, and even as it is—who knows!'

* That of the Prince Imperial in South Africa.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*July* 10, 1879.

'I don't wonder that the young Baden heir is well educated; his mother is really *une femme accomplie*—which does not mean that she is an accomplished woman, but a great deal more.

'I am glad to hear that you are going to write one of your papers on Radowitz* (you have not sent me the one on Stein ;† I wish you would). In that letter of his, which I quoted, he was kind enough to say that there were not four people in the world whom he liked better than he did me, and I certainly never met the same number of men whom I thought as remarkable as himself. But his strong, firm (and yet poetical) Catholic feelings and convictions, which made me admire his intellect, and feel that there was no gap in it, were just what set against him the school that has so successfully carried on against his memory *la conspiration de silence*. It will be very generous of you to break that silence, and also very interesting. If I had been in Paris, I would have looked over his letters, to see if there was any one among the few he wrote to me which might be published. But I trust your article will be finished long before I get back to my old quarters, which for the present we do not relinquish.'

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* M. de Radowitz was Minister of Prussia at Carlsruhe when Mr. Craven was English Secretary. He became Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1849. He was distinguished as a soldier, a statesman, and a man of austere honour and piety. Born in 1797, he died in 1853. The touching tribute paid to his memory in the 'Récit d'une Sœur' will not have been forgotten by Mrs. Craven's readers.

† Heinrich F. Stein, born in 1757, and died in 1831. By his reforms he initiated the revival of Prussia after her humiliation by Napoleon. His agrarian reforms were sweeping. He obtained during his ministerial dictatorship the edict which abolished caste both in land and in persons.

To Miss O'Meara.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*July* 25, 1879.

'I have written to the Mouchys, and will send you their answer the moment it comes. I don't fancy, however, that they can possess any documents, as in their first letters they said that, pleasing and good as was the Prince Imperial, they had no idea of what he really was till they knew all that has been revealed by his death. Have you read Father Gallwey's funeral words? they are so beautiful that I have asked for several copies of them, and was going to send you one, and then I thought that certainly Geraldine would have already sent one to you. If not, however, I have one ready for you.

'I have now another task to propose to you, which I do so hope you will find the necessary time and will to accomplish, and which I know you would do well. It is a notice for the *Catholic World* of M. de Meaux's book, "Luttes Religieuses du 16me Siècle." It is most interesting, and places the subject in its true light, and one in which it has hardly ever been presented to Protestants, as few among Catholic historians have known how to be fair in their accounts of that period, and the Protestants have never attempted it. It would please Mme. de Meaux immensely, and I should be very glad indeed if you could find that it was worth your while to do it. Mr. Field* (who turned up here on Tuesday) is most anxious that it should be made known in America. . . .

'God bless you, dearest Kathleen! At last a fine day! which makes one feel as if the world was not quite at its end, and might last just a little longer than one's self. Augustus is, I am happy to say, enjoying himself in England. The word doesn't apply to the magnificent, sad sight of the Prince's funeral; but he did see that to perfection, being placed (with Lady Lansdowne, whom he had in charge) under a tree close to the house in Camden Garden; so he saw everything out of the crowd, and most touching and interesting it was. The Queen has

* John W. Field, a Philadelphian, well known among men of letters both in America and England.

shown heart, and tact, and dignity, and right royal will in all this, and I like her more than ever for it. Augustus has also been to Edgbaston to a little festival given by the boys to dear Cardinal Newman, who was charming. There were many speeches and cheers to wind up with. In other respects he (my husband) is also making good use of his time ; and I enjoy myself much more than I usually do away from him, feeling that he is among friends and enjoying himself also, instead of being alone in his solitary study (much as he likes that study, and hard as it is ever to get him out of it).'

In a letter to Miss O'Meara, dated from Monabri on September 5, 1879, Mrs. Craven, writing of the often renewed assertion that Montalembert had not accepted the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, which indeed was not defined or decreed for four months after his death, says :

'I can affirm that, in spite of his dislike to the party that principally wished and called for it, the idea of refusing to submit heart and soul to whatever was defined never once entered his mind. "Que ferez-vous si la définition a lieu?" "J'obéirai,' was his constant reply to those who asked him the question. Moreover, he never gave in to the notion that the Council was not free. He maintained, on the contrary, that no council had ever enjoyed so much liberty. Also, when it was suggested "that the French Government might interfere through its Ambassador at Rome to prevent the definition," he expressed most distinctly his aversion to that expedient, and said it would be the contradiction and denial of the opinions he had held and defended during the whole course of his life. Bearing all this in mind, the indignation expressed in the letter in question must be understood to refer only to the tone of ultra-subserviency that pervaded a certain portion of the press at that time, and to the strange and ill-placed flattery, emanating principally from some journalists, who seemed to call for such an extension of the Pope's power as had never existed, and had never been thought of by those whose mission it really was to think, advise, or act in the matter ; and, after all, it was proved by the wording of the decree that that notion had only been one of the many ideas that agitated public opinion before the Council had

pronounced. None of them could exist after the exact limits had been defined, within which the Pope, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, is to be held as having uttered an infallible truth, and after the doctrine as it now stands had become for us all an article of faith.

'This letter of Montalembert may be read everywhere, for, alas! his enemies (inside and outside the Church) have been eager to publish it. It is once more given *in extenso* in M. Emile Ollivier's most remarkable book, "L'Église et l'État au Concile du Vatican." . . .

'Pray read in Ollivier's second volume all that concerns Monseigneur Darboy.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,

'*August* 11, 1879.

'The Empress Augusta has been spending three days here. She goes away to-day, and although nothing can be kinder—and she makes every possible effort to cause no disturbance whatever—you may guess that her presence in this small châlet does somewhat interfere with our habitual very quiet life here. It is also a responsibility, in such days as these, to have royal personages under one's roof; and though she is my friend's best friend, there is always for her an amount of anxiety attending these august visits.'

The reader will remember that Mrs. Craven was in her seventy-second year, and that she found sudden changes in her plans certainly not less unpleasant than they had been throughout her life. She wrote in her Journal on October 17, 1789:

'THE WHIM, WEYBRIDGE.

'What a change! and what an unexpected move! Having left Paris on June 30 for La Roche-en-Brény, I felt the repose I have always found there, a repose enhanced by conversations of delightful interest. I reached Monabri on August 3. I intended to have stayed there

until October 4, but before August 20 I had received a letter from Augustus, begging me to join him in England. The idea of this unexpected visit to England, and sudden change of plans, foolishly agitated me. It seemed to suggest a permanent establishment in England when we should leave Paris in April next.

'"Tout passe et tout s'efface." I have already forgotten my annoyance and my fears, though they so distracted me during the last weeks of my stay at Monabri. On September 15 I left my dear Princess. Reaching Paris on the 16th, I left it on the 18th for London. My first impression was of the contrast between the clear air of Paris and the icy and sombre weather in which I arrived at Charing Cross Station, where the crowd was so dense and the confusion so great that I had the utmost difficulty in finding Augustus. At last we met, and he took me to his little lodging, near Pall Mall.

'It reminded me vividly of the distant past, when I arrived in England full of a thousand hopes, and feeling strongly the attraction I had for it when I was young—an attraction of which, after all, I am still conscious. Now that those hopes have vanished and my friends are nearly all dead, we find ourselves old and poor in the familiar scenes which I first saw in the flush of youth, and when the gifts of happiness and fortune seemed ours. There is too much to write of, my thoughts crowd on me too fast for expression.

'Having arrived in London on the 18th, we left it on the 20th for Stoke Farm, once the property of Lady Maria Molyneux and of her sisters, Lord Sefton's daughters. It belongs now to their niece, Lady Alexander Lennox, who is married to a brother of the present Duke of Richmond. The special comfort which is found in English habitations somewhat rested me, and in that little house was a great

deal more than comfort, for the Blessed Sacrament is present in a small chapel which has been arranged by the present proprietors, and nothing is wanting there to strengthen piety.

'I had there some moments of true repose. And, as well as that, the interest which I take in passing events, especially in England, and which so easily distracts my thoughts from personal cares, was awakened. Is it pure frivolity, or something different in me? I know not; but so it is, and up to a certain point it has been useful to me.

'On September 24 I went to Windsor, which is but half an hour from Stoke, with Mary Ponsonby. She fetched me in her carriage to the Norman Tower of Windsor Castle, in which she lives.'

Leaving Windsor, Mrs. Craven wrote:

'Those who would see at a glance what constitutes the charm and the grandeur of England should pause and think of all that is visible from that Norman Tower. To the right is the charming view of the Thames and the meadows through which it winds. The splendid trees, the verdure and flowers, the consummate art which is spent on preserving ancient memories, leaving to them their character, while removing their sadness—it is these features which give its beauty to the English landscape; and at Windsor the eyes are delighted with the completeness of those conditions, whether we look at the distant view or the nearer Gothic buildings of Eton College, the aspect of which is as characteristic as are the figures of the boys who are just now returning after the holidays. It is said, and I believe it is so, that their minds and bodies receive more attention than do their souls; but a superficial glance can see nothing more satisfactory than the mixture of courage, good manners, fine breeding, and simplicity which most of these boys from fifteen to eighteen years old possess. A great many pre-

serve types of a beauty which is hereditary in well-born families. And then St. George's beautiful Chapel, the Castle moats transformed to gardens, and the Castle itself, with all that it recalls, have an enduring significance. The view from my window, seen on this fine day, has carried me far away from our democratized world, and yet further away from all dangers of the present. How can I sympathize with the many Englishmen who, urged by I know not what satiety of political welfare, grow enthusiastic about theories which have led us where we are in France? Besides that, they pretend to admire and envy France as she is to-day, and play what would be a game of universal destruction on a very great scale, if the institutions which they find insufficient were not in fact able to bear almost any strain. Among the English Catholics it is the rule to say that, because France is a Catholic country, therefore it must not be admitted that a Protestant country, such as is England, can be better off. It is a mania of the Liberals, who are voluntarily blind and absolutely ignorant of the true state of affairs in France, and of what certain names mean. Whatever the cause, whether Catholics or Radicals, I have as yet met only *Francomanes* in England.

'On leaving Windsor we went to Tunbridge Wells, where I spent a happy week with Mrs. Bishop, a Catholic, who understands me, and thinks as I do. While there, I had some curious experiences, and I could judge afresh of the ravages in religion wrought by the narrow and arrogant science of incredulous research. . . .

'Mrs. Jackson, a sister of Lady Somers, and the mother of Mrs. Leslie Stephen, is an interesting and distinguished person, and she clings to her faith with all the tenderness of her heart, and by the true elevation of her soul. Mrs. Leslie Stephen is possessed of singular beauty, which is rather fitted for other times than for ours. Her aunt,

Mrs. Cameron, who has brought photography within the domain of true art, has used, and almost ill-used, her beautiful features in a series of compositions suggested by the poems of Tennyson. She appears often among the personages of the "Idylls of the King."* Those photographs set me dreaming of all that ideal world, and I will plunge once again into the study of that poetry which I have too much neglected. It is not a bad thing in these present times to live with King Arthur and his knights, and once again to enter on a religious pilgrimage to defend the Holy Grail. How strange it is to see this beautiful modern creature serve as a model for all these revivals of mediæval sentiment! During my stay at White House, I saw again the excellent Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He is ninety-three years old, and like his old self. Calmer and more serene than in old times, he interested me by the unweakened vigour of his intellect, and he edified me by the pious courage with which he speaks of his end. His home at Frant Court is enchanting. His house has a particular *cachet*. It is throughout in the style of Queen Anne. The charming distant views from it extend beyond undulating foregrounds clothed with magnificent timber.

'After White House we went to stay with Lord and Lady Sydney, at Frognal, and there I found old memories and old ways of the past. Nothing was changed; there is the same refinement, the same simple comfort, the same prosperity and happiness as ever. Of all my friends, Lord and Lady Sydney have had the most uniformly fortunate career. Loving each other devotedly, and making each the happiness of the other, years have only added more and more

* Though Mrs. Cameron's portraits of Mrs. Leslie Stephen remain the most beautiful and successful of her photographs, Mrs. Craven was mistaken in thinking that Mrs. Stephen sat for any illustrating Tennyson's poetry.

importance to their position. It is no doubt a position at Court, but it suits their taste, and it occupies him by duties which he fulfils better than would anyone else. He has gained so many friends in it, that he retains his place even now when (his party being out of office) he is not the actual Lord Chamberlain.

'I liked to find this calm and prosperous life just the same as formerly. . . . I heard much while there of the death of the Prince Imperial. Chislehurst is close by, and they pass much of their time there. I went over and over the tragedy, until I was full of its details; and Lord Sydney took us to the church. There I saw, in front of the great granite sarcophagus, in which lie the remains of his father, the bier of the poor young Prince covered with flags and flowers, awaiting the completion of the chapel which his mother is having built for him in the same small church. Many thoughts succeed each other on what is suggested by the presence in this place of these two biers. I have neither the time nor the wish to write them down, but I found how completely the young Prince had gained the love of those with whom he came in contact, and how general is the indignation felt towards Carey in those who came back from Zululand. The court-martial acquitted him, but not one of his comrades has ratified its decision.

'After Frognal, we went to York House, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Grant Duff. There I met strange contrasts. Notwithstanding the opinions which prevail there, I find a sympathy with all my dear memories which exists in no other place to the same degree, and this has created our very sincere friendship.

'Mr. Morley, the celebrated writer, one of the notable men of the advanced party, was there. He is agreeable and unaffected. He converses well and knows everything, or nearly everything. Like all ultra-Liberals, he is mis-

takenly *Francomane*, and he judges his favourite eighteenth century, with which he is in love, as I think, very incorrectly. I could measure the distance between our ways of thinking when since our meeting I read his volume on Burke. His style as such is almost equal to that of Burke himself. He is, for the most part, just in his appreciation of that great man's talent and personality, and he rises to the height of the noble character he describes. But when he comes to the point in which Burke so shines by his clear foresight and his judgment on the French Revolution, all changes, and the writer takes the colour of that system which governs Liberal free-thinkers, of whom he is one. The crimes of the Revolution are represented as momentary exasperations of sentiments in themselves just. Burke's previsions, which received such terrible confirmation, are but the exaggerations of his party spirit, etc. In England there is in Radicalism and Atheism a certain good faith, which makes their professors, if not less dangerous, less odious than elsewhere, because they are not possessed, as in other countries, by special hatred of Catholicism. Their indignation against the persecution of Catholics equals our own; and on that subject John Morley is nobly eloquent. I met others at York House, but I made no acquaintance so interesting as his.

'And now we are again in this charming cottage of Lord and Lady Enfield's at Weybridge. We look on a garden full of flowers, and beyond, on the trees and heather of St. George's Hill, and memories of the past abound. How far it seems, and how all seems finished! The dream of a return to England to end our days here will not be realized. We saw near Stoke a charming cottage called Uplands, where we could arrange a home suitable to us. But there is no question of our looking for or choosing one. We must be guided by one consideration only, and that requires

us to stay quietly in France because we are there. All we can hear on the subject confirms the wisdom of this resolve. Moreover, the decision does not rest with me. . . .

'On the whole, I endeavour to put away sad thoughts of our position which are evoked by all these pleasant homes of my friends in which we have been staying. Among them it seems to me that we only have the fate of being like withered leaves, driven by the wind, and unable to fix themselves in any place. It is best not to dwell on these thoughts, or think of others who are luckier. Rather, I will remember the vast number of those who suffer more, and also remember that it is not the least fortunate whom God treats with the greatest severity.'

'GLENHAM,
'*October* 22.

'Here I am with Sir John and Lady Stanley Errington, another specimen of calm and peaceful life. After many crosses, fortune has brought to them the amplest means of material comfort in their lives. The house is like a series of English houses, dating from a hundred and fifty years ago. Ugly outside; inside, the acme of simple and thorough comfort.

'Bertrand and Loulou are here. They look happy, God be thanked.'

'LONDON,
'*November* 1.

'Found Farm Street and Father Gallwey once more with joy. After all, in spite of my old feeling for England, which is again awakened and makes me ask, as in the song, "Pourquoi je suis venue oublier que je ne l'aimais plus," I am in haste to take up my life again, to resume my work, to be once more near to God, from whom this nomad life somewhat severs me, for in the country, and even in London, I was not near any church, and I was often de-

prived of any religious resource. We leave in a day or two, having accomplished nothing, or, at least, concluded nothing, and so—and so. May God be blessed and thanked for the pleasures He has given me, and the strength He bestowed on me when I needed it!'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'8, SUFFOLK STREET,
'*Friday.*

'Mr. Leslie Stephen is so very learned—so sure that there is nothing beyond what he can know, and that the welfare of humanity is going to be so safe in the hands of those who think with him. When will they promise to suppress death and suffering, and to prevent love, and hope, and desire, and ambition from going astray? As long as these trifles are not conquered by their systems, the hard words of Newman about the gloom and misery of life will remain the true ones—at least, on one aspect of the fate of man, which never can change. But there is another, which he has also magnificently described, and which raises this same man to a dignity and a happiness compared with which (even in this world) the blessings promised (though never yet realized) by Positivists and Atheists are very poor stuff indeed.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'8, SUFFOLK STREET,
'*Sunday.*

'Thanks, and more than thanks, to Mrs. La Touche.* I am not only grateful to her, but I am quite astonished at her helping you in this work.† That this help is invaluable I feel, of course, more than I can venture to say, because she may not

* Mrs. La Touche, of Harristown, in Ireland, cousin of the writer of this Memoir. She largely contributed to the translation of Mrs. Craven's Meditations, and with a literary skill which, as the reader will perceive, was appreciated by their author.

† The translation of Mrs. Craven's forthcoming volume of Meditations.

think me competent to judge of the beauty of her translation. I could not help smiling at your fancying that Lady Georgiana Fullerton would wish to take that work out of your hands! I have shown her some part of it. I don't think she really approves of any part of that work (though she is too kind to say so), or of my idea of publishing it; but I have my object in doing so too much at heart to give it up easily, though I certainly feel, as she does, that women have so little authority on these subjects that the effect, and therefore the good such thoughts might do to those who entered into them, would be annulled by the fact that they emanated from us. . . . Lady Georgiana has her own opinion, which in reality is mine (and for years I have acted accordingly), that it is doubtful good to make one's daily meditation pen in hand. Indeed, even whilst writing these, I soon gave up substituting them for mental thoughts. I made my meditation in the morning as usual, and made this more of an *ad libitum* spiritual exercise.'

In the following letter Mrs. Craven wrote of the excellent history by the Vicomte de Meaux of the religious struggles in France during the European transformations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It were desirable that English historians should seriously endeavour to correct the false colour given to those transformations by men who, at all cost of truth, and with a mistaken patriotism, defend the English schism and its political consequences.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'LUMIGNY,
'*December* 18, 1879.

'Thanks for poor dear little Alex's little English note; it reminded me so much of how she wrote and spoke it, with many mistakes and a bad accent, but yet so as to express her meaning so very clearly. Otherwise she knew it well and understood what she read thoroughly, and delighted in English poetry. . . .

'Last night I was reading the "Imitation," and thinking how wonderfully the words of that good old monk of the fifteenth

century applied to my own present feelings, and described the inward life of all of us if we only take care to consider it. It is as true to-day as it was then ; and how is it ever to cease to be, since it applies to what no time, no progress, can ever alter? The old monk was only a monk, and Dante was the greatest genius in the world ; and yet he made a thousand mistakes in astronomy, geography, etc., which time has corrected, but no change has taken place in the heart and soul of man ; what went home to them then goes home to them now, and we go on reading the "Imitation" as if it had just been published for the first time. What, then, of a greater book than that? . . . I must leave off in a hurry. "Thank Heaven!" you will probably exclaim, and with some good reason, so it is as well the breakfast bell is ringing.'

XXXIV.

For some years Mrs. Craven had always supplied the writer of this Memoir with little square diaries or agenda for the year. In each she wrote a few lines on the first page. The entry for 1880 is suggestive of her feelings as she faced another year of fruitful work, whatever might be her circumstances :

'Il faut aider les évènements qui se passent, en mettant du côté du vrai ses forces toutes entières. La trace en sera peut-être invisible, mais l'âme voit et agit d'en haut. Elle jouira un jour de la part, quelque faible qu'elle soit, qu'elle a prise à un œuvre immortel.'—Lacordaire.

At the end of a letter from Mrs. Craven to Mrs. Bishop on January 19, 1880, she wrote :

'Just as I was sending this off, here comes the box of fruit, which (I ought to be ashamed to say it) gives me even greater pleasure than the flowers. When I was seven, I experienced the same delight on receiving a large basket full of sugar-plums, on the occasion of the christening of my cousin, Louis de Blacas

(the Duke, father of the present one), to whom Louis XVIII. stood as godfather; and this was in the year 1815 !'

There is, perhaps, in Mrs. Craven's life no greater instance of self-conquest and of generous sacrifice of her own tastes and feelings, than when she determined to publish some of her intimate spiritual reflections as they had been from time to time noted, chiefly in the years between 1852 and 1860. They were written to maintain a habit of communion with God and a continual return to the Divine sources of grace, and not with any purpose of instruction and advice to others. This is sometimes said to excuse what may be thought of a certain egotism that must necessarily exist in all personal revelations, but in Mrs. Craven's case her prefatory explanation was absolutely true. There was sacrifice, and not satisfaction, in her act; for, as she knew, had she written for any other eye but her own, she could have arranged her thoughts in better sequence and more persuasively; yet at the request of a friend into whose hands these notes of her religious condition at various times had fallen, she consented that they should be published in France and translated for English readers. She hoped, indeed, that the impressions and lessons she had herself received might possibly be more useful than direct advice, to minds in sympathy with hers. Yet this was not her deciding motive in giving her heart as a spectacle to an indiscriminate public. It will have been clear to the reader that in 1879 it seemed less likely than ever that Mr. and Mrs. Craven could in any way provide after their death for the two faithful servants who had served them for over twenty years. Mrs. Craven's maid, Eliza Thorpe, was a convert, in whose conversion the Duchesse Ravaschieri's beloved daughter, Lina, had some share, and she had nursed the child with much care while Lina stayed with Mrs. Craven. Luigi Senatore was equally attached and

valuable in his fidelity, and it was always an anxiety for Mrs. Craven that they should not suffer loss by their affectionate devotion. Believing that her generous purpose justified her, while certainly it relieved her personal pain, she resolved to put aside for Eliza whatever profits might accrue from the sale of her Meditations. She was nervously anxious about them, as was not wonderful, and as her letters show. They remain a true mirror of her nature, though of course some of the profounder feelings, the extent of her constant 'practice' of the presence of God, were struck out.

Her Meditations had a very general approval, and her purpose was achieved by the sale of the French editions. The translation was not so successful in England, but while the good uses of the publication remain, the end for which it was anxiously prepared vanished in the death, before her mistress, of Eliza Thorpe.

Mrs. Craven had also hoped to come to an arrangement with her French publishers for a settled annual income in lieu of her *droits d'auteur* over her past publications. Mr. and Mrs. Craven, in their fear that Paris required a personal expenditure beyond their means, were just then thinking of a move to Versailles. Her health had been much weakened by influenza at that moment.

She frequently likened herself to the deaf musician described by St. Francis de Sales, who, he tells us, for the pleasure of his king, played upon the instrument entrusted to him, though unable to hear or enjoy the melody himself.

On February 8 she concludes a letter to Mrs. Bishop:

'To-morrow we expect a visitor, who is to examine and value every remaining pretty and valuable thing we possess, and then we shall probably make up our minds to part with everything. It will, at all events, facilitate our move, but you may see to what extent, when I write Meditations which I feel to be the expression of the truth as it ought to live in my heart, soul, and acts

as well as in my brain, I am still playing the part of the "deaf musician" of St. Francis de Sales, when I tell you that I cling to these recollections of old times, and that not one of them goes out of my sight without my feeling a pang; and yet, is it to those who possess pretty things or who live at ease surrounded by pleasant company that any grace or blessings are promised? I know full well what to think of it all, and I am more inexcusable than many others to feel as I do.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 25, 1880.

'I have been a long time silent, because I fondly hoped that, by waiting for a few days—indeed, for a few hours sometimes—I might have told you that two important things were decided, and decided favourably: namely, that I had made a good arrangement with Didier, and that we had got a house. But . . . I can no longer put off thanking you for your last letter, and that very good account it contained of yourselves. Mme. de Vallombrosa certainly is the beau-ideal of worldliness and holiness combined—a combination I am not the one to find fault with, as (in a measure as to both, and especially as to worldliness) I am afraid I have deserved, at some time or other of my life, the same reproach. Once Carlyle (Thomas Carlyle) said to me, with his broad Scotch accent: "There's about ye a mixture of worldliness and of earnestness that pleases me very much." Since those days, I have looked back to them with less satisfaction than I experienced when they were passing, and I have felt that the good to be good must be unmixed. . . .

'I am terribly tired, both morally and physically. The weather continues chilly and cheerless, and I cannot recover my strength. We are vaguely packing up. Cases upon cases of books and other things have left the house; the upheaving has begun, and the one comfort of knowing where we are going to, and when, therefore, repose can once more be looked forward to, is still wanting. . . . Many things have made me feel God's help lately, both in spiritual and in material things. It is, therefore, both wicked and weak to feel upset at another little

check, which, after all, is nothing compared to what we have gone through one way or the other.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 6, 1880.

'You want to know a little more about my "treaty" with Didier. Well, for six years (after which it is to be renewed) it ensures for me £240 a year, besides whatever new work I may publish, for which I am to be paid as I was for my former ones, so that, if I was industrious, I might swell the £240 to a good deal more. As it is, it is enough, not only to make me independent, but to enable me to contribute regularly to some of our general expenses; and the feeling that I am no longer obliged to write to secure this gave me a very pleasant sensation of rest. . . . My heart has again taken to beating incessantly, and I can get no sleep at night. My nerves have been much tried, and this drop of water has been too much for them, but it will pass.'

XXXV.

ON the publication of Mrs. Kemble's 'Recollections of my Girlhood,' Mrs. Craven wrote in her most sympathetic manner of the old and distinguished friend with whom Mr. Craven had acted in 1830. He was pronounced by Mrs. Kemble the 'best amateur actor with whom she had acted.' He was the 'Mr. C.' of 'Hernani,' when in Lord Ellesmere's translation Victor Hugo's play was acted at Bridgewater House in 1831, and he took the title-rôle, with Fanny Kemble as Dona Sol. Shortly before her death, Mrs. Kemble, when asked her impression of Mrs. Craven, remarked: 'She was a most sincere, devout Roman Catholic. Her books were written under a strong religious feeling, and with the desire of influencing persons who

thought differently from her on religious questions. The beauties and support of her belief were so real to her that her great wish was to make others see and feel them as she did.'

Mrs. Craven's tribute paid to Mrs. Kemble's book, published under the title of 'La Jeunesse de Fanny Kemble,' is not less a justification of the actress than a friendly notice of the woman. She wrote with enthusiasm of Miss Kemble as an interpreter of Shakespeare in her readings of his plays. 'She so fascinated the listener that she made him see the landscapes she describes, and hear the roaring of the sea, and the sound of storm in the forest. In one of the scenes of "King Lear," no stage effects could have better rendered the disorder of nature. The unchained elements themselves could hardly have added to the thrill of terror which she produced.'

Mrs. Craven's essay concludes by a protest against the realism then in fullest vogue. 'Ugliness, vulgarity, coarseness, represented with hideous precision, perhaps reveal one side of human life. But it is far from representing it as a whole, because, even in this world, there are multitudes of high-minded intellects and honest hearts, and beyond that again a third world of human creatures, devoted here below to pure virtue and noble action—a world that is at least as real as the two others. It seems to balance, and perhaps to expiate, that described by the realistic novelists. That the types reproduced by those who exclusively contemplate moral and physical ugliness are faithful, it is not for me to deny, for I do not know. I may add that it does not concern me. What concerns me is to seek everywhere types contrary to these, and as often as may be to set them in opposition. The interest of Mrs. Kemble's book is in the original nobility of the character it reveals.' The keynote is here struck of Mrs. Craven's literary work.

On March 9, Mrs. Craven noted in her Journal:

'To-day my renunciation of the world is at once voluntary and imperative. I only reappear in it when it is a duty, and I always undergo in it a sense of humiliation, and I have for a long time given up going to a theatre, which is so far different from other pleasures, that one can enjoy a play at every age. Who knows if I might not have kept up these worldly habits if there had been no change in my fate? When I think of this, I bless our ruin and all the suffering and trouble which followed and which yet accompany it. It is certain that it helped me to break my last ties with the world, as without our losses I know not if I should have had the courage to do so. It was good for me to be crushed by the cruellest impressions—impressions calculated to crucify my self-love, good for me that my futile tastes, not less than my pride, have been continuously and usefully mortified.'

Two days after, Mrs. Craven wrote of thoughts suggested to her rather than expressed in a sermon by Père Loudier. He had spoken of certain snares which Mrs. Craven hoped were of too coarse a nature to endanger the footsteps of any woman in that congregation, 'yet which nevertheless do exist for some.' She condemns with unusual severity the married women who, within the bounds of good manners, allow the strangest liberty to their minds and words and sentiments—'a liberty,' she remarks, 'generally followed by servitude, and, at last, by degrading slavery. Ah! that veiled and decent mischief which but slightly affects the world's consideration, and which is yet manifest treason to the first duty of a woman. I have always had even a greater horror of that sentimental mischief than of that which is made public and carries with it some suffering and loss in the eyes of men. The daily falsehood established by the hearth must inevitably degrade the soul, though it

may imagine itself clear of all positive fault. I have a thousand times more compassion, I was even about to write esteem, for the poor girls of the street assailed by temptations due to their ignorance and poverty and misery than I have for these fine ladies in society.'

In Mrs. Craven's note-book the next entry was:

'*Holy Saturday*,
'*March* 27, 1880.

'This very day one of those sudden inspirations which we are permitted to believe may come from some heavenly friend to whom we confided our distress, led Augustus to the other end of Paris. There he found, without seeking for it, exactly the apartment we wanted. It is near our friends, and yet it is quiet and out of the crowd. It looks on beautiful gardens, and they are the gardens of the Convent. When I was at the window of the cell in which I spent my days during the retreat, I looked on the same scene, while, without knowing it, Augustus was in one of the houses facing me, as I looked vaguely at them, and thought how happy the people were who, in the midst of Paris, lived in such smiling and quiet homes.

'In one hour the uncertainties which had weighed on us for two years were removed, as if some hand stronger than ours had put an end to them. The feeling that I neither willed nor sought, nor even foresaw as possible, the solution of our difficulty, the recollection of the fervent prayers which preceded and accompanied it, give me a sense of calm which I have not tasted for ten years.

'Be this truce long or short, be the same difficulties renewed, or be we spared from them by the goodness of God, I cannot sufficiently thank Him.'

Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Grant Duff at Easter, 1880:

'I was so surprised to find that you knew all about the Rue Barbet de Jouy, indeed the very *appartement* we are going to, for it is that of M. Taine himself, which he gave up most opportunely to enable us to get into it. It is, as you say, a quiet and a pleasant street, and the outlook is so reposeful and unlike Paris. On the whole, I don't think we could have done better, and I am very thankful for this termination of our long indecisions.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'CHÂTEAU DE ROCHECOTTE,
'*April* 15, 1880.

'I wish you joy cordially, though of course your election, if it gave me great pleasure, caused me no surprise whatever. Not so, however, the general result, which, naturally, I had no more foreseen than had, I suppose, anybody else. . . .

'I am afraid that we shall see very little of you now, when official work is probably going to be added to your habitual political occupations. In one sense I cannot be sorry for it, but we like you to have time to come over, and also to go about the world now and then, and to let us know what goes on everywhere. . . . You may write here, certainly, till after May 1, for M. Taine is slow about allowing the workmen to get into the apartment we are to occupy after him, and if it pleases you to hear of another of what you call the "witticisms of life," the apartment he is going to when we go into his, is that of M. Veuillot !'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*April* 20, 1880.

'This *séjour* is very charming and reposeful. Mme. de Castellane is, in the first place, a saint, and in the next, a most delightful woman, and the kindest of friends. She, you know, is the Pauline de Perigord, grandniece of Prince de Talleyrand, who really brought about his conversion when she was sixteen years old. This everybody knows, and I knew that and no more myself till now. But Abbé Lagrange, who is writing the life of our dear and great Bishop of Orleans, has been here, and

in the presence of my hostess he read to us the first chapter of his first volume, in which that first and very important fact of Monseigneur Dupanloup's life was recorded, and that, with her own personal remarks and recollections was most interesting. But even that is nothing compared with what he has now left in our hands to read at leisure, which is the whole life of Prince de Talleyrand, written entirely by Monseigneur Dupanloup shortly after Talleyrand's death! It is a thick MS. volume of which Mme. de Castellane herself had no knowledge. I cannot describe to you the interest of this. It is an entirely different point of view, of course, from that from which the historians of our times must view that too celebrated career. It is written by one who has plunged into the depths of his soul, and who takes into account all the circumstances that led it astray. And once more and as ever, how far more interesting and true is the history of a soul than that of a life considered simply from the outside! I have not been so deeply interested for a long time. To my mind (which I may alter by the time I have read the whole), this MS. ought to be published at once. It would be quite as interesting as Prince de Talleyrand's own memoirs, which are not to appear till 1888, and it would be an interest of a higher order. The difficulty is really that that dear young guardian angel of his (my friend here) is still alive, and as necessarily, Monseigneur Dupanloup must and does praise her as much as he felt it just to do, she may be blamed for allowing the publication for the present, and wish to avoid gossip about it in these days of inordinate publicity. As you say, dearest friend, since January, when I parted from you at the Hôtel du Louvre on that dark evening, God has been very good to me, and has granted me many then unhoped-for conditions of peace. For that I am so grateful that I don't feel as if I ought ever to be discouraged again, though much anxiety still remains, and it is more than ever my duty not to tempt Providence by any imprudence. If the pictures are sold at last, all will be right. Till then I cannot feel quite at ease, though what has happened gives me a firm confidence for the future.'

The writer of this Memoir again repeats her regrets that few letters of Mrs. Craven to Lady Georgiana Fullerton

remain to attest the warmth of friendship, the religious sympathy and the social ties which bound them in a true union of souls. It is sufficiently indicated in Mrs. Craven's 'Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton,' and by the kindness of Mr. Fullerton,* some of Mrs. Craven's letters to him will find a place in this record.

To Mr. Fullerton.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*April* 24, 1880.

'I thank you very much for your letter, which I ought to have answered long before this. As I told you before, all my friends are Whigs, I have always been one myself, and I cannot but be glad that they have returned to power again. But will they really have it? Do you still call Mr. Gladstone a Whig, or even a Liberal? and is not Mr. Gladstone the chief conqueror at this moment? Is any Government possible to conceive without him? And is one to be safely trusted with him at the head of it? All these questions, I suppose, must have satisfactory answers for those who are on the spot; but can you wonder that the large amount of radicalism which has flavoured of late his exuberant eloquence has alarmed all us poor people on the Continent, who cannot be brought to realize just now any other danger, and certainly not that of imperialism (in England, at least)? Can you wonder that Conservatives all over the world look on doubtfully, always excepting Russia, where I see that an exulting notion prevails that now their "mission" is no longer to be thwarted, that mission being to promote Greek orthodoxy, and to put down Catholicism? I trust they are mistaken, but the feeling is unpleasant to notice, and I am now giving you the impression I have received myself from letters to a friend who, though a Russian, is *Catholique avant tout*. I tell you all this merely to account in some measure for not having been as

* Alexander George Fullerton, Esq., of Ballintoy Castle, Co. Antrim, and of Westwood, Herts. He married in 1833 Georgiana Charlotte, daughter of the first Earl Granville.

opposed to the Conservative Government as yourself, and as you think I ought to have been. In reality, however, I am not in the least alarmed for England. I trust Lord Granville and Lord Hartington implicitly, and I trust also the general good sense of the nation to come to their help should Mr. Gladstone's crotchets, which were endurable during the struggle, be found too inconvenient after the victory.

'Alas! alas! I wish I could be as easy about France. But unless a real miracle takes place I see no help, and have we deserved a miracle? Though it breaks my heart to say or think it, I am afraid we have not. The power thrown into the hands that possess it now, has been given to them by all of us. In the meantime the propagation of evil is fearful, the distribution in every town and village of books, pamphlets, newspapers, caricatures of the most horrible, blasphemous, disgusting sort, is active and successful. This poison always tells with the French. I don't see how we are to regain the ground lost seven years ago. In short, I am sick at heart and weary! It is too much, after ninety years of such opportunities, such advantages, to have fallen back to where we are. I enclose this explanation of what an "authorized community" really means in France, that you may show it to any people you come across, and there are many in England, I believe, who do not understand it, and imagine that "not being authorized" means that they are forbidden.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*June* 3, 1880.

'I feel as if my last letter must have grieved you, which means that I know how kind and sympathetic you are, and that is why I selfishly let you see every shade that passes over my life. I must tell you at least to-day that, as far as material discomfort goes, that is rapidly vanishing. . . . I am already beginning to like this new abode quite as well as I did the last. I especially appreciate the silence and verdure of the Convent garden I look upon; indeed, I am beginning to have scruples at being so well lodged after all that has passed, and I feel

as if it would be too delightful to be able to enjoy all this quietly.

'No one who has not tried can tell how much can find a place in a small space. How many pictures of all sizes do you think have been stowed in here, and really not overcrowding the walls? One hundred and thirty! It seems incredible! And not one of these could we have got rid of, so here they all are distributed in every nook and corner, and when we are quite settled I shall long for you to come back and see them.'

Many readers may feel surprised by the ardour with which Mrs. Craven wrote of political affairs in Ireland, and no doubt, at first sight, her vehemence may seem disproportioned, and her fears of the consequences of Home Rule exaggerated in a Frenchwoman, however conversant with the Whig principles in which she had been trained. There might seem to be little cause for her party spirit, and that it almost detracted from the calm judgment of her advanced years. It might be almost a matter for regret that she should plunge into the dust of the political arena, and in apparently a different spirit from that with which she viewed the struggles of Italy for independent existence. If many of her letters are quoted in which she uses indignant language on the question of Home Rule, it is once more to emphasize how earnestly and even passionately she felt, where the moral forces of her Church seemed to be misused. She was righteously outspoken, when some among the Neapolitan clergy supported the evil practices of a corrupt absolutism, and the same indignation possessed her as she read of the Irish bishops and priests, who, as she thought, connived at Irish dishonesty and injustice. It was said of her by a witty Irishman, that in rapidity of mind she was worthy to be an Irishwoman, and it is possible that her Breton ancestry had, to a certain extent, prejudiced her against her Celtic cousins, in the excessive way that Celts seem to dislike Celtic ways more than do folk of distinctly differing races. But while

she may have felt irritated by the intractibility of Ireland under English rule, she would not have studied Irish affairs as she did had not the Irish been a sort of model Catholic people, whose piety and virtue and prolonged martyrdom had been paraded throughout Europe as a reproach to England. The *Univers* particularly, and the party led by its opinions, had made Ireland a text for many mistaken deductions and an argument for frequent use in theses on quite other subjects. The reader will see how Mrs. Craven's disapproval was limited to ethical aspects of the complex question. Perhaps that very limitation gives value to her opinions. The accumulated confusions of Irish affairs and their action on English politics did not impair her clear judgment of right and wrong. All the woes of the past could not, in her mind, excuse the half-hearted conduct of a Catholic priesthood which is bound to enforce the universal ethics of the Christian Church without reference to national sentiment. That she was of the Liberal and even sympathetic party was proved by her admiration for Mr. Charles Greville's book,* published in 1845, which she mentions in her 'Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.' But that any teachers of the Decalogue could approve the 'Plan of Campaign' and forbear to denounce outrage and injustice under whatever pretext was to her intolerable. Never was Mrs. Craven's profound conviction of a central authority vested in the Papacy more proved than by her feelings about Ireland. Possibly she was, as a looker-on, too logical—possibly too certain that some clerical utterances were meant as Englishmen might mean them. She may not have made enough allowance, not for the sufferings of Ireland in the past, for those she urged should be forgiven, but she may not have sufficiently allowed for the results to

* 'Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland.'

the Irish character which are their unhappy inheritance—the inbred vindictiveness, for instance, which bears sad testimony to the past of a sensitive and very generous race.

Meantime, the reader cannot but be struck by Mrs. Craven's political foresight; and while her vehement dislike of the Irish revolution came of her keen pain because of the clerical approval of its methods, she also grieved for what she thought the danger to England of Mr. Gladstone's proposed changes in its constitution.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'It seems incredible to be correcting the sheets of a book of this sort,* in the midst of the horrors that are being accomplished around us, and of those that are in store for us. Life is quite changed by this constant dread added to the actual witnessing of such acts of violence and cruelty as I never expected to see with my own eyes, I confess it. Much as I doubted the notions of liberty which have always prevailed in France under a Republic, I could not imagine that this kind of blind and furious hatred would again break out as it has. The feeling and its results are dreadful to think of. I am by nature so little given to animosity, that I cannot realize inspiring it in others to that degree that policemen and soldiers should be sent after me, as I feel it, to deprive me of, without exaggeration, the greatest comfort and help of my life, and so many, many poor people of their very means of living. How very inconceivable it is! What, thoroughly understanding it, I know to be sublime in those religious lives, is so absolutely harmless for others. The danger of being dragged into a Convent, or even made to go to Church, is one from which Messrs. Gambetta, Ferry and Constans are so very safe, that I can't take in the amount of malice that prompts their cruel treatment of those poor monks and of us, who are united heart and soul to them, and who in so many ways can't do without them. What would you feel if one fine day you heard that

* Her Meditations.

Sir William Harcourt had ordered the closing of the three chapels of Farm Street, Oratory, and Kensington Carmelites, and the expulsion of the inmates of the houses? Strange that this should be the vision of an impossibility in England! still more in Ireland! and this indeed ought to be taken into some account by your excited country-people! It is curious to think that England is the only country in Europe of which the Pope has no reason to complain, that her Government is the only one which gives true liberty to the Church, and yet that it is the only one which finds a Catholic clergy siding with its enemies, and giving but scant discouragement to Land-leaguers and similar abominations! What will the Pope say to the Irish Bishops, I wonder? He who is so determined that politics and religion should not be mixed, who has quite lately made our religious bodies subscribe the Declaration, and who since then has snubbed the Legitimists, because (with more provocation than the Irish, and better reason therefore) they were compromising the Church by associating its defence with the triumph of their political opinion! However that may be, I feel as if our grievances were more intolerable than any affecting merely temporal matters, the more so, as we are only, they say, at the beginning. . . . I suppose we may expect anything, and it is no poetical flight to say that justice at this moment in France has veiled its face. This, in the many revolutions I have lived through, I have never felt before, and my only comfort is, that our Radical English admirers are beginning to see it.'

XXXVI.

FREQUENT allusion has been made to the sale of pictures by which Mr. Craven hoped to secure a sufficient sum to buy an annuity that would give him an increased income. Romney had risen in fashion, large prices had been paid for some of his pictures at Christie's, and naturally Mrs. Craven's hopes were raised, perhaps unduly. After many negotiations, two of the family Romneys were bought by

Lord O'Hagan. He had married Miss Towneley, a daughter of Colonel and Lady Caroline Towneley. Lady Caroline was a daughter of the second Earl of Sefton, and nearly connected with the Craven family.

The pictures were valued by Sir Frederick Burton, Director of the National Gallery, at £1,000, £600 and £500 respectively.*

To Mrs. Bishop.

'La Lucazière,
'*July* 28, 1880.

'I enclose my letter to Cardinal Newman. Pray only close and send it if you quite approve of its contents, and in particular if you do not object to my mentioning the possibility of your going to see him. Of course, if you could do that, much might be explained in half-an-hour's conversation that could not be told in the longest letter. I feel that both in France and in England I require the support of some great ecclesiastical authority to be safe. In England there could be none equal to Cardinal Newman's. In France some good Jesuit would do very well, and if I wished for the approbation of a bishop, I am almost sure that I could get, without much difficulty, that of the Archbishop of Tours.'

The Cardinal's approbation was given in a letter of strong commendation, in which he wrote of Mrs. Craven's power

* Two of them were full-length portraits, one of Elizabeth, daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, married first to William, sixth Baron Craven, and secondly, after his decease, to Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach and Bareith, who died at Naples, January, 1828. The second picture was of her sons, Harry Augustus Berkeley Craven and Richard Keppel Craven, grouped together. The third picture was the one painted for Horace Walpole, and sold at the first Strawberry Hill sale in 1841, and bought there by Mr. Keppel Craven. This one is now in the possession of Mr. H. R. Grenfell.

of penetration, and of the 'shafts of true light,' which will be useful to many a mind now in shadow.

On July 31 the writer of this Memoir went to Edgbaston to seek an interview with Cardinal Newman. Mr. Craven accompanied her, and the Cardinal was much interested in his report of the state of political parties in France. He inquired of Mr. Craven if there were no possibility that the Church should give its support to a Republic, a suggestion which acquires importance as it applies to later action of the Vatican Court. Cardinal Manning was most kind in his approval of Mrs. Craven's Meditations, the proof sheets of which were submitted to him at a later date.

In a subsequent letter to the translator, who when the book was published sent him a copy of it, the Cardinal writes of the Meditations:

'THE ORATORY,
'*January* 27, 1881.

'It is a volume both very beautiful and very interesting. The Meditations are so very real and so very touching. I do not know whether I interpret what Mrs. Craven says in her preface rightly, but for myself I feel that our best meditations are those which we make by the instrumentality of writing. But in this matter, of course, the experience of different persons is very different.

'And I think the Meditations are very well translated, which is no slight excellence.

'Pray convey my respectful compliments and the expression of my best goodwill, and the assurance of my most earnest prayers for her well-being, to Mrs. Craven, and

'Believe me to be,

'Sincerely yours,

'JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.'

XXXVII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'1880.

'Mrs. la Touche is perfectly right, but I am right also. I never meant to say that because the happiness of this world "est l'ombre du bonheur à venir," it does not exist. The very word *ombre* (does not "shadow" express it, too?) means the outline of a reality, and the example she gives is one I have used a thousand times in my mind to illustrate my meaning. Yes; our joys here below may be compared to that of a child playing with her doll, and only finding out when she has grown up, and has her own live child in her arms, that that early delight (great and innocent though it was at the time) was only an image of what she now possesses. Is not that saying that this first childish happiness of ours on earth is, as Mrs. la Touche says, "une imitation en petit"? At all events, this is exactly my meaning; and if the word *ombre* or shadow doesn't express it, let us change it. As to the asceticism she speaks of, I certainly think of that also, though without meaning to apply it generally; but, of course, we believe that whoever has the courage, or rather, is called to give up even these nice, beautiful earthly toys, and to abandon the wishes of their hearts, will certainly recover them hereafter in a brighter form than we ourselves imagine, who yet have enjoyed them here below. We even believe that to these are given unknown and mysterious joys in this world, which are hidden from those who are less brave and adventurous. But are not heroes' rewards of a different and more exquisite nature than those of common good men and women? And yet good men and women are not the more unhappy for that. There will be an aristocracy in heaven, to which whoever has courage may aspire; but there is bliss for those outside it also, which (as I imagine it) will recall and surpass all we have ever loved or cared for on earth, as the bliss of the saints will exceed those joys of which they alone have the foretaste here below.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*October* 13, 1880.

'Your letter interested me most deeply and painfully. What sort of an excuse can it be for this atrocious movement that some landlords have been wicked? If that was to destroy their right *en masse*, and to justify what is now attempted against them, then one must reverse every notion of justice one has ever had. . . . I have read the Archbishop of Dublin's Charge. I was in hopes at last of hearing crime called by its real name—loudly denounced, and no excuse given from that high place for all these abominations. But I see it is vain to hope. . . .

'I read over attentively the Pastoral of Dr. McCabe and also the resolutions of the clergy of Cloyne. I cannot change my first impression about all that, or, at least, not much. It is a language too different from that in which the Catholic people is addressed by their clergy all over the world to be conceivable for us, unless we are to understand that in Ireland it is the people who lead the clergy, not the clergy who guide the people. Enough has been said of the virtues and the wrongs of the Irish. It is now time, it seems to me, for their pastors to talk of their faults and of their crimes. England has for many years been in a temper to listen to their grievances, and to remedy them if justly, temperately, and clearly stated. Surely there must be Irishmen capable of doing this, and of ensuring redress in that way. But if the Irish choose to select the most unreasonable, the most rabid, the most unworthy, to represent them in Parliament, it makes a great difference in the sympathy one would like to feel for them. They look to me like people who will not apply to the doctor, and who prefer killing themselves with their own remedies.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*October* 18, 1880.

'"O Liberté! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!" I really have no words to express what I feel. My heart is sore and sick, and I feel as if I could no longer bear all this in-

creasing wickedness. I am not given to violent political feelings. I own to having borne patiently all our successive régimes, although by birth and for many other reasons a Legitimist. I found my life very endurable under Louis Philippe as well as under the Second Empire, and I always said then, "As long as we have no true religious grievance, we have no reason to complain so very much." I feel now how right I was then. But now that everything I love and revere is threatened —now indeed my heart is burning with an indignation and a horror so intense that this unusual feeling is a torment to myself! And the Irish have no religious grievance. Their liberty in that respect is not even in the very least threatened, and yet this country is in a flame, clergy and all!

'Well, since the day before yesterday I have been reading in the *Freeman** you sent me the account of every one of the meetings. I thought I would devote to it a few hours, and I did, and read all the speeches, lay and clerical, and pondered over it all, and tried to understand it a little bit better. At all events, I understand the terrible difficulty of the position of the Catholic clergy. But have they not prepared that position for themselves by identifying themselves from the beginning with those very passions which they are now so utterly unable to check, even when they are (weakly) inclined to attempt it?

'To us, in our present pass, the Resolutions of Cloyne are a positive curiosity. Here are nine points, not one of them having the remotest connection with a religious subject, which the clergy propose and accept with the approbation of their Bishop and to the satisfaction and admiration of the Archbishop of Dublin. It is such a document as we cannot conceive emanating from ecclesiastics. If the least shadow of such meddling as that with temporal matters could be proved against a single one of our priests or *religieux*, the present persecution in France would be admitted by themselves to be of their own seeking. But, as you know, I don't fancy it can be allowed to go on much longer even in Ireland. It is the one point upon which the Pope is positive; I hear from all those who know him, and from all his acts we can see, that his absolute wish and will is that the

* At that time the organ of the Irish clergy.

clergy in all countries should withdraw from all struggles, political or purely temporal. This, of course, permits them—indeed, invites them—to fight for matters of education or charity, but surely it forbids their meddling with land laws or anything else of the kind, except to remind the people of the Divine law about them.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*December* 24, 1880.

'I love this festival very much and all about it, everywhere, and now even in France, the only country which, strange to say, and heaven knows when, transferred those friends and family gatherings to New Year's Day. But that is going out of fashion; *étrennes* are not much given or expected now, and as people all remain in the country in these days till the end of January, the *jour de l'an* has lost its old position, and the German importation of trees has been gradually adopted where there are children, and Christmas is now being celebrated in the right fashion. . . . At this very moment, all those that belong to me (among them as many as ten children, many of whom I dote upon) are all gathered at Lumigny, and Christmas Eve is peculiarly genial there because it winds up with midnight Mass, which is now said in the chapel by Bernard de Mun (my nephew's half-brother, who became a priest two years ago). Of course we have our place in that circle, and we are wished for, and I should like to join it, but I cannot conquer Augustus's reluctance.

'I had got ready for you on my table the lilliputian yearly offering which it is my right to supply you with, but I was looking for some very good little something to transcribe for you. I have found nothing, so I have written down what in one of the Meditations I say would be a good motto for all Christians. It will remind you of our joint work, and mark the year on which it will be started.'

The sentence written was: 'Aimer Dieu et ne rien craindre.'

'I am reading "Endymion" with the greatest amusement. It reminds me so exactly of what London society was like when I first went into it.'

XXXVIII.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*February* 11, 1881.

'Yesterday, the 10th (another day kept, I know, in your kind and faithful memory), I received your letter of the 9th. Need I tell you how grateful I felt for that proof of recollection, coming from you in the midst of the battle you were engaged in, and how much more than ever I thank you for it? What a battle it was indeed! I have been so excited about it that I have thought, talked, and read lately of nothing else, although with a painful sensation that Irish concerns are not within the reach of any human understanding. For that very reason, however, one may go on hoping even when everything seems hopeless.

'The *coup d'état* was magnificently performed, and I trust the "Contempt's Purge"* will have a totally opposite result to Pride's, and will add to the credit of the House of Commons as the victory of patience and of common-sense over a folly of which one might say, "qu'elle n'a pas de nom dans la langue humaine," if using words of Bossuet to speak of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon and Co. did not seem a sort of profanation.

'I have had (I received it yesterday) a letter from a Tasmanian Dean, which is a fit *pendant* to my New Zealand friend's; indeed, it is still more gratifying and touching, and it added something to what I felt, receiving it on that day.'

* 'Contempt's Purge' was an epithet applied by Sir M. Grant Duff to the suspension of the Irish members by the Speaker of the House of Commons early in the session of 1881. Sir M. Grant Duff doubtless had in mind the incident of 'Pride's Purge' in 1648, when about a hundred members of the House of Commons were dismissed by Colonel Pride, to procure the trial of Charles I.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 26, 1881.

'I never expected to see my little narration so beautifully inserted in the *Spectator*. . . . Oh, my dear, please write about Ireland! It is quite necessary that some little ray of light should dispel the clouds which especially surround the religious world here, and no wonder, when priests and bishops hold the language they do. The Archbishop of Dublin had taken a little courage to speak out, and now he is denounced here by Parnell, who swears that no other bishop or priest in Ireland disagrees with the Leaguers. Surely there never was such a confusion!

'Parnell went yesterday to visit the Archbishop of Paris. To-day I presume he is attending the great popular manifestation in honour of Victor Hugo. What did the Archbishop say to him, I wonder? Believe me, it is time to undeceive the religious people here, and to undo the mischief which the Catholic press has done. The impression of such a manifesto as Parnell's of yesterday here, recalling all the horrors of the past, as if they were the present state of things in Ireland, will be very great, as nobody knows anything, and the truth is, after all, so difficult to know. Aubrey de Vere will have the eternal credit of having spoken it "envers et contre tous." The *Tablet* is now following that line a little more resolutely, and openly repudiating, at last, all connection with the revolutionists; but I see as many priests as ever attending the meetings, and the one great scandal is far from being removed. . . . The Meditations are making their way silently and slowly, but my dear Tasmanian Dean alone more than satisfies me that I have done well to publish them.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 18, 1881.

'Your letters are most interesting to me; those I have just received painfully so. I have had from the beginning a terrible feeling about Ireland, which, alas! seems not to have been an

unjust one. All the persecutions of the Church in France, Germany, and Italy seemed to me nothing compared with the disgrace which Ireland was inflicting on the Church. It makes one feel how wise the Pope is to forbid the mixture of political partisanship with the defence of religion, but how difficult he finds it to get himself obeyed we have present proof of here at this moment ; but the great and glaring proof of it is given by Ireland, whose cause at first was a far better one than that of the Legitimists in France ever was. And yet what has that political ingredient, mixed up with religion, brought about at last, even there?

'I see in a paper of last night that the Irish bishops are strenuously opposing the proposal of many in England to bring about a renewal of relations between the Holy See and the English Government. It is my belief that they hate the English to such a degree that they had rather they did not become Catholics, or behave well to the Church (or, indeed, to themselves), because all those would be reasons for hating them less ; and they worship their hatred, and cling to it more than to their faith. It is the old story of the Irish bishops who would not sit down at table with St. Augustine, because he was bringing the blessings of Christianity to the destructive Saxons. What can the Pope himself do with such a people at this moment? . . . Dearest friend, what terrible times we are living in! Yes, indeed, that dark and frightful Russian tragedy* has quite disturbed my rest. You know how clearly one remembers one's sixteenth and seventeenth years, and what passed then. I see it all, and can fancy the horrible scene as if I had been present at it. But will not that help the English Catholics, at least, to measure exactly the Irish revolution, remembering the congratulations addressed by the "Nihilist" papers to the Land Leaguers? . . .

'The decision of the Paris Municipal Council to take possession of that dear *maison mère* of the Sisters of Charity, Rue du Bac, where for eighty years they had lived the life you know, and prepared the sisters that were sent from that house all over

* Assassination of the Emperor Alexander II. on March 13, 1881.

the world—that decision is a kind of a blow to all goodness, all charity, and all justice, such as even these people have not yet inflicted! However, I will not begin that chapter to-day. Whatever I feel about our trials, they do not disquiet, trouble, and scandalize me as does the state of Ireland. My Irish friend here, Miss O'Meara, writing to Mr. de Vere, said that she began to feel as if what was needed in Ireland was "the return of the twelve fishermen of Galilee to re-convert her," to which Mr. de Vere answers, "Yes, very true, but if the twelve fishermen advised the Irish nowadays to pay the tribute to whom the tribute is due, they would be boycotted." So would, I am afraid, any Papal Nuncio who attempted the same.'

XXXIX.

To Miss O'Meara.

'HOLLAND HOUSE,
'*July* 29, 1881.

'I have just received a most interesting letter from Geraldine.* When one reads such accounts, it is impossible not to look to good from the East, seeing that respect is still unshaken there, whilst the very notion of it is vanishing from our busy and feverish Western regions. In every way Geraldine seems to be having a most delightful time, and *facendo tesoro* of pleasant and happy recollections, a more invaluable possession to my mind than even actual enjoyment. This has been peculiar to me since I was a child. People used to laugh then to hear me say, "Comme je m'amuse! et comme cela m'amusera de me souvenir que je me suis amusée!" . . . I missed the Mount Temples in an absolutely incredible way in town (seeing that we lived close to each other), and many other friends have come and gone in the tumult of the season, and I have seen nothing of them. The Bill will pass unopposed by the Lords

* Miss Geraldine O'Meara spent that year some months in Poland as the guest of Prince and Princess Czartoriski. Princess Czartoriska was a daughter of the Duc de Nemours.

and the time of its failure in Ireland will then begin. Mr. Gladstone (next to whom I sat at dinner at Lord Granville's the other day) is sanguine as to its good results, and thinks they have dealt a final blow to the Land League ! . . . At that same dinner he was most pleasant, talkative, brilliant, eager, full of poetry and earnestness, and yet, to my mind, how visionary on some points, and how unpractical ! We talked of everything, and it certainly was most interesting. One thing he said with an energy which added to the feeling he expressed, that the growth of infidelity was the one evil to be resisted before all others, and that whoever served the cause of Faith and Christianity was doing the greatest of all the deeds to be done. "In comparison with that, nothing whatever signifies much in this world." I said it was a good thing for England that her Prime Minister should utter such words.'

Among the visits Mr. and Mrs. Craven paid that year to their English friends was one to White House, from August 16 to 29. Mr. and Lady Georgiana Fullerton were staying in the near vicinity at Tunbridge Wells, and the friends spent most afternoons together. It was discovered that both Lady Georgiana and Mrs. Craven liked chess, and, as is generally the case, the conduct of each game was a revelation of character; Lady Georgiana's was thoughtful, earnest, and careful; Mrs. Craven considered chess not a business, but a recreation: she was inclined rather to skirmish than to fight seriously. A *coup de main* delighted her when it could be carried against an unwary adversary. She had played in her youth with her father, and not much since: but she was as interested, as chagrined by failure, as delighted by success, as if she had been still in girlhood.

Mrs. Craven was just then completing her novel, 'Eliane,' in which she contrasts the preliminary methods of courtship in England and in France; and the evenings were often spent in listening to her beautiful voice as she read it aloud. A young lady present exclaimed that she certainly would not have married the hero of the book, and Mrs. Craven,

in amusing discomfiture, added some reasons and altered some incompatibilities until English taste could be considered sufficiently satisfied. The same young lady was trained by Mr. Craven in the part of Ophelia, sufficiently to play some scenes to his Hamlet, and Mrs. Craven thoroughly enjoyed her husband's fine recital of his and her beloved Shakespeare, particularly when he read the play of 'King John.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*October*, 1881.

'We are rather too lively here at present. Mme. de Castellane's brother (the present Duc de Talleyrand) and his wife are here, and their daughter, just married to a great German magnate, Prince Furstenberg, and there is a great deal of riding and hunting going on, and to-day there are races at Tours, to which they are all gone. The young Mme. de Castellane rides as hard . . . as any of your English women, and (except lawn-tennis, which they also play, but not with the same fury) there is much of English goings-on here. The two boys of thirteen and fourteen ride quite as well as any English boys of their age ; and as they have besides very polished manners, and are as civil, well-bred and clever as possible, the mixture seems to me a happy one. Their father, beyond that, knows very little of England, and I am often amazed at people's notions here about the English. To make up for all this dissipation, I am thinking of spending a few days *en retraite* at Marmoutier, near Tours, a convent of which Catherine de Montalembert is Superior.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECHOTTE,
'*October* 26, 1881.

'Here I am come out of my retreat at Marmoutier, much the better for it, I trust, though not so happy as when I went in, because I discovered during that time (with some dismay) that

I am much worse than I thought I was. Catherine de Montalembert is a saint, with all the cleverness of her family on both sides, the largeness of thought of her father, with the heroism of her grandmother and of those aunts of hers who died so bravely, about whom you have read in the memoirs of Mme. de Montagu, who was one of those sisters. I hope I have acquired some slight increase of courage in her company.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*December* 16, 1881.

'My thoughts are still very full of Ireland. The Pope's letter to the Archbishop of Dublin delighted me, not so the Archbishop's pastoral upon it. Surely he might speak out a little more distinctly, and, when "boycotting" is going on, leave alone for once the "cancer" that has to be extirpated, which in the people's present temper seems to me to mean for them nothing but the landlords. An Archbishop who seems to care so very much more for the temporal welfare of his people than for the sins and crimes they are committing does not edify me. Will the Pope's letter do good, notwithstanding?'

XL.

MRS. CRAVEN wrote in the agenda for 1882 given to Mrs. Bishop: 'Quel mal peut-il arriver à celui qui sait que Dieu fait tout, et qui aime d'avance tout ce que Dieu fait.—MME. SWETCHINE.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*January* 21, 1882.

'Your most welcome and interesting letter, written on Christmas Day, reached me here on Monday last, the 16th, exactly three weeks after you sent it. This rejoiced me much,

and made me feel as if, after all, you were not so very far away. In my youth people were quite as long as that on their way from Paris to St. Petersburg, and letters did not travel much quicker. . . . I am almost surprised at your still caring to hear of anything except what immediately concerns those you left behind, and yet you say that "letters, which are gold elsewhere, are rubies and diamonds" to you now; and letters, to be letters worth reading, must contain some news. I wish I could give you some, but you know what our life is in Paris. In one sense I always say that when I come back here (here, to the Faubourg St. Germain) from England, I feel as if I was coming from a drawing-room into an anteroom. A strange sensation, certainly, is it not? but I am sure you must understand what I mean when you remember that I meet—I might also say I live—in England with those who have directly to do with public events; the political and diplomatic world is there simply the world, whereas you know that it is not only outside that world in France, but miles away from it, that all those of my political or religious persuasion, or of my sort of social position, now live. I may in my heart think that we have still kept hold of the drawing-room, and that it is the official world here that has now gone outside of or below it; but the result is the same. We know nothing of what passes, or of those who rule events, and I suppose we are not in a position to form true and just opinions. For my own part, if only the Republic (as represented by Gambetta and the men he has placed in power) had not so outraged my dearest feelings, so disturbed my daily life, so tormented both poor and rich around me, as well as myself, by the most senseless and revolting of all persecutions, I feel that the Republic might have had its long day of peace and life, for aught I should have wished to do to disturb it, and many, believe me, in those incessantly worried "old parties" would have felt the same. As it is, what can we do but wish to die, since it won't allow us to live? I must say that since Gambetta has been Prime Minister he seems bent upon carrying out that wish, or else his conduct is quite incomprehensible, unless, what I have often suspected, M. Etienne Lancy (a clever young ex-Deputy with strong religious and republican feelings whom I meet often at the Duchesse de Galliera's) was right in telling me one day that Gambetta "n'avait jamais de plan

arrêté," but always acted on the impulse of the moment and according to circumstances, with never a view beyond a present small difficulty to be got over anyhow, and, with a sort of wonderful eloquence which gives him power, a great want of command over himself. If all this be true, we are in strangely dangerous hands, now that for the first time he is really attempting to govern. You will judge by the papers, of all shades of opinion, of the effect produced by his recent acts ; and now this financial crash has added its serious confusion to everything else. England, because of Egypt and of the C. treaty,* clings to him, and so do I, for those two reasons, and from the fear of going farther to fare worse ; but the mistake of taking him *au grand sérieux* has been a great one from the first. All my present comfort comes from Germany. I do hope that the charming Princess Imperial does not see with regret the defeat of the Culturkampf.'

The year 1881 was a time of wild speculation in France, and the *Union Générale*, a vast financial association, was founded under the presidency of M. Bontoux, and the management of M. Feder, a man of science and practical engineer. The *Statist* on February 4, 1882, wrote : 'Stung to the quick by the spread of infidelity, by the progress of free-thought, and by the cold contempt with which the faithful Catholics and the old French Legitimists were treated by the alien and the parvenu, a number of gentlemen, wealthy, honourable, and connected with the old French noblesse, determined, if possible, to wrest the money power from the Jew capitalist, and once more to take the lead in politics and finance.' In short, it was a financial crusade. The *Union* professed to be blessed by the Church, and in the château, in the convent, and even in the cabaret, it was described as a means of restoring temporal influence to the faithful. Its ramifications extended over France, Austria, Turkey, and Russia, and

* The Commercial treaty negotiated in 1880.

westward to Brazil. Meantime Bourse speculations had run up £20 shares, of which only £5 were paid, to £170. The day quickly came when the vast gambling machine broke down. It will be seen how truly Mrs. Craven judged a pseudo-crusade of which the weapons were gold and the motive greed.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*January* 30, 1882.

'What a week this has been for France, and in particular for the part of France to which I belong! I had no idea, when I wrote last, of the extent of the private and public calamities involved in this terrible financial crash; no idea in particular of the number of Legitimists and of good people in all classes, and even of religious houses, who, enticed by the excellent reputation of the director of this *Union Générale*, and by a notion that placing their money there was doing some good to religion and royalism as well as serving their own interests, had run these fearful risks, the result of which is at this moment utter ruin. And this is not all, nor is it the worst. By the side of those mentioned above, the number of those belonging to our society who have simply gambled and lost all they had, alas! and more than all, is awful; and we are only beginning to count these dreadful cases, and, still worse, worse, indeed, than all, many of the best and best known men, men of the highest character, had agreed to form part of the administration of a concern the character of whose directors gave them a kind of blind security; and now there are all sorts of rumours of their being compromised by measures ordered in M. Bontoux's absence by his under-director—in short, the less I understand, the more anxious and frightened I feel for many very dear friends, though thankful that we could not be tempted as they all have been. In the turmoil caused by this catastrophe even that of Gambetta's fall from power passes almost unheeded. What I feel most is the disgrace attached, for ever I suppose, to the very class that ought to have been the model of others; for there is something not only grievous but scandalous in all the ruin brought about

by mere gambling. The fact is, however, that anyhow the *Union Générale* was not to be allowed to exist. The Jews were too strong for them, as my poor common-sense made me feel from the first that they would be. When I was at Rochecotte a good priest (who was quite excited about this wonderful apparent success) said to me : "C'est magnifique, Madame ! c'est admirable ! c'est une croisade des Chrétiens contre les Juifs. Nous allons leur arracher leur arme des mains." He meant their wealth, which was to pass into our hands after we had conquered them ; to which I answered : "C'est possible, mais cela me semble bien peu la manière de faire du Bon Dieu, et ce n'est pas jusqu'à présent par la richesse qu'il a fait triompher ses amis." I have turned out a better judge of the case than I thought I was.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*February* 15, 1882.

'I have no article to send you about "Eliane." I don't suppose that it will be taken any notice of in the French literary world ; and such a breeze is blowing there, that I must consider it as a great favour that it is not mentioned at all by the critics *en vogue*. The book finds readers though, which is all I care for, and I have just received from Didier the first copies of the third edition. If I could only think of something else to write about, since go on writing I must. I should like to talk to you a little more about this dreadful coarseness of French literature, or, indeed, I should say of French taste, for everybody and everything is tainted by it. If a paper or a review wishes now to find readers, it is only on condition that amends shall be made for being conservative, reasonable, or religious in the first page, by some very offensive article in the next. As an illustration of what I mean I should like to send you the *Gaulois* of to-day. It is Jules Simon's paper, the leading article is always his, and to-day it is a remarkable one on the "Autocracy of Gambetta," and there have been a series of crushing articles on the "religious" (!) plans of Paul Bert. But then, what is there to-day to be found besides, in that same paper? First, a *feuilleton* by Zola, at which I have not even ventured to glance. Second, a

most audacious defence of the worst features of the realistic school, and ever so many improper jokes and anecdotes, so that it is almost impossible to read what might be interesting and useful, without, as it were, walking on tiptoe to escape the surrounding mud. This particular number, revolting as it is in some parts, contains (besides the leader of Jules Simon I just spoke of) a most powerful article on the late and the present *agiotage*. This mixture is characteristic of this time of confusion, and accounts for that other astounding fact, that women, well-bred, young and well-behaved, read without any surprise, and see without any scruple, novels and plays that seem, according to my old way of judging, bad in every sense of the word, that is, vulgar and coarse as well as immoral. As an exception (which I hope is a beginning of something better), there is a lovely little story in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which, when it appears as a volume, I recommend to you. It is by Ludovic Halévy, and is called "L'Abbé Constantin."'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*May* 18, 1882.

'Before I say anything more on that or any other subject, I must speak of the one, the dreadful one, now uppermost in all our thoughts. When I saw in the papers Lord Ripon's answer to the telegram which carried to India the fearful news from Dublin,* I thought of what you must have felt on hearing of this tragedy, and wondered whether you were left a long time after that in ignorance of the details. You must have been longing to hear. None, alas! are of a nature to lessen the horror of the first moment. Indeed, every day that passes without throwing the least ray of light on the monstrous plot through which the deed was done, adds to one's discouragement and dreary expectation of what may be coming next. The new Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin still hoped (when he passed through Paris the other day) that he would be listened

* The assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and of Mr. Burke, Under-Secretary for Ireland, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on May 6, 1882.

to now better than he was before, and that he had still some power left to fight against the League. I have heard since of his arrival in London, where Lord Carlingford met him at luncheon, and found him also firm, well-meaning, and full of the best intentions, but wrote afterwards to somebody who told me that he had heard that his (the Cardinal's) life was threatened.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'MENOU,
'*August* 16, 1882.

'I received two letters from you since I came here, the second this very morning; the first (containing that dear little bit of jessamine which I have placed by the side of the many others, sprigs of the same, by which you have commemorated my saddest or happiest days of the past) reached me on the day of my arrival here from La Roche-en-Brény on the 7th. Thank you for them all. I have not torn up the note of thanks, addressed to your secretary, but intended for yourself. I am sure when I read it I felt as grateful as the good priest who wrote it, and it was most kind of you to add to that note those few words of praise of our "people in South India," which pleased and gratified me very much. Except in Ireland, where I own I see no possibility of applying any of the laws known to, and obeyed by, Catholics elsewhere, I do believe that, provided they are not hampered on any point which they must conscientiously defend, provided they are treated with justice, and that a reasonable amount of liberty is given to them, they will be found everywhere most useful, active, and devoted auxiliaries in such a work of civilization as that you have to accomplish. I may perhaps be mistaken, but it seems to me also that Catholicism as it really is, with its capacity for suiting rich and poor, with its outward worship full of splendour and of meaning, is better adapted to Oriental minds than the cold dryness of Protestantism, great though the works of individual Protestants may be in those same regions. For our sake as well as for yours I am glad that we are nowhere likely to recover power; but for your sake as well as for ours, I am happy to feel that we are sure of possessing liberty, and I love England above all other countries, because

she is the only one that I can trust for preserving it to us, and it will be to her own advantage, I feel sure of it!

'The events in Egypt are becoming intensely interesting, and long before this reaches you the fate of the campaign will probably be decided. I am not proud of the behaviour of France, but, on the whole, on England's account, I am not sorry for it.

'"Meglio sola che male accompagnata" is an Italian proverb which certainly applies to her present situation, considering the sort of *accompagnamento* she was likely to have had, had the French joined company with them in this expedition. So if, as I hope, it all ends well, it will be much better as it is. I read with the greatest attention and interest the speech of the Chief Justice Seyd Mahmoud, at Allahabad, in proposing the health of the departing native troops. It is a great thing to hear an Indian say that India "could not tolerate anything which would prove a hindrance to their free communication with England."'

To Miss O'Meara.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*October* 10, 1882.

'About "John Inglesant" I quite agree with you that it is a painful, fatiguing, though a most interesting book. It often gives me the physical oppression of a nightmare. It is full of truths and untruths, of beauty and of nonsense, but I don't think it can do as much harm as you seem to fear. One can apply to it the epigram, "C'est du bon, c'est du neuf qu'on trouve en votre livre, mais le bon n'est pas neuf, et le neuf n'est pas bon." The wonderful manner in which the author understands the Catholic feeling about the supernatural is certainly very good; but it is new only to him, whereas, what is new to us, his imaginary Jesuit, his fantastical Italy, etc., all that is surely not good, and on the whole, I can't well understand the fuss that has been made about the book. It shows how easily and deeply the English mind is moved by religious subjects. I think of such a book as that presented to the French public—alas! dear friend, you know that public and describe it well. The letters in the *Tablet* have been excellent! has it not, indeed, been too absurd a display of childishness, spite and envy, all this irritation

about Egypt? It is impossible to deny that when one knows the two nations well, one is constantly reminded of P. Ferrari's exclamation about France, *Peuple d'enfants*, and one may too often say, *d'enfants cruels!* The English at all events have shown themselves to be men, and this year is altogether one to be proudly remembered by them.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'MOUCHY,
'*November* 13, 1882.

'I had a pleasant stay at Rochecotte, interrupted by a visit to my niece, Beatrix de la Roche Aymon (Blacas), in her splendid home,* a house built on what remains of a château of the Ducs de Bourbon Montpensier, which was destroyed by Richelieu (the Cardinal), whose own habitation was close by, and who did not wish to be out-done by his neighbours. A magnificent chapel of the fourteenth century (with windows of stained glass of wonderful beauty and preservation) alone remains of that former period, the present house having been built and arranged by connecting together buildings appropriated at one time to the visitors and retainers of those Montpensiers. The place is fine enough in its present state, and I enjoyed my visit to Beatrix.

'On my way here I stopped two days in Paris with the Fullertons, who were still there then, and I also saw there Mrs. Kemble again, with great pleasure. She certainly is one of the cleverest women I know, if not the cleverest, and her second series of "Records" is as good as the first, and inspires me with a wish to add another article to my review of that first portion, but I have very little time, and I am slower than ever at everything I do.'

* The château of La Roche-Guyon is one of the most interesting of the seigneurial residences in France. It is situated on the Seine, between Paris and Rouen. The manuscript of La Rochefoucauld's 'Maximes' is preserved there. Lamartine's Meditation entitled 'La Semaine Sainte à la Roche-Guyon' was written on the occasion when the chapel was restored.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*November* 25, 1882.

'This is only a few lines to tell you that I will write a real letter from Lumigny, where I am going to-day (having returned from Mouchy the day before yesterday). I am as anxious as ever you can be to communicate all *i fatti miei* to you, but (as I am quoting Italian) I may add that I become like Virgil, "Chi per lungo silenzio parea fioco,"* as Dante says; and much good as it would do me to have a good *sfogo*, I believe that I have lost the power of doing so, either in talking or in writing, from long disuse. I have done no work for myself this year. My whole time has been given up to Augustus and Prince Albert. I felt that there I could really help him, and I have done so, I think. It is not a simple translation, it required arrangement, . . . and for that kind of thing I feel that I have acquired a sort of *savoir faire* that could be of use to the book. When that is over, I will go back to some things I have in view, and see whether I have lost the power of putting them into shape.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,

'*December* 27, 1882.

'Since I came here, I met with an accident which might have been a serious one, but has had no bad results whatever, thanks to God's mercy, who spared me a very well-deserved punishment for an act of imprudence I have been in the habit of committing, and have now resolved to leave off for ever. The bad habit was that of not using my flat candlestick at night like other rational people. I was walking back from the chapel as usual at eleven o'clock, with no light in my hand, trusting to those that others were carrying to get back safely to my room. By chance that evening I parted from them, and walked on by myself, and having passed a heavy tapestry door that closed after me, I

* 'Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.' Cary's translation.

found myself quite in the dark ; but being fully convinced that I knew my way perfectly, I did not stop until I got to where I thought myself opposite the door of a small passage that leads to my room. It was not that door ; it was the staircase, down which I fell head foremost, so you may imagine that I must be very thankful indeed that I was picked up with only a bump on my forehead, and a bruised and bleeding nose, and was only very slightly shaken for a few days by the fall and the fright. I have long ago been quite right again (this happened the first week of my stay here). This place always agrees with me, and I enjoy myself here among all these young folks and children. . . . I shall soon be in my own corner again, and with my husband, who, if he sometimes disagrees with me (much to my sorrow) on *terre-à-terre* matters, is entirely of my mind on all higher ones, which certainly is a comfort.

'And now, I send you every best wish of my heart for the New Year that is about to begin, and what these wishes are I need not put into words.'

Mrs. Craven's yearly gift of an agenda-book bore for motto on its first page :

'PARIS,

'*January* 1, 1883.

'Vous qui pleurez, venez à Jésus, car il pleure ;
Vous qui souffrez, venez à Lui, car il guérit ;
Vous qui tremblez, venez à Lui, car il sourit ;
Vous qui passez, venez à Lui, car il demeure.

'VICTOR HUGO.'

XLI.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*February* 15, 1883.

'No one can believe how very lonely I am. Sometimes I am choking with unsaid things ; but let it all be for the present. I want you to write to me something about Ireland. I think we

may say, like Sir Peter Teazle, "The truth is coming out now"; and all those foreign assassins turn out to have been very Irish Irishmen. But will the clergy see and understand at last what there was beneath or above the Land League? Will they look back with some compunction on their encouragement of the same? Will they at least allow that as long as hanging exists as a punishment those hideous murders have deserved to be so punished? I am afraid, from a letter I read yesterday of Archbishop Croke's, that he at all events is unconverted; and what of the others? and poor Cardinal McCabe dead, or going to die. About all this I want to hear. In return you may be curious to know what I think of the incredible mess we are in here. The truth is that my thoughts on the subject are not much less bewildered than those of the Ministers (when we had any), or the members of both Chambers put together; still, I have a feeling that as a result of all this the Republic must come to grief; but, unfortunately, I cannot guess the when and the how, and before the "consummation devoutly to be wished" come to pass, a time may have to be gone through which it is not pleasant to think of.

'My nephew Albert made a really fine speech in defence of the Princes of Orleans, and for the present the Royalists here are really all united; but it is a union which our dear chief, the true head of the royal house, has the power, a power he is sure to use, of disturbing.'

So attentive an observer of English phenomena as was Mrs. Craven could not fail to have been interested in the doings of General Booth and the Salvation Army, and her interest was quickened by the article on it contributed by Cardinal Manning to the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1882. Mrs. Craven wrote, as did the Cardinal, with respect and sympathy for General Booth's intentions, if with surprise at his methods. He had lately announced a 'campaign' in France, and she doubted his success among her countrymen. Her article in the *Correspondant* for February 25, 1883, is a good example of her solid but illumined sense. The second half of it is devoted to

St. Francis of Assisi, whose seventh centennial anniversary was celebrated with national pride by the Italians in September, 1882. Mrs. Craven points out the motherhood of the Church towards all her children who are enthusiasts in the cause of that Christian faith by which every righteous reform is attempted, as the need for one is proved. Seven hundred years after the great revival led by St. Francis, it is honoured by Catholics throughout the world. In his glory as the herald of modern and true fraternity among men, Mrs. Craven is careful to associate the names of Giotto, Dante and Columbus, members of the Saint's third Order, and leaders of the progress and civilization of which he was the pioneer.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 10, 1883.

'On Monday last I went through a real agony of apprehension about Augustus. It is all over now, and I really believe it was nothing so serious as it seemed to be, but it looked as if his left leg were becoming paralyzed. . . . He is now, thank God, quite well again, but he had to remain in bed for two days, which had never happened since we were married forty-seven years ago. It brought vividly before me, with a great shock, that he is older by two years than myself, a fact which his good health and looks had always made me forget, so that I always felt as if I alone were getting old. Fears and possibilities that had never occurred to me crossed my mind, and disturbed my peace beyond all reason. Yet, after bearing this inward tempest as quietly as I could whilst it raged, I feel (now that all anxiety is over for the present) that we have both had a lesson, and that with God's help and grace it is likely to be useful to us. . . .

'You must have received by this time Augustus's book, which I certainly hope will be read and liked. Poor dear A., he overfatigued himself at last, and did himself no good. I do hope he will get some reward for his pains.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*March* 14, 1883.

'I had quite resolved to be punctual this time, and not to let this month get so far advanced without giving *un signe de vie*, but my time has been lately more taken up than ever, and quite recently very painfully by a short but rather alarming illness of my husband's (the first he has ever had since we were married, you know how many years ago). . . . However, thank Heaven, I don't think his hitherto perfect health has received any serious check, and I hope that with only taking some little more care of himself he will continue to be much the stronger of the two as well as the younger, which a man only two years older than his wife has a right to be considered.

'I send you my tardy thanks for your amusing and interesting account of your Arabian night festival for the investment of your Maharajah. I wish Clara could have been present, being, as I am, quite of my mother's opinion that one is never too young to be allowed to see any grand and brilliant sight. Early youth is just the time to make those provisions of pleasant future recollections; besides those years being the only ones in life when enjoyment can be unmixed and free from drawbacks. I always remember how I enjoyed those fine sights I saw in my seventeenth and eighteenth years, beyond whatever came in my way later in life in the matter of amusement. . . .

'It is impossible to foresee what will have happened here by the time this letter reaches you. We have already had three riots this week, and one is announced for the 18th (to celebrate the anniversary of the Commune of 1871), which is already sending out of Paris many people I know. As it is so publicly prepared, it is to be hoped that the Government will have the will and the power to repress it. But one hardly knows what to expect with people so hopelessly blinded by hatred as to fix on the harmless Princes of Orleans to treat as dangerous conspirators, and to allow Louise Michel to perambulate the streets (as she did those of this *quartier* last Sunday) at the head of a furious mob, vociferating and carrying the black flag which the "Anarchists" have assumed. On Friday (the first day) I was

in the Chapel of the Convent, which is opposite my windows, with a good many other ladies (as many as 300, probably), when we were warned not to go out by the front-door, as the quiet Boulevard des Invalides was invaded by a very ill-looking mob; so we were let out by the garden, and had to get home how we could. All this is not pleasant or conducive to repose and peace of mind in any way, the result being distress everywhere and especially among tradespeople, including publishers, who no longer keep their engagements, which gives a very tangible meaning to the words *souffrance et gêne universelles*, which are sounded in my ears in all directions.

'We dined at Lord Lyons' with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone when they passed through Paris. I found him in good health and spirits, pleasant as ever, and altogether very much like himself. What is particularly like him is this: After dinner we had a long conversation on those subjects (not political) in which he is ever the most interested, during which an article I have just published in the *Correspondant* (on the Salvation Army) was mentioned, and he expressed a wish to read it. He was leaving for London the next morning (Friday), so I sent it him at once; and—would you believe it? in the midst of the ocean of work into which he must have had to plunge on his return to town, he found time to write me a long and interesting letter about that article, which reached me here on the Sunday morning!

'Good-bye, dear Mr. Grant Duff. Thank you for your many acts of kindness to my people in India. I treasure the proofs of them you send me now and then, to console myself for what I am daily called upon to witness here. God bless you for it!'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 29, 1883.

'What you say of the revolutionary direction in which the public mind is tending in England is as true as it is alarming. But the fact that of all forms of Jacobinism that which has been embraced in Ireland is the most hideous, is to me still more full of despair. Of course we have had plenty of horrors here, and

many more are to come, but this kind of sympathy of some of the best for the worst among them is happily unknown everywhere out of Ireland. An act such as that of the contribution of the Archbishop of Cashel to Parnell's testimonial (now, after all that has been revealed) is a monstrosity impossible to be imagined anywhere else, so impossible, that it is construed here into a proof, that in some mysterious way Dr. Croke knows the murders to be fables, or at all events that no Irishman is guilty of any of them. And so our Legitimist and Catholic papers go on upholding Parnell, and even overlooking his intimacy with Rochefort and his friends. How can the Catholics and clergy of England bear this in silence? how can they fail, as they do, to cry out and protest and separate themselves indignantly from the Irish? My dear friend, this is to me a sore trial. It seems to me as absolute prevarication. Believe me, it is urgent and important to set the public religious mind right here on the subject, and to get out of the sickening atmosphere of falsehood in which the sham heroism, patriotism, and piety of the Irish is contemplated and discussed. In what mood is the Cardinal about it? . . . All things considered, what I think Ireland wants more than anything else in the world is to have truth spoken to her about her history, past and present, the truth about her wrongs as compared with those of other nations, the truth, above all, about her crimes. We know what happens to a man, say a king, when he is always flattered; the misfortunes of Ireland have brought upon her that greatest one of all: that she is perpetually flattered, and will listen now to no other language.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 26, 1883.

'You ask what our plans are? . . . Since Augustus's illness I have quite made up my mind never to go away from him any more as long as I live. This seems simple enough, but there is about it a double difficulty—his great reluctance to spend any length of time out of his own home on the one hand, and on the other, the impossibility for us to live in Paris the whole year round. Indeed, though what makes it become more ex-

pensive every year I can't guess, the fact that it is so makes even our six months' stay here an anxious pull. . . . Poor Augustus has terrible fits of home-sickness for England, and sometimes would like to persuade himself that we might go there, but for many reasons I think he is mistaken ; and even if he was not, I never could help feeling that it is a Southern climate that would be beneficial to him at his time of life and in his present state of health. At present, however, thank God, he is well—quite himself again ; but I can never now forget that care is needed for him of which I never thought before. However. . . we might perhaps run over to pay one more visit to dear old England. . . . *Vedremo.*

'I am glad to hear what you say about the Pope, and certainly the Nuncio here doesn't mince the matter, and roundly calls the Irish (clergy and all) "Radical Socialists." . . . When the Irish understand clearly that they must either cease to be Fenians or cease to be Catholics, my opinion of them now is, that they will remain Fenians. The horrible sympathy of the Dublin mob with the assassins and execration of Carey, only because he has betrayed them, is utterly discouraging. The present edifying preparation for death of Brady and Curley will have the sequel, you may be sure, of their being held up as martyrs by the priests who assist them at the end ; the whole moral use of the penalty will be thrown away, and they will be quite ready to begin it all over again.

'Veuillot's funeral was a great party ovation, at which, as a set-off against the many scandalous pagan funerals we have witnessed lately, I certainly rejoiced. Now his friends and partisans are rather over-doing their enthusiasm, and the whole thing seems intended to keep up the prestige of the school and to proclaim the fact that it outlives its master. And so it does. The battle between truth and reason on one side and passion and extravagance on the other is not over, and no final victory has been yet won. But I have had enough of all that, and my wish is now to forget and forgive the many blows inflicted on my friends and myself formerly, and to give up fighting altogether.

'You will be pleased, I know, to hear that Augustus's book is very successful. Plon sent him yesterday fourteen Parisian newspapers with articles about it, each more satisfactory than

the other. From Windsor we have had a still more gratifying assurance of satisfaction from her Majesty herself in a most kind letter to me. Augustus had made me write to her (in French) the few lines that accompanied the copy we sent, and she also knew I had written the preface, but as General Ponsonby had already written by her orders to thank us, I did not in the least expect this very gracious acknowledgment of it by her own self. The Prince of Wales has also written to us a very kind and cordial letter about it.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*May* 2, 1883.

'I have two letters of yours to answer—one of March 11, and one of April 9 just received. On reading the first, I was struck with this strange coincidence—that you mentioned in it an article of F. Harrison on Gambetta, which I had just then finished, thinking all the time that I should like to talk it over with you and to discuss its incredible and painful absurdity, or, I should say, absurdities. One of them (his assertion that "theology was at an end," because Gambetta's funeral had been unlike any Christian, or, for the matter of that, any pagan funeral ever witnessed) was brought home to your mind in a picturesque fashion,* but I am sure that the deep truth, conveyed in that way, did not escape you, and that you cannot help wondering as much as myself at the . . . article in question. But how many such, and worse, are published in England just now! and what pamphlets! Have you read H. George's on the nationalization of the land? Do you believe at all in the success of these ideas, the development of which would mean the destruction of all we have ever known or seen of England's power and position at home or abroad? You will probably say

* Her correspondent had mentioned that while steaming down the Godavari he had been reading Mr. Harrison's article in question. The vessel swung round a corner. He looked up and saw a vast concourse of people, many thousands in number, assembled on the banks of that sacred river in obedience to some religious impulse.

no, but then do you not feel provoked (as I do) at the dangerous arms which some friends of yours and acquaintances of mine are flourishing just now? I get very angry with them sometimes, and York House would witness many a quarrel, if I only had the chance of meeting them there. . . . Madame de Montalembert has not spent any portion of the winter in Paris. She remained in the South of France with the Meaux, and is now gone off to Italy with Thérèse, who is still, I am sorry to say, in an unsatisfactory state of health. My other friend, Princesse Wittgenstein, has also given up Paris altogether. I do not remember to have ever spent anywhere so solitary a winter. We literally see no one, and hardly ever now dine out, and then only to meet a very, very few friends. Augustus's book is very successful.* . . . The French Press have been very unanimous in their praise. And think of Her Majesty, after commanding H. Ponsonby to send us a most gracious acknowledgment of the copy we sent her, writing to me herself a really charming letter (this on account of the preface I wrote). She takes the opportunity of saying all sorts of civil things about my works, and that "she has long wished to know me, and hopes she will," etc. "Après cela," as Mme. de Sévigné said, after Louis XIV. had danced with her, "peut on dire qu'il ne soit pas le plus grand Roi du monde?" Happily I said that of Queen Victoria *avant la lettre!*'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*May* 15, 1883.

'We have now been parted too long; letters won't do to fill up the gaps. Well, there is a prospect of our going to England next month, and though we are not likely to stay in London, somehow or other it is very certain that we shall meet, if only we do get on the other side of the water. But I am grown more than ever doubtful of all manner of plans (temporal), and live completely *au jour le jour*. I can't help, however, telling you of this possibility, and if it comes nearer to a reality I will, of course, let you know directly.'

* 'Life of the Prince Consort.'

XLII.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*June* 8, 1883.

'Of course we are deeply interested in watching the effects of the Pope's circular on those queer Catholics, the Irish! Its contents have often been repeated before, and really the simplest Christian common-sense would suggest them and make them binding; and yet all the prestige of Papal authority will have to be exerted to get those strange people to admit that two and two are four; for what is true for all the world is not true for Ireland according to their view, and the wrong done by an Irishman is not at all in their eyes like the same wrong done by any other man in the world! They are clever, dangerous, mad children.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*June* 25, 1883.

'We are, I believe, going to England on July 2, for two months. We are going first to Holland House, and then to Bournemouth, but I will write again and let you know whether we accomplish this journey, which my husband looked forward to with great pleasure at a distance; but now the time has come, his usual reluctance to stir at all has got hold of him again, and I hardly know what we shall do. Since writing to you last I made a most consoling little pilgrimage to Boury, where I had not been for a long time. I found many things much improved in the house, where the present owners are bent upon keeping up every one of our recollections in a most surprising and most touching way. Their name is Zendt. He is a very great *industriel*, of Beauvais; she is Mdlle. de Boury, of the old family to whom the place originally belonged. They are most excellent people, both of them, and it is most satisfactory to have that poor château in such good hands again. But still

more astonishing and gratifying is the fact of the many visitors who come (some from very great distances) to pray in the little churchyard. A man had been there the day before who had come all the way from Lille to spend an hour there, and he has written to me since a letter which has touched me deeply, to explain to me in what kind of way he had felt helped by those whose story he had read, and why he thanked me so very much for having written it. He speaks with a kind of passionate affection of them all! He is an *employé* on the railroad! A girl, too, a very nice young Alsatian, with whom the "Récit" had made me acquainted, went off the other day to Boury to place a wreath on my mother's grave, because she said she was the one she turned to with the greatest love whilst reading the book, and she felt she must go and thank her! I believe she now will become a Sister of Charity.

'I wish I could be as sanguine as you are as to the state and real progress of the world. In many respects I admit it. But against that, what wild and senseless views and aspirations and destructions! I see clearly where progress and transformation can take place, but also where human nature has already done its best. There is not, it seems to me, to be in the future any greater moral beauty (or indeed physical beauty) than has already existed, and art also, I believe, has long before now reached its limit of perfection. On these points the thing to be ascertained is how to promote what men have already proved themselves capable of producing, and these points are after all more important than any of those which are touched by the operations of science (magnificent though they are). *Basta.* It is foolish of me to enter upon such subjects in a letter. I must only venture to remark that your friend, Mr. John Morley, seems to me to be very much mistaken as well as very mischievous just now. I formerly thought his mistakes were limited to France, but I cannot help now thinking that his work in England is also very rash, to say the least. . . . Albert made a speech the other day in the discussion on the "Syndicats professionels" which was listened to with real attention and deference, even by those most bitterly opposed to him.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*July* 26, 1883.

'I need not tell you that we were all much excited by the illness of the Comte de Chambord and its probable fatal termination, the result of which might have been important for France. Although convinced of this, and that his restoration to health rather puts off than promotes that of monarchical government, my royalist blood was quite stirred up by this alarm, and I feel happy that for the present it was groundless, and that there has been a consoling response to the *Domine salvum fac Regem* which went up from so many hearts. I don't think, however, that this is more than a respite, but in the meantime two points have been gained: the monarchical feeling has been proved to be much more alive than was imagined, and the meeting between the Comte de Paris and the Comte de Chambord, when the latter thought himself on his deathbed, has produced between the followers of the two branches a more cordial feeling than ever existed before. That meeting was a most striking and touching incident. Nothing could exceed the feeling and tact displayed by the Comte de Paris, nothing could be nobler or more generous than the manner of the Comte de Chambord towards him. They both behaved like princes and gentlemen, and the Comte de Chambord like a true Christian besides. There was something so very grand and striking in that embrace of the grandson of Louis Philippe and great-grandson of Philippe Égalité as his heir, by the last of that elder branch, who, as its representative, had so much to forgive the other. It was felt in France, by many who do not care much about royalty, as a kind of satisfaction and a relief after the many vile and vulgar acts daily witnessed, which are gradually lowering the French character, and discouraging and disgusting the very few among the Republicans who are sincere and honourable men. I hope M. Waddington is one, and that his appointment will help to avert the embittering of our present quarrel, in which for once I think that France is in the right; in the right also, *par conséquent*, the present English Govern-

ment in admitting it, even although it may be inconvenient to do so, and offend certain interests.

'I had a letter the other day which would have amused you, from a young man (very young, I suppose) who called himself *un obscur étudiant*, and dated from the very centre of the *pays Latin*. He had been reading for the first time "Le Récit d'une Sœur," and had to say about it to me a great deal that was touching and flattering for me to hear. But what he was amazed at was that such a beautiful book should be so very little known, and should never have been spoken of. Well, at first this remark made me laugh a little; then I reflected that if this young reader is only twenty-two or twenty-four, it is very natural that he should never have heard of it, and I felt thankful that one of quite another generation could read it with so much pleasure.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'WALMER CASTLE,

'*September* 11, 1883.

'I have been dreadfully remiss, but indeed through no fault of mine. We came to England on August 7, and I almost immediately had one of my attacks of ague and was altogether out of sorts. We were then staying at Holland House, and it came into my head to help as much as possible my dear friend the Duchesse Ravaschieri, who was devoting herself to the Ischia sufferers, and I wrote the letter in the *Morning Post* (of August 13), which perhaps you read. This had an unexpected but very successful result. I received money in abundance, but also letters which I had to answer immediately, fatiguing myself thereby not a little, but very, very thankful, nevertheless. In the midst of all this, and before I was quite well, we had to go to Osborne, where I had with her Majesty that interview she had kindly said she desired. We then returned to Holland House for a week, and then went to The Mote, from whence we came here yesterday. This is *en gros* an account of my proceedings and an explanation of my silence. I am now getting quite myself again, and this sea-air is sure to set me up quite. I have on the whole enjoyed my stay, though I less and less

sympathize with the strange and, to my mind, false doctrines that are expounded right and left.

'I had delightful conversations and discussions at Osborne with my dear Mary Ponsonby, whom I found more charming and more differing from me than ever. We find here Lord Granville in great force, and we are much charmed with this place. We go to Deal on Friday till the end of next week, then to White House to see Mr. and Mrs. Bishop. After that our plans are still uncertain, but we don't mean to remain in England much beyond the first week in October.

'I have to thank you for two most kind and interesting letters—for the sprig of jessamine of July 13, and for your most welcome minute, the latter part of which, as you may imagine, interested me very much (though, contriving to unite in the same sentence Renan with St. Elizabeth of Hungary is still more wonderful than having brought him face to face with me in my own drawing-room).* You like those *tours de force*, and perform them better than anybody I know. My turn, as you know, is more exclusive; and these associations of names revive the impression (not altogether a pleasant one) of forming part of a gallery, where my school has its place without any preference over another, even the most widely different from, and opposed to it.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'WHITE HOUSE,
'*September* 24, 1883.

'I wrote to you quite lately, but I found here on my arrival another letter of yours which I wish to answer without any delay. Moreover, I have to rectify a statement I made in my last letter concerning one of your speeches which (on reading

* M. Renan picked up Mr. Grant Duff one evening at 28, Rue Barbet de Jouy on his way from the Collège de France to M. Victor Hugo's, and having been shown in by a servant, who thought he had come on a visit, was actually in Mrs. Craven's drawing-room. Of course she received him to perfection, equally of course the interview only lasted for a fraction of a minute.

over your minute for the second time) I found was quite wrong. I accused you of having named St. Elizabeth and Renan in the same speech, whereas you did no such thing. You only substituted the blessing of St. Elizabeth for your own on one occasion, which is what I should have felt inclined to do myself if I had been asked for mine ; and in quite another you called Renan "the Master of French and of all prose,"* which is an opinion I will not dispute, though it seems to me a little bit exaggerated. In addition to this Act of Reparation, I felt surprised and ashamed to remember (after my letter was gone) that I had omitted to mention in it the (to us) very great event of the Comte de Chambord's death. I must now make up for a piece of forgetfulness at which you will have been probably much astonished when you read that letter. Your own, which I am now answering, was written on August 24, the very day of his death. I certainly believe it to be a very important event for the future of France. The personal feeling of a sad termination of what formed part of all the recollections of my life was very painful ; but it is undeniable that every day of his life the poor Comte de Chambord seemed to drift more and more away from the current of general, I might say universal, French feeling and thought, and that if monarchy is ever to be restored it now has a chance which it had not before. The extraordinary and unpardonable act through which the Comtesse de Chambord contrived to annul the last manifestation of her husband's will, by excluding the Princes of the House of France from the funeral, is one which can never be excused ; but its result has been very favourable to the Comte de Paris; and Blacas, Muns, La Rochefoucaulds, and all the other most ardent Legitimists, have declared their allegiance to him with a promptitude and an *élan* for which he has to thank that poor Princess. He has himself won the good opinion of all by his admirably simple and dignified attitude ; and I really do hope that there is a

* The Governor of Madras, replying to an address presented to him under the authority of Monseigneur Laouennan, Bishop of Flaviopoli, an old schoolfellow of M. Renan's, had spoken of him as 'the greatest living master of French prose'—in other words, of all prose, meaning, of course, all contemporary prose.

future in store for poor France in the position now occupied by a Prince who can truly be said to represent the aspirations of the present as well as the stability of the past.'

Mr. and Mrs. Craven arrived at White House on September 20, and both were in unusually good spirits as they resumed the quiet ways of the cottage. In the evenings Mr. Craven read aloud an unpublished novel by his father, Mr. Keppel Craven, while Mrs. Craven knitted, and criticised the romantic if somewhat high-flown tale, the scene of which was in Calabria. Her shrewd sense was in frequent opposition to the personages of the story, and her husband continually vindicated the more romantic views of life. Mrs. Craven was active and strong, and attended early Mass and Communion at the parish church. She enjoyed short walks in the garden, always choosing sprays of heliotrope and white jessamine for her little nosegays. She consented to be photographed, and with fair success, though Mr. Craven, himself a photographer, was hardly satisfied with the arrangement of lace upon her head, and both raised interesting questions on the possibility of making photographs illustrate not only the truth of form, but the beauty of character. Mrs. Craven had so studied Italian portraits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that the exactness and detail of photography did not please her. She was essentially an artist whose first thought is to represent beauty in truth, rather than truth in beauty. As for her own presentment, she had no special anxiety, but she liked it at least to have the beauty of old age, of which more or less lace is a suitable accompaniment. Yet on the whole the portrait was not a bad one, and it gives an impression of her strength and energy at that time, when she was seventy-five years old. During her visit she read the first chapter of her last novel, 'Le Valbriant,' and described to us its plot. As ever, her spoken were more

delightful than her written words. Her vision of the reconciliation of modern labour with mediæval virtues, and of a factory which might be sanctified by work, as a church is sanctified by prayer, held her listeners in a spell. She seemed to have broken new and promising ground in the field of fiction.

The gleam of brightness on her path was, however, but short-lived. Her devoted maid, Eliza Thorpe, was very ill before Mrs. Craven left White House, and her mistress was eager to have good advice for her in London. The shock was very severe when the doctors consulted announced that Eliza was suffering from a painful form of cancer, that it was too late to hope for good from any operation, except, perhaps, one before her death, to lessen her agony. The effect on Mr. and Mrs. Craven's plans is described in the following fragments of her letters from London :

To Mrs. Bishop.

'HERBERT HOUSE,
'1883.

'One thing we have decided, and that is, not to give Eliza the additional pang of parting with me for good before she dies. For the present, therefore, we are not thinking of leaving England ; and when I told her so, and that I would always be at hand and coming to see her constantly, her face lighted up, and she looked so happy that it comforted me a little to be able to do that much for her. I could not have parted with her even if she had been resigned to it. How we shall manage, and what we shall do eventually, I don't know.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'AYRFIELD,* BOURNEMOUTH,
'*November* 30, 1883.

'Life is very delightful and reposeful here. I enjoy it intensely, and I am as well as I can ever hope to be (for I shall

* Ayrfield, the residence of Mr. and Lady G. Fullerton.

never feel quite strong again, that is certain). But rest, which is all the more needed, is all the more delightful, and I have the perfection of it here. I am also perfectly dazzled at the brightness of the sea.

Her Majesty's name and my own are to be written and inserted in the volumes (French paper not admitting of its being written on the first page of the book).'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'AYRFIELD,
'*Christmas Eve*, 1883.

'I thank you for this lovely little book, which I am so happy to possess in that shape, having grown to love it, and being more and more inclined to claim as our own all that portion of beauty and poetry which those are now recovering who began by destroying all the beauty with which we had filled the world! My dearest friend here, whom I love even more than I ever did before, is inclined to become suspicious of beauty, because at present it helps the ritualistic snare. But does it not help also those who think the thing through, to return to the fountain-head from whence it all springs? Anyhow, thank you, and may every blessing of God attend you and F. during these holy days! We are going to spend them here, and we only return to London (for a week) on the 8th. That much of our future plans I can tell you, but not much more, except that I am indulging in a dim hope of coming to Tunbridge Wells on our way to the sea, if, as I imagine, we go away before the end of January; but before that time I will write again often, and often, I hope, hear from you.

'The weather here is beautiful beyond description. I suppose, however, it is the same everywhere, though I believe there is something peculiar in the brightness of the sky and of the atmosphere here. It reminded me to-day of nothing but of Naples at this time of year, which there was the most beautiful of seasons. I have enjoyed this fully, and the absolute repose, with hours to myself, and hardly ever a guest or a visitor. I really bless God, as of a great grace, for this spell of repose.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'AYRFIELD,

'*December* 29, 1883.

'What you tell me of the Calendar* to the "Récit" touches me very much, still more your fidelity to it. That alone is enough to make me feel that you are a different friend to me from any other in the world. No one has realized so well that bit of my life, except those very few still living who formed part of it, and certainly no one like yourself keeps up now those dear remembrances, except myself. Did I tell you (yes, I think I did) that Lord Ronald Gower, in his "Reminiscences," describing a party at Wrest Park, says that "he met there a remarkable Frenchwoman with a handsome Dante face" (I should call that a handsome ugly face), "well known for having written several goody-goody books—amongst others, the 'Récit d'une Sœur,' which he had attempted to read, but had not succeeded in getting through." Of course, *I* don't approve of this judgment, but the book is full of many things that amused me, nevertheless.

'Albert de Mun came here yesterday, to my great joy, and spent the day with us. He is on excellent terms with the Comte de Paris, who invited him to Eu, and was as kind to him as possible.'

XLIII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'AYRFIELD,

'*January* 2, 1884.

'You ask me about my books, and the *envoi* of them to the Queen. It is rather a pretty story, though a long one, and I had meant to tell it you, but I forgot, and then I had no time. Well, some time early in December I sent, not the whole

* Drawn up by Mrs. Ambrose Awdry, wife of Major Awdry, R.E., who was private secretary to the Governor of Madras.

set, but ten volumes, which I considered quite a sufficient number for her Majesty's library, leaving out (by Lady Georgiana's advice) "Anne Severin," "Natalie Narischkin," and two others, which she thought too controversial. That reason would never have struck me as worth considering, but as she thought so, I at once took her suggestion. (I forgot to say that all this began by a message from the Queen, which was brought to me whilst I was in town by Ethel Cadogan, when she came out of waiting; this was that her Majesty wished me to send her my works, and to write my name at the beginning of each of them.) Well, the ten volumes went, as I told you, and after a week I got a letter from the same Ethel (gone into waiting again) to tell me that the Queen wished me to send "Anne Severin" and "Natalie Narischkin," and that she "was reading for the first time the 'Récit d'une Sœur' with the greatest interest," and that she wanted "all the books" I had ever written, with my name in each. Of course, those commands I obeyed, and sent (as I thought) all the missing volumes. A few days passed, and another letter came with her Majesty's request that I would send my Meditations. (These I had forgotten, and certainly never expected to be reminded of them by her.) So I sent to Paris for the Meditations, and packed them duly off to Osborne (where the Queen is now) ten days ago. All this was very satisfactory, and, vain as you know I am, I was of course much pleased and flattered, but much more so on Friday last when a large parcel arrived for me from her Majesty containing her picture and three books, two of her own (one of which is unpublished), and one printed for private circulation (a very few copies of it) of her sister, Princess Hohenlohe's letters to herself, my name and hers written by her Majesty at the beginning of each. This was being gracious, was it not? With all this came a note from her maid-of-honour to tell me that "I was to write to the Queen to thank her," and that "it would please her Majesty that I should write in French." This I did on Saturday, et voilà où nous en sommes.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'CLARIDGE'S,
'*January*, 1884.

'I must write one line to you, reckoning as I do on your sympathy, to tell you of a fresh and greater trial than any I have had yet. My poor dear Augustus is, not dangerously, but very seriously, unwell. Yesterday he was walking in the Strand as well as he ever was, when all of a sudden his sight got dim; he did not, however, feel giddy or faint, so he called a cab and came home very collected and quiet, but looking dreadfully ill. . . . To-day Dr. Chepmell says that it is paralysis of the left eye. He sees everything quite clearly with his sound eye, but when he uses both, what he looks at gets confused. He is to wear a shade over his left eye, and for the present abstain from using the other. He is therefore not to read, and no great hope is held out that this prohibition is to be of short duration.

'My dear friends, you know what all this means: the loss for him of his one pleasure in life; for me, of the one happiness that helped me through the much I have had to bear lately—the feeling that he was strong and well and near me to help and support me. I am fighting as hard as I can against the overwhelming feeling of desolation which now and then comes over me. I trust to God's mercy absolutely, and hope that the strength I want He will give me. Oh, why are you so far away? Augustus sends you both his love; he is very brave and very quiet, though it was a very great and sudden shock. He had been feeling and looking so well.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'49, BROOK STREET, LONDON,
'*February* 7, 1884.

'We have not communicated for a long time—not, I am sure, from not thinking of each other. . . . How can I help thinking of how we might have spent this month, if—well, it is very wrong to do this after having had such fears, and having every reason to be thankful at present. Augustus is really getting well again, and although the improvement is very slow

so far as his poor eye goes, still, it does improve, and I am hopeful for the future ; perhaps I should be even more so but for the effect of so many depressing circumstances. . . . I have heard that the Irish have got it all their own way at Rome just now. I do believe there is no help when there is that amount of power associated with wrong-headedness. If madmen recovered just enough of their reason to combine together, and were let loose, they would certainly get the better of all the wisdom of the world. I say all this to you without the least scruple, because you and Mrs. la Touche cannot pretend to be among the Irish of the right sort. though I have not yet quite understood where one began and where one ceased to be an Irish man or woman. I am told, for instance, that Lord O'Hagan and Lord Emly are no longer considered to be Irishmen—and so on of all those I like.

'God bless you all ! I am in better spirits, as you see, though I can't quite say why, et le naturel revient au galop.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*March* 15, 1884.

'We are much excited by the English victories in the Soudan, and now I do hope that those brave Bedouins who fight so wonderfully will at last understand that they could get on very well with the English if they would only stop and listen a bit. I believe in Gordon with the most undoubting faith. It is quite a relief to think of such a man in a time of such mediocrities as those one is surrounded with, and I heartily join in Lady Georgiana's hope that they will throw the bridle on his neck, although I can well understand what she also says (and, as Lord Granville was staying with her at the time, what is, I suppose, his opinion too), that for practical English statesmen it must be difficult to put entire confidence in one who looks for guidance in political and military affairs to the Book of Isaiah. And yet Gordon is practical too, and I do hope they will let him have his way.'

In March Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had asked Lady Georgiana Fullerton, through Mr. Lilly, to contribute to a series of articles on 'Women's Work ' which

were then appearing in his paper, one on the work done by Catholic Sisterhoods. Lady Georgiana did not feel equal or inclined to write, in her bad state of health, and she advised Mr. Lilly to propose that the writer of this Memoir should replace her. Mrs. Craven took a special interest in collecting data for the articles, and, together with much other and unpublished information, sent M. Maxime Ducamps's admirable contributions on Parisian charities to her friend.

The circumstance is mentioned in Mrs. Craven's 'Life of Lady G. Fullerton,' and in a letter from Lady Georgiana she urges Mrs. Craven to devote herself to writing her own reminiscences. They had been planned during the winter at Bournemouth. Both had agreed that they were to be entitled 'Le Chemin Parcouru.' However we may value her subsequent literary work, the friends of Mrs. Craven must earnestly regret that any other subject whatever drew her from writing so precious a record.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*April* 9, 1884.

'We spend our evenings mostly alone ; the former Paris evening visitors have become rather visionary appearances, and that habit (like many others that made society pleasant here) is fast going out. This is the natural result of the late dinner-hours, which have been borrowed from England. The fact is, that, as nobody now can drop in before ten o'clock, I am anything but anxious that they should drop in at all. . . . What conversation is now in Paris I cannot describe to you. . . . One present ingredient of it makes it disagreeable to us, and that is the animosity, hatred, and derision with which they speak of England. It just now looks like madness, but it is not one of a pleasant sort. We in the meantime are terribly anxious and surprised at the Government's attitude towards Egypt, and, indeed, I feel all the "jingoism" that is in me

reviving to a tremendous degree; and if harm comes to Gordon (who, in my eyes, is a hero of the purest water), I shall give way to it quite, and never side with Gladstone or Gladstonians again in any degree at all on any subject.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 14, 1884.

'You know the sad news of Lady Georgiana? I fear that we must prepare ourselves for the worst now that this relapse has taken place after her wonderful rally. It is such a grief to me! Those six weeks with her at Ayrfield were so peaceful, and she looked so well and strong that, in spite of what I knew was amiss, I could not help trusting to the wonderful strength of her constitution. My dearest friend, I wish I could talk to you. The same clouds are gathering round me that have often darkened my life before, and, as before, I hope that we shall weather the threatening storm. But, then, when health is failing from age, when it would be so necessary to prepare one's self quietly for approaching death, repose assumes another aspect than it did before, and one does not know how to do without it. It is like attempting to live without food.

'*Tuesday*, 15*th*.—I have just received a pencil note from dear G. Fullerton—so touching and consoling. She is admirably helped and supported, and her example will be hope and strength and help to many others. Humanly speaking, she certainly has many comforts—a most peaceful home, the knowledge that her husband is immensely supported, not only by his religious faith and feelings, but by his constant and persevering acts of devotion, and she has near her a confessor who is her best friend in the world and her soul's greatest benefactor. These are blessed human conditions, but she has besides that Divine and peculiar assistance, which, they say, is never denied to those who have devoted their lives to the poor. She has sent me, besides her note, some lines (cut out, I believe, from an Irish paper) called "The School of Sorrow," to which she has added a few words that make it a treasure to me. I expect great graces from the prayers of that great, good, and beloved friend. . . .

'The Holy Week here has been very edifying; the churches were all crowded to such a degree that it quite looked as if the irreligious impulse given by the Government was acting the other way.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*May* 18, 1884.

'I have just received your letter after Lourdes. I much envy you that pilgrimage. It is painful to me to have lived during this period of its pious popularity, without ever having been able to join in it. But so it has been, and not from any will of my own. It is not that I am one whose devotion is much acted upon by anything of the kind, and I should have especially dreaded forming part of one of those large organized pilgrimages; but I should have liked to go there by myself. I also know of all the present surroundings (most human, as you say), and most disturbing I should have found them; and when I am too sorry to have been unable to go to Lourdes, I feel that the thoughts of all that (as I must call it) profanation lessens my regret. Nothing is equal to the pain of feeling non-edified, at the very moment that one is having one's faith confirmed by almost marvellous occurrences. It pulls one's soul two ways in a torturing fashion. . . . We are quite astonished at your not appearing to give a thought to Gordon and to what is happening about him in England. We think of nothing else. Anything like the conduct of the Government about him I have never seen or heard of during the whole forty-eight years that I have known and loved England. And as to Gordon himself, I place him very high among men. . . . more so than ever since I have read his wonderful "Reflections in Palestine."'

Lady Herbert had been a friend of Mrs. Craven for many years. She had known her in the time when Mr. and Mrs. Craven had a house in Berkeley Square, and when Lady Granville's and Lady Palmerston's drawing-rooms were the meeting-place for men and women of distinction, political or diplomatic. But until 1877 there was little sustained correspondence between Lady Herbert and Mrs. Craven.

After her great kindness and hospitality on the occasion of Eliza Thorpe's illness, in 1883, the bonds of intimate friendship were drawn closer, and by the goodwill of Lady Herbert the writer of this Memoir has been allowed to select some letters of Mrs. Craven to her after that date for publication.

To Lady Herbert.

'PARIS,
'*May* 25, 1884.

'The Nuncio (who was here last evening) seems astonished at the almost impossibility of getting his advice listened to by the people of the *Univers*, who are bent (even now, with blasphemy and atheism all around us, making themselves heard everywhere) on attacking, till they destroyed it if they could, the reputation and memory of the Bishop of Orleans. What a strange kind of madness it is!

'I have been writing a short review of General Gordon's religious book, "Reflections in Palestine." On reading it attentively, I found it so full of our own spirituality, as well as of our own faith, that it seemed to me interesting to point this out. There are not many such men as he in this generation, and it is a satisfactory as well as a hopeful fact, that there is (whether he knows it or not) so much Catholicism in him. May we be able to claim him quite as ours before the end of his devoted, generous life!

'I have every day better and better news from dear Lady Georgiana, yet, though she has been for several weeks out of danger, her recovery seems to be very slow indeed.

'Good-bye, dearest and kindest friend. Let me hear from you soon again.'

The enthusiasm felt by Mrs. Craven for General Gordon reveals some of her own seldom uttered feelings. Faith had led them alike to green pastures, of which ordinary souls know little. Whether he were in the Catholic fold or not, Mrs. Craven knew in him a brother who had recognized the Lord 'in the breaking of bread.' She admired the accom-

plished soldier in his skill and force of will, and to find that he was not only a hero in the ordinary sense of the word, but also a Christian after the pattern of the Abbé Gerbet, was a joyful surprise which moved her deeply. His courage and single-heartedness attracted her. That he desired 'not honours, but honour,' and that he also took for his use the yet nobler motto, 'Neither honours nor honour,' satisfied her profounder sense of disinterested service to God alone.

Yet it was not merely her admiration for Gordon that put her pen in action. It was the strangely Catholic, indeed, the higher mystical, sense in which he wrote of the Blessed Eucharist in his book 'Reflections in Palestine' which gained her sympathy. This 'Chinese Gordon,' this Pacha of the Soudan, wrote of the sublime yet most natural mystery as Gerbet had done in his 'Dogme Générateur.' Gordon wished to make known 'how God lives in us.' 'It is the great secret,' he says.*

If the reader have sought to comprehend Mrs. Craven's spiritual life, he will understand how words such as these seemed the living answer to her thoughts, and compelled her to echo them in her vivid paper, which was printed in the *Correspondant* of June 10, 1884.

* General Gordon's 'Reflections in Palestine' was published in 1884, during his absence at Khartoum. He wrote from thence on March 3, when asked if he approved the title of the book, the words which Mrs. Craven quotes: 'I am very interested in the book, for it may tend to show forth God's dwelling in us. This is the great secret (Psalm xxv.). Also He made us in order to have a house—*naos*—to live in. Without us He is houseless; He made us, and how much do we need Him!'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*June* 11, 1884.

'We are not for the present thinking of stirring, whatever we do later. We shall in all probability remain in Paris till the end of July. On August 1 we have promised to go to Switzerland, and Princesse Wittgenstein expects us to remain with her at Monabri till September 15. But whether this comes to pass or not depends on both Augustus's and on my health. We feel afraid now to go so far away from home, and whether we shall make up our minds or not can only be decided when the time comes. At present, I am thankful to say, we are both well; we are even going to join on Saturday next a family party to meet the *fiancée* of the Duc de Blacas (Mdlle. de Civrac), who is going to reward him by her hand and her large fortune for the brave expiation he submitted to on the loss of his own (by his imprudent belief in Bontoux). It is a very satisfactory marriage, at which we are all much pleased. His three years in Manitoba have inspired him with a strong desire to live quietly at home and among his own people again, without any further want of excitement. This will be our only "outing" this year (except on Easter Sunday), but at this time of the year I think we may venture on a few little recreations of that sort, which will perhaps do Augustus more good than harm, as he sometimes seems to me to want a little change. People look in upon us certainly often enough in the evening, but the late dinner-hours make these visitors come so late that there is perhaps more fatigue than pleasure in that kind of society now. In a very few years it will quite have ceased to be in Paris, and it will be talked of (as of the *petits soupers* of a hundred years ago) as of a pleasant thing of another generation, unknown to the coming one.

'I see you have not at all been Gordonized to the extent that we have. He still is my hero, and if you see the *Correspondant* you will have read an article of mine on his wonderful "Reflections in Palestine."'

'I will send a copy of the "Récit" to your Serene Highness,* but you must explain to her that this is done at your bidding, and not spontaneously, which would make me look rather ridiculous, I think. . . .

'My sister-in-law (Henry's mother) has been very brilliant and very happy lately, having given the first entertainment in Paris at which the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their daughter were present (in the eyes of all Legitimists now the King and Queen of France, for the exceptions are not worth mentioning). Their [alas! never-to-be] Majesties seemed to enjoy it greatly. It was, they say (for of course we did not go), a most perfect affair, a brilliant and amusing ball with the *fine fleur* of royalism and good company, which I must say may be called synonymous. The old Orleanists were there too, but not many of them, because of the death of M. d'Haussonville, which, added to that of M. d'Harcourt, has put in mourning the best and greatest among them. I am told, however, that they are a little nettled at the evident favour shown to the Legitimists by the Comte de Paris, who seems to look upon them as the only true Royalists, and in one sense he is right. Marie, my niece, was, it appears, charming, and helped her mother-in-law much by her good looks and manners. . . . On Monday the whole thing was repeated at the Duc de La Rochefoucauld Bisaccia's, where they danced till seven o'clock, and then the Comte and Comtesse de Paris left to go off straight to the station to meet the eight o'clock train for Eu. Who would imagine that France is where it is, when people are up to all this liveliness, of which there is much more than these fêtes would prove (for in them, at least, there is a use and a meaning)? On all sides one hears of nothing but of a kind of mad excitement. Never has there been before (so they say) so brilliant a season.

'In the meantime, the law re-establishing divorce has passed, and also that of non-exemption of Seminarists from military service.'

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* Her Serene Highness Princess Amélie of Schleswig-Holstein.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*July* 8, 1884.

'I have been reading over again your very dear letter, and can hardly imagine what you mean. I had so little to offer you in return for the pleasure your presence gave me. Indeed, you love me, I know, so well, that you would be sorry to know how sad I felt after your departure. You said one day that I did not speak out sufficiently, and I was surprised, because I have an idea that I am only too expansive, but I thought it over, and I know what you mean. The fact is, I so seldom meet with those to whom I can speak of my real self, that I don't know how to do it when I have the opportunity, as I have it with you, and I had not time to do so during our last short meeting ; no, not even to tell you all I had felt when my poor dear Augustus met with that cruel accident, when I so longed for you in London. Your presence here cheered him and me up. The sad past (even the part of it that is still, alas ! present) was almost forgotten during those three days. Oh, if I could see his dear eyes once more as they were ! He was so well for a few hours on Friday that he thought he was quite well again. Do you think it a good sign that it comes and goes in that way, and that sometimes he sees with that left eye, as he does with the other, everything single and not double ?'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,
'*July* 28, 1884.

'Here comes your welcome letter. You will be glad to hear that we are pretty well, and that on the whole we enjoy our stay in this delightful place. Augustus, as yet, bears tolerably well this out-of-his-own-home life, and is only occasionally low and dejected, in that way which makes me feel distracted. Generally speaking, he is better and happier here than I had ventured to hope. . . . The Princess wants us to stay here for ever—that is, till November ; but it is impossible that we should do that. However, I don't make plans or look forward to anything, but

I think it probable that we shall be back in Paris (at least for a few days) early in September.

'I have had delightful letters from Albert here. It is the oddest thing in the world, but one for which I am most thankful, that he should have found out that we could be a comfort and a help, as well as pleasant company, to each other. . . . I have met here a very nice woman, whom I already know, but not very intimately, and who is deep in the work of the Cercles Catholiques. Through her I have got hold of papers I had never read before, and I now feel that I understand better than I did their object and their plans, wishes, and dreams. I think I now see where I agree with them, and where I do not. As to the importance of the subject, the usefulness of devoting one's self to its study and to the relief of all the sufferers in the working classes, etc., there cannot be two opinions. Even if they commit mistakes, even if they fail, their life will have been well spent in the attempt. But as to their "Christian Monarchy," and what they mean by it, I can neither understand nor follow them. It all comes from the unfortunate moment of the birth, or revival, of the Cercles when it was considered that the Liberal Catholics were the only enemies to be fought, and the Liberal application of the Syllabus to present facts the most urgent thing to do. Of course the words "Liberty," "Constitutional Governments," above all, "Parliamentary institutions," were all to be not only avoided, but absolutely forbidden, so, then, the one power wished and hoped for was this visionary monarchy, in which I cannot believe at all. Of course, a Christian monarchy means a Christian monarch with uncontrolled power—and what then? If we are Royalists, as we certainly are, we mean that monarch to have successors; are we, then, to rely on a series of religious kings? If not, what will happen? and when has there ever been a succession of sovereigns quite worthy of being trusted in that way? Christianity had not been abjured when Louis XV. was King of France; he was the most Christian King *par excellence.* How could they have worked out their ideas then? When and how will they ever be able to do so, if they require for that the revival or the institution of that kind of governing power in times such as these we live in? I am almost sure that they will sooner or later perceive their mistake in this respect, but I cannot attempt to point it out to them. . . . We

had a touching function at the church yesterday—the ordination of two young priests by Monseigneur Mermillod, the first ordination that has taken place at Lausanne since the Reformation.'

Mrs. Craven was right. Comte Albert de Mun has perceived that the authority which could at all times protect his plans of moral reform in the relations of capital and labour is not vested in Bourbon or other hereditary princes, but in Christian ethics as proclaimed by the Catholic Church. His deference to the teaching of Leo XIII. after the Pope's Encyclical on the Labour Question, published in 1891, would seem to show how justly his aunt had prophesied. Meantime she was working at her novel 'Le Valbriant,' much influenced by her nephew, and by his ideas about the reconciliation of working men and their employers.

XLIV.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 24, 1884.

'The great trouble, by the thoughts of which I have been perpetually haunted for many months, has come at last quite suddenly, and when I was feeling happier about dear Augustus than I had been for a long time. On Friday morning, the 22nd, he had a paralytic seizure far more alarming than the last. His right arm and leg are paralyzed, and his speech is affected, though not in the least his head, which is as clear as ever, and he is calm and collected, and resigned and prepared. But, oh! dearest friend, can you imagine what I feel?

'I must try and tell you things as they are exactly, without dwelling on myself. The doctor says that there is no imminent danger, that, in fact, his condition at this moment (forty-eight hours after so serious an attack) is as good as it possibly can

be, and if this state of things continues for three or four more days he thinks he may recover from this attack. . . .

'I have many things to say, but I cannot—I wish to prepare myself, I wish to submit. Mass was to have been said on Thursday next, the 28th, and we were to have received Holy Communion together on our golden wedding-day—the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage! We must thank God for those many years, and not complain. I do my best to bear up, as he likes to have me always in sight; but I am very weak, and as yet God has not helped me, as He is sure to do in His own good time. God bless you. Write here. The Princess is kindness itself; no comfort is wanting. We have a good doctor; and an excellent priest. There is no reason to regret having come; we did what seemed the best.'

Mrs. Craven's note-book contains the following entry made on August 28, but recounting the circumstances of the previous week according to their dates:

'MONABRI,
'1884.

'It is fifty years to-day since we were married. We had meant to celebrate our golden wedding by receiving Holy Communion together in the chapel. It seemed as easy, eight short days ago, to do it as to plan it.

'On the 21st my dear Augustus was well in health, and I had no anxiety about him, except the fear that is ever present with me since the month of January. But on Friday, the 22nd, a new and more severe attack of his treacherous disease came to renew all my terrors. My God, Thy will be done now in this, the greatest trial of my life. I know not what will be, for God may yet spare me the dear friend and companion of so many long years. The hour of our separation may yet be delayed, but I stand awaiting it. Strengthen me, help me. Help us to love only Thee and Thy will.

'I write now, for I know by experience that all becomes

confused in the brain when it is distracted by grief, and I would forget nothing that happens during these days.

'Friday, the 22nd, I was at Mass. Luigi came running to call me: "Il signor è male, molto male." While the doctor was being fetched, he said to me, "I wish to be quite prepared; send for——" I understood, and I asked him if he wished to see the Abbé Calpini (the chaplain to whom he had confessed the week before) or M. le Curé. He said, "M. le Curé of Lausanne." Then he kissed me as he said, "Dear, dearest, I don't care for anything on earth except leaving you." The doctor came, and seeing that he had such complete use of his faculties, and that, though he could not move his paralyzed limbs, they still retained much sensibility, he assured me that though the attack was a very serious one, he might partly recover from it.

'Augustus some days before had given up his room to M. Mercier, who came to pass some days here, and who was ill. Augustus, feeling himself well, had insisted on M. Mercier's having his room, and occupied another. But now he was put back into the room he had left. The door of it opened from mine, and I had at least the happiness of being near him night and day. When he was settled in his bed I knelt down beside it. He was perfectly calm, and pressed and kissed my hand, and said the sweetest and most tender words to me, repeating, "God knows best; He does all things well," and many other things, all which were pious and loving, but which my troubled memory cannot bring to my mind. In the afternoon M. le Curé came and stayed some time with him. He had brought with him the holy oils for the last sacraments, but he found him better than he had expected. And as the doctor assured him there was no imminent danger, he had only heard his confession and afterwards talked with him. He told me that Augustus was perfectly calm, that he did not fear

death, that he only asked grace to be prepared. M. le Curé was touched and edified by his readiness and good dispositions. He told me that my poor dear had asked him if it were wrong for him to desire that I might not remain on earth long when he was gone.

'Next day, Saturday, the doctor found him better, but Augustus shook his head and said to me, "I shall never get over this," and then, when I was kneeling beside him, he said again to me, with tears in his eyes, "that it was me he could not bear to leave, that he cared for nothing else on earth," then he took his crucifix and kissed it, and placed it where he could always find it, under his head. I kissed him, and he held me close to him for a little while and said, "I could kiss you for ever—stay there, let me see you." He then told me where his papers were, and said, "I should like to be buried at Boury." Oh! my dear, my dear, yes, it is there, if it be the will of God, that we shall find rest together side by side. He never complained, simply remarking that he could not move his right hand the least.

'Sunday there was a slight improvement; the peace of his soul continued. Evening and morning we said our prayers together, and during the day I read him a chapter of the *Imitation*, and the beautiful prayer of Père de la Colombière. He kissed his crucifix, and took it with him from his bed to the sofa where he was allowed to spend the day, and he said, "My dear crucifix! I don't like it to be away from me for a moment."

'On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the improvement continued, but his condition was surrounded with such uncertainty that at times my courage altogether left me. Forsake me not, my God!

'*Thursday*, *August* 28.—St. Augustine's Feast and the anniversary of our marriage, the day of our "golden wedding." He desired to receive Communion in his bed,

and afterwards I went down for Mass to the chapel and in my turn I received Communion. What shall I say of what I thought and felt? Thou knowest, my God. Sorrow overcame me, my poor dear looked at me so sadly, and I felt my bodily strength giving way. He was on his sofa and I threw myself on his bed. Suddenly I heard him sigh gently. I ran to him, and he said, "I am only thinking how happy I am." "Oh! dearest, trial finds you very gentle and very brave. May God be pitiful and ever near you!" He had already said to me frequently, "God is so good, He does all things well." And so it was God led us hither, where a perfect friend helps us in this trial, and does not suffer us to feel regret that we are not at home.

'Both of us endeavour to dismiss anxious thoughts, and to accept as a mercy from God the blessings of peace and silence which we possess here, the pleasures of this good air and this view and quiet solitude. Visits would have greatly tired us. He repeats constantly, "All is well, let us find fault with nothing."

'Et moi, mon Dieu! me voilà devant vous, entrée dans ce rude et dernier sentier de la vie. Que votre main m'aide, me soutienne, me guide!

'Mon Dieu! s'il vous plaît, donnez-moi de la force, mais si l'un de nous deux doit être abattu, l'autre courageux, laissez-lui le courage et donnez-moi l'abattement. Nous nous jetons dans vos bras. Ne nous laissez pas tomber.

'*Sunday*, *August* 31.—He was better to-day, and he speaks more distinctly. This morning, after our prayers, I read him the Mass, having heard it myself. Then he asked me to read him a chapter of "La Présence de Dieu,"* and

* Probably the book entitled 'La Présence de Dieu' by the Père Gonnelieu. He is well known as one of the translators of the 'Imitation of Christ.'

desired me to add it in future every day to our chapter of the "Imitation." I had been anxious all day, and could not command myself. May God restore calm to me, and I will ask no more, for I cannot attain it save by His love and grace, and that is all I desire.

'*Monday*, *September* 1.—A little weaker this morning, but he was again better during the day than he was yesterday. We read as usual together. He always listens with extreme attention and piety and pleasure. Later I read to him a book which he had chosen, on Ethnography and Phrenology. Afterwards I lay down thoroughly tired. I am miserable because I am so weak, and because I suffer so much physically when my life is so agitated. Give me strength, Lord, to do all that I ought to do.

'*Tuesday*, *September* 2.—For him a good night and a tolerable day. It is he who settles every day what are to be our prayers and our reading. He is somewhat clearer in speech, but his hand remains the same.'

* * * * *

Again Mrs. Craven wrote in her Diary:

'*Friday*, *September* 12.—It is the anniversary to-day of Augustus's abjuration. If we had foreseen these fifty years beforehand that we should be still together at their termination, thanking God for the grace of that day, how long they would have seemed; and now that they are spent they appear as a dream. Yet they represent a long life. Let us complain of nothing; let us accept all.

'*Sunday*, *September* 14.—Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Anniversary of my first Communion in 1819, and of his fifteen years later. He received Holy Communion in bed with his accustomed piety and recollection. Afterwards I went to Mass, and in my turn received Communion in commemoration of the day. That day, at the threshold of life, now celebrated in the wane of life, suggests

inexpressible thoughts. Oh! if God would enable us to grasp and understand and realize them, they would all be sweet and consoling. We have lived and believed, and hoped and received Communion, only in the expectation of the last day. The nearer we approach it, the better we should enjoy them.

'*Monday, September* 29.—These are my last steps in life. God grant I may finish it well. Last week was full of pain and difficulty. My poor Augustus, better in some respects, seemed to measure more exactly the inactive future which seemed reserved for him. At times the prospect dismayed his courage. It seemed a greater trial than that of a speedy death, for which he had prepared himself. I saw him often sad and silent for long hours. How often has my heart been rent!

'Besides, my dear friend who has been so tender and helpful, my support in this great trial, has become seriously ill herself. She has been feverish, she has had sudden fainting fits, and she is terribly changed, and so weak that it is as difficult for her to leave her couch as for my poor Augustus to leave his. I went from one to the other with anguish in my heart, and without help. A dreadful sense of fatigue overcame me, and I felt as if I were losing heart and strength, till I fell ill, and was haunted by terror lest I should not be able to help either.

'Oh! mon Dieu! j'ai voulu dire "Tout ce que voudrez," mais j'ai eu des moments de doute de mes forces, d'inquiétude, et de cette tristesse que vous savez avec laquelle tout s'aggrave au point de m'accabler. Sans laquelle tout me semble facile à supporter. Oh! Dieu, maître de ma vie, laissez ou ôtez-en les épines selon votre volonté mais acceptez ma souffrance comme une prière, une prière ardente, pour que l'âme qui m'est chère demeure toujours calme et lumineuse. Au nom de Jésus Christ, notre Seigneur.

'*October* 1. — Yesterday morning a great and sudden alarm was added to my constant anxiety. Towards half-past eight o'clock, I was at his bedside to see if he was awake, for he had gone to sleep again after a restless night. He said to me, "Let us say our prayers." I knelt down at once and repeated them, and then I went to dress; but a few minutes after I heard myself called. I ran to him. He was gasping for breath. He was pale and panting, and his breathing was noisy. I felt terrified. "Pray, pray, say prayers for me!" And I said aloud the *Memorare* and *Sume, Domine*,* and all the prayers that came to my mind. Then I detached the crucifix which always hung near him. He seized it as he said, "Oh yes, give it to me. I love it!" and he kissed two or three times the feet of the Christ with fervour, exclaiming "Here, here!" I asked him if he wished to see the chaplain—M. le Curé was away. "Yes, yes." His words came with gasps, but yet they were very distinct. All he uttered was prayers, or to say that God

* The *Memorare* is a prayer well known to Catholics, and to be found in every Catholic Prayer-Book. The *Sume, Domine* is by St. Ignatius of Loyola. It is not so widely known, and it is perhaps well to give it in the original Latin and in the English translation:

Prayer of St. Ignatius.	Translation.
'Sume, Domine, et suscipe omnem meam libertatem, meam memoriam, meum intellectum, et omnem voluntatem meam, quid quid habeo et possideo: tu mihi hæc omnia dedisti, tibi, Domine, ea restituo; omnia tua sunt, dispone de illis, pro omni voluntate tua. Da mihi tuum amorem et gratiam, nam hæc mihi sufficit.'	'Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory, my understanding, and all my will, all that I have and possess. Thou hast given it to me; to Thee, O Lord, I restore it: all is Thine, dispose of it according to all Thy will. Give me Thy love and Thy grace, for this is enough for me.'

was so good—had always been so good to him; and to me, "Oh! dearest, I love you so much!" By degrees, however, that spasm calmed down, and when the Abbé Calpini arrived, he was better. The chaplain was edified by the state of mind in which he found Augustus, and gave him absolution. At last, when the doctor came, except for the alteration in his speech, he found him much as usual.'

XLV.

THE next entry in Mrs. Craven's Journal is only a date, 'Saturday, October 4, 1884,' and after that a cross.

On the 31st she writes:

'I have only been able to-day to re-open this book. Four weeks since the last day passed with him on earth. I have not written, but I had no fear that even the slightest incident of that day should ever be effaced from my memory. Yet I will put those precious recollections beyond the risks of that failure of the memory which time and age bring about.

'*November* 5.—On Friday, October 3, the day began as usual; the previous night had been good. I went to Mass, and after my return I knelt down as usual by his bedside and we said our prayers. Towards half-past ten I read for him our morning portion in the little book which has been sent to us lately by Monsignor Capecelatro, called "Sursum Corda." That day the chapter which I read to him was entitled "Blessed are they that weep" (Beati coloro che piangono), and I found it difficult, I know not why, to finish it. I was not sadder or more uneasy than usual, yet every minute my voice was broken by tears. I got over that, however, as much as I could, that I might not grieve him.

'At half-past eleven I went down for breakfast, and when I came upstairs, towards twelve, I found that he had been, as usual, moved from his bed to a couch, and I began to settle his hair and his necktie, as I did every day since he could not use his right hand. I soon saw that he was more depressed than usual. He had had a fit of impatience during the difficulties of dressing, and he had remained vexed. I was also, for nothing troubled me so much as that his dear soul should have any trouble of this kind during these days of trial. I felt how solemn they were, though I was far from foreseeing how short the trial was to be. I proposed that we should read our chapter of the "Imitation," but he told me to put it off, because he was not ready to listen to me.

'I then sat down in silence near him, and I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Bishop, which was interrupted by an agonized prayer that God would remove this cloud. If I had better understood, I might have rightly called the morning's fit of impatience a *felix culpa*, for I am certain that it was the origin of redoubled fervour during the rest of the day, of which the memory remains with me as a treasure of consolation.

'When I had finished my letter, during which he had seemed to doze, I asked him again if he would like to listen to my reading. "Yes, certainly; I am now quite ready to listen to you." He listened with extreme attention to the chapter we had come to in the third book, which we were reading through, and that chapter was the forty-eighth, on eternal blessedness. I did not read without emotion that admirable chapter, of which every word went to my heart, and which seemed to produce on him the same effect. When I had finished it in the English translation which we used generally, he said to me, "What a beautiful chapter! I wish you would read it over again for me in Italian." I

was somewhat surprised by the unaccustomed wish, but I did as he asked me immediately, and read him from beginning to end the Italian version of the noble chapter. . . .

'I lay down on my sofa in my room with the door wide open into his. In a quarter of an hour lights came, and at the same moment I heard Augustus speaking calmly and naturally and cheerfully as he welcomed somebody who came in. It was M. le Curé of Lausanne, who, returning from the Synod of Fribourg, where he had been for a week, came straight from the railway-station to pay him a visit. I got up at once to speak to him, and then I went back to my room and shut my door that they might be alone together.

'Half an hour afterwards M. le Curé told me that Augustus had asked if he might make his confession. As he had done so very lately, M. le Curé was rather surprised, but he heard him and gave him absolution. He spoke of his state of mind with much edification, and at the same time he remarked that his speech was as clear as his head, and though he was slightly changed, he did not find him less well than before he went to Fribourg. (Later the Curé said to me that in this same conversation Augustus had spoken of his wish to make a general confession, but that the Curé told him he did not think it was necessary. After that they spoke of the synod. Augustus took his accustomed interest in all questions that concerned the Church.)

'He let me begin to read to him. He had chosen a book by Mr. Lilly, "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought." He made me read in it a long chapter on Newman and the first incidents of the Oxford Movement. After that I went to the Princess during the time he always took to prepare for the night and to be carried again to his bed.

'When I returned I knelt beside him for our prayers

together; when they were ended and I had got up, he said to me, "Pray, say with me one more act of contrition." I was touched by his request, and it crossed my mind that perhaps it was his hastiness that morning which he regretted, and it was for the same reason that he had wished to confess some hours before. My God! when he was so near Thy presence, I am ready to believe that his conscience was free of all other voluntary fault. I knelt down again, and said as best I could the act of final contrition. He joined in it with great fervour; then I went and undressed; and a quarter of an hour later I went back to him once more, as I always did, to bid him a last good-night. Last! yes, this time really the last. He seemed very quiet, and I thought he was going to have a calm night. I stooped and made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and I kissed him, saying, "Good-night, God bless you, dearest." He answered, "God bless you, darling." If I had known, ah! if I had guessed, that these words were the last he would articulate! If I had known that never, never again in this world should I hear the dear sound of his voice! But I had no presentiment of that. I went back to my bed, and I even slept, satisfied, because I did not hear him call or ring his little bell, and expecting a good night for him.

'Between two and three o'clock I was awakened by Luigi, "Signora, venite, venite; non sta bene." I ran. To reassure Luigi, I told him not to be afraid, it was doubtless an attack of weakness as on Tuesday last. I told him to prepare all the remedies which the doctor had then prescribed. Meantime I was by his side; I held his hand—his left hand—and I felt that it was as inert as was the other. He was pale. His eyes were quite closed. He did not reply, and gave no sign of consciousness. Yet, when I stooped, and when I spoke to him and began to pray aloud, a slight movement passed over his face like a smile. Perhaps

he heard me; perhaps he at least knew that I was near him. His breathing was quick, but not noisy. My anxiety increased, but I did not lose hope. I put his crucifix to his lips, his dear crucifix which he always seized so eagerly. Now he could not hold or see it any more.

'In the meantime Luigi had called what people he could in the house. The chaplain had been sent for as well as M. le Curé, who lived at some distance, and who could not arrive within three-quarters of an hour. The chaplain gave him a final absolution. I hardly know what I said or did. I repeated all the prayers in which I knew he would join if he heard them. The chaplain told me to do so; he said that my voice would be better heard than his. Augustus seemed neither to suffer nor struggle. Before four o'clock M. le Curé arrived, bringing with him the holy oils. I held Augustus's left hand all the time. His face rested against my right hand; I thought I heard him breathing gently. I watched M. le Curé, whose eyes were fixed on him. After a while he took his hand and felt his pulse. I had imagined that Augustus was rising up, but M. le Curé knelt down, and the prayer he began to recite aloud was the "De Profundis."

'Oh, mon Dieu! à quel moment cette âme chérie s'est elle exhalée si doucement? A quel moment avons nous été séparés par ce grand et mystérieux abyme? A quel moment m'a-t-il quittée et suis-je restée seule? Je ne puis le dire. La paix et la douleur même de ces moments suprêmes, m'ont empéchée de comprendre quel avait été le dernier.

'What passes in the soul during such hours cannot be written. The words in which such depths of feeling could be expressed do not exist in our poor human language. What a mystery is the very strength which enables us to go through such depths. When all the dreadful fear is realized,

when irreparable, crushing loss is ours, an inexplicable peace, a sensation that the happiness utterly gone from us still exists and triumphs somewhere, and these horrible moments themselves contain the germs and the promise of it.

'Oh, mon Dieu! mon Sauveur! soyez béni, béni, béni des grâces que vous m'avez accordées.

'During all that first, terrible day did I not always hear at the bottom of my heart as it were the voice of God saying, "What didst thou ask of Me? Have I not granted it? Yes or no?" Yes, yes, my Father and my God. I asked of Thee but one thing: grace and faith for him and peace to the end. Thou heardest me, and on my knees I thank Thee. I feel that infinite grace descended on us. I desire to suffer and accept all.

'Saturday the 4th, and Sunday. I have been able to pass yet another day near him. Never did the repose of death seem to me more sweet to contemplate than on his features, which have remained entirely unchanged. Neither sickness nor death has left its traces. Good friends have come, sisters and priests. I have felt near him nothing but calm and trust. A certain involuntary impression makes the living dread the touch of death even in their dearest, but I have not felt this near him, not for a second.

'Monday, Albert and Henri arrived. The service was held in the beautiful church. If he had been able to foresee and direct all in advance, it would have fulfilled his wishes. The thought was pleasant to me, and how pleasant to look back and feel that I was useful to him, and that I really helped to support him in his last combat! Thank God! Thank God! I do not think I am mistaken in this thought.

'For twenty days he lay near the chapel in a place where leave was given that he might remain, and each day I could

go and pray beside him. Then, on October 25, he was taken away. The grave which is being prepared for us at Boury is not yet ready. He is laid in the vault of Alfred, but he will rest in the place where I shall rejoin him as he desired, and asked of me the day he fell ill. Dear, dear husband, which of the words you said to me failed to manifest your affection, your courage, your resignation, and your faith?'

The death of Augustus Craven was recorded, with friendly comments on his career and character, by several papers at home and abroad, but more than one of them showed how inaccurate obituary notices can be. He was the petted grandson of the Margravine of Anspach, and he was given a commission, at a very early age, in a line regiment. Then, entering the Foreign Office, he was appointed attaché to the British Legation at Naples in 1830, when Mr. Hill, afterwards Lord Berwick, was our Minister and Ferdinand I. was King. There, doubtless, he made acquaintance with the La Ferronnays family, after their abandonment of Rome. In 1833 he was, for a short time, attached to Mr. Cartwright's Legation at Frankfort, but he was sent back to Naples in the December of the same year. Of Lisbon and Brussels, where in his house Olga de la Ferronnays died, the reader will have heard. From 1843 to November, 1851, he was secretary of Legation at Stuttgart, under Sir Alexander Malet, who was accredited to Wurtemberg and to Baden, and for some months during 1846 Mr. Craven acted as Private Secretary to the Marquis of Normanby, our Ambassador at Paris. In 1851 his father's death considerably increased his income. Abandoning diplomacy, somewhat piqued by his lack of advancement, and eager to find a wider field for his considerable powers, he agreed to stand for County Dublin, and expected that the Whig interest of Mr. Sidney Herbert, and the recommendations

of Catholic friends, backed by Lord Palmerston's personal goodwill, might have gained for him the seat. He was severely disappointed, and he did not enter again the regular line of his profession, though he was temporarily attached to the Neapolitan Mission in 1855 to 1856, and again in 1859 and 1860 until the annexation of Sicily to Sardinia. A life of idler aims followed; aims which did not at all fill his life or satisfy his hopes, however full his career was of social incident and success. To have been the husband of Pauline de la Ferronnays was no mean title to consideration, but Augustus Craven had many other claims to distinction. He was extremely good-looking, melodramatically so, if the expression be permissible when describing his fine eyes and marked and mobile eyebrows. He had a certain sadness of mien to which his features lent themselves, and easily fell into tragedy. At best his humour was rooted in serious thought. The mystery which attached to his birth affected him painfully throughout life. But if he had the trials which belong to emotional though reserved natures, he had the compensations of deep and earnest feeling. It probably impeded rather than helped his diplomatic success. He was from many causes thrown much into society, but no society, in his thought, equalled that of Boury. He was accepted as a brother, not in law, but in faith and sentiment, by Alexandrine and Eugénie. 'Le Récit d'une Sœur' abounds in evidences of the place he held in the La Ferronnays family, and particularly with those special members of it who earned the epithet of 'i santi.' To Eugénie he was perhaps most attached. While Alexandrine was the saint of the household he felt that Eugénie was its angel. Of an artistic temperament himself, he recognized in Eugénie the overpowering sense of beauty which could only satisfy itself in the vision of God. He habitually wore a small crystal seal which had belonged

to Eugénie, with the words 'Amo, Credo, Spero' cut into three sides. The cheerfulness of her habitual temper had doubtless delighted him. Of Mrs. Craven's more intimate friends, perhaps he was most attached to the Montalembert family. As did hers, his sympathies belonged to the party of the *Correspondant.* He was chosen by Mme. Cochin to translate Comte de Falloux's Life of that true Christian and patriot into English. His translation in two volumes of the Queen's 'Life of the Prince Consort' is used freely by French writers as a storehouse of political history, and his French 'Life of Lord Palmerston' is more valued probably among readers abroad than are the English memoirs by Mr. Evelyn Ashley and Lord Dalling at home.

Shakespeare and Dante were Mr. Craven's favourite studies, and he has left in MS. a careful translation of the 'Vita Nuova.' He came to the conclusion that to take Dante's literal meaning whenever possible, and to avoid the political and, indeed, prophetic senses frequently attributed to his words, was best.

Mr. Craven was at all times generously hospitable, and he enjoyed the affection of persons he liked and approved; but his tastes were for study, and for that concentration of feeling which belongs to passion, be it shown in the love of women or the love of books, the excitement of great schemes, or the joy of research that passes beyond the known, to the undiscovered truths of doctrine or of literature. To give a trifling instance, it seems certain that Mr. Craven's eager prosecution of a scheme for the better supply of water to Naples was chiefly to justify his belief in a lost river that had once flowed through the city. The very interesting and learned pamphlet giving his grounds for that belief was in itself some return to his self-satisfaction, though he had suffered grievously in his purse by his faith in 'The lost river.'

Enough can be read between the lines of this Memoir to show how he grieved for his loss of fortune, chiefly as it affected his wife. He was a refined and courteous gentleman, reared in the traditions of society as it existed from 1820 to 1840, and not perhaps sufficiently malleable in his altered circumstances to practise the economy his wife desired from her more prudent estimate of their position, but which for her sake he disliked. Hence his indecision, which was often so severe a trial to her; but hence, also, the constant sense of his devotion to her, whether he worked to increase his means or in his times of depression remained silently in his study; his only consolation the hope that she was the better when away, whatever he might suffer in her occasional absence.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,
'*November* 3, 1884.

'I now remember that in one of your letters you asked me if the Queen had written to me. Yes, she has; a most kind and gracious letter, which I certainly did not expect.

'I always wished to tell you also, and I forgot it, that MacCarthy* has proved herself invaluable. I never expected that my poor Eliza's place could be filled by anyone so nearly like herself. And this is another of our dear God's mercies to me.'

On November 5 the author of this Memoir left White House for Paris, that she might be there when Mrs. Craven should come from Monabri. Next morning her friend re-entered her solitary home after a night's journey in the train from Lausanne. She was alarmingly thin and exhausted, her hair was whiter and her complexion had the weary gray look which sorrow alone can give. It was a surprise to her

* Mrs. Craven's maid, better known afterwards to Mrs. Craven's friends by her Christian name, Nora.

that an English friend should be the very first to greet her, but after the first spasm of painful association had crossed her face, she felt perhaps less desolation, remembering how cordial had been her husband's regard for the intruder. It was a moment to her of intense pain when she hastily entered his room, where his bureau lay ready for his writing as usual. She shed no tears, but by the trembling eagerness of her hands as she raised and kissed some papers that lay on it, her stress of emotion was evident. Her large eyes seemed to look for sympathy even in inanimate things, and then soften when they fell on his crucifix or other familiar aids to devotion. At all times touching in their appeal to the goodwill of others, never were they more so than that day. Her loneliness was very great, but she revived somewhat in the certainty of her friend's sympathy and devotion. The responsibilities even of her quiet life seemed to weigh on her conscience. To arrange her existence for its solitary future, to reconstruct it on its new lines that yet should fulfil every wish her husband had expressed, was a feverish necessity to her. She would take no rest all that first day, worn out as she was by travel and excitement. She sped to her duties as an arrow from a bow, unwilling to rest until the hour came when her little household must be rearranged. Next day, when her friend rejoined her early, Mrs. Craven had had cause for anxious doubt about her being able to remain in her beloved apartment. It seemed uncertain whether the necessary forms had been fulfilled which should continue to her the foreign annuity which was her sole source of income outside the profits of her writing. Nor could she be rightly informed without recourse to Prince Hohenlohe, the German Ambassador in Paris. No words were on her lips in the poignant fear lest her husband might be blamed for positive carelessness, if not selfishness, but words of trust. Count Albert and Mme. de Mun were not

long in coming to her, and the following day her sister and brother-in-law, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Panouse, dined with her. So gradually life formed again around her, as the succeeding letters will show.

It certainly might have agitated the poor widow to find, on arriving at her desolate home, that even the comfort of its associations might be taken from her. For a fortnight there appeared to be no paper that could reassure Mrs. Craven, who had for the time no knowledge even of the small balance her husband had left in the hands of his London banker. She suffered physically from feverish symptoms, and her letters, in their ignorance of business, reveal how Mr. Craven had at all times saved her from personal trouble, though not always from personal anxiety. When she knew that her Bavarian annuity was safe, her first thought was to provide for her maid Eliza's immediate necessities. Before her return to Paris she sold what she called 'a good deal of rubbish and some pretty things.' 'But my fine tables were discovered to be of no value, or at least not enough to make it worth my while parting with them. I keep for myself his writing-table, and all the things he used except three book-cases and their contents, which were not those he liked best. Already two months are passed since he was taken from me, and everything seems to be gone. Pray for me.'

Extract from Miss O'Meara's Journal.

'*November* 14.—Went to see Mrs. Craven again, so white and shadow-like, but so sweet. It was sadder than death to see her in the empty home, missing him everywhere, waiting in vain for him in the old familiar places where the household gods remind her of him at every turn. She feels the loneliness more than she had ever feared. There was a sort of gentle despair in the way she

said, "I cannot bear it here by myself! It is too dreadful, and the long nights kill me. And I am so frightened at everything, and so helpless, and I have to do so many things which seem cruel to him, moving about his dear books, and searching amidst his papers. And then I feel so ill and feverish, and he is not here to come and sit by my bed, and be anxious and send for the doctor, and take care of me, and think for me." But her sense of joy and consolation in all the mercies that made the parting beautiful seems to grow more and more intense. It is like the close of an allegory, seeing the Pauline of the "Récit," the last of that elect group whom we learned to love through her, now left alone waiting her turn to be sent for to join Alexandrine and Eugénie.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'CHÂTEAU DE MENOU,
'*November* 19, 1884.

'I could not give you a better proof of how thoroughly I reckoned on your friendship than by telegraphing to you at once the result of Prince Hohenlohe's inquiries at Munich. It was all right from the beginning; the grant voted by the Chamber in Bavaria was for both of us.

'I came here two days sooner than I had intended, because I could not bear to be any longer in Paris. I do hope that, when I am really settled there again and there is some degree of order about me, I shall get calm and be able to live my life as it is now to be, but I was too much shaken—too weak just now. I am here quite alone with my cousins, Mme. de Blacas and Stanislas de Blacas (her brother-in-law), who is the real owner of this place. It is rather wild and very out of the way, and the journey was a very fatiguing one; but now that I am here, I am quite quiet and much better in every way, and I think I am looking already less terribly ill than when you left me. I could not bear the fatigue of visitors in Paris, as there were very few of those who came whom I could refuse to see.

I hope to remain in this retreat six weeks or two months. The time of year has made it impossible to proceed quickly with what has to be done at Boury before that last, last resting-place can be ready to receive him ; and in this bitter cold and fall of snow they would have tried to prevent my going there now in any case ; so, as it must be put off, and as in the meantime he is by my own people, the removal will probably be put off till February 9, the anniversary of Alexandrine's death. I will write again about this, and also about the many things which you are so kindly interested in.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'CHÂTEAU DE MENOU,
'*December* 1, 1884.

'I have wished to write to you long before this, but I have not been able to do so. I am most grateful to you for your sympathy. Your letters have done me good. You could not have selected words better suited to strengthen and soothe me than those of Alexandrine which you transcribed for me. I know how truly you feel for me in this the crowning trial of my life. I am most grateful for your friendship, which on this, as on other occasions, I have felt to be warm, sincere, and entirely and for ever to be relied upon. What can I say about myself? I dare say Mrs. Bishop wrote to you after our meeting in Paris on my return from Lausanne. She probably gave you no good account of my courage, which was no longer then what it had been at Monabri when it was supported by his. . . . The truth is, that I was not strong enough to bear remaining in Paris in my dreadful lonely home. So I just did the few things that could not be put off, and then I ran away, and I came here, where I am quite alone with Mme. de Blacas and her brother-in-law, Stanislas de Blacas. They wanted me at Lumigny to go there. But I am at present unfit for society, still more than for utter solitude. Here I am almost alone, but not quite, and that is just what suits me. I shall not, for a long time to come, feel up to being one of a large (even family) circle. Before the end of December, Bertrand and his sister will come here, and I shall be glad to see them both. And then in January I shall make another attempt to settle myself (for some little time, at

least) in those rooms which I cannot bear to give up, and where it is such misery to live alone. In time I hope to conquer this, and to succeed in feeling once more at home there. Whenever you can, write to me; your letters always interest and comfort me. You seem to me now to have known all those I loved best in this world—better than any of my oldest friends alive. That alone would be enough, even had I not a thousand personal reasons to value your friendship.'

On December 18 Mrs. Craven wrote to Mrs. Bishop of her maid Eliza:

'Suffering is certainly the greatest, perhaps the only earthly, mystery there is; but how much more mysterious than itself are the many ways in which, for some, it is alleviated, for others made to seem too heavy for human strength to bear! But everything is the will of God, and for those who love Him it may be said of it most assuredly what Alexandrine said of death, "Qu'elle cache un délicieux mystère," which, when revealed, will be all the brighter for its present darkness.

'I believe, as you do, that the life I am leading now is the only one that suits me—quiet, though not quite alone. But that is not to be my life: the hope you talk of, of my being much away visiting, is one which, at my age, cannot be long realized, and if it could, that is only shirking the real acceptance of God's will, which, with God's help, I hope to arrive at in time.

'I have now settled to go from here to La Roche-en-Brény (Mme. de Montalembert's) on January 7 (as I told you, I believe, in my last letter). I shall remain with those dear loving friends of his till February 7, when I shall go to Boury. My own Augustus's dear remains will be taken from their present temporary to their final resting-place on the ninth, the anniversary of Alexandrine's death. The journey from Paris to Boury is impossible so as to arrive there in time for Mass, unless one starts at five in the morning. I shall therefore go on the evening of February 8, with my dear niece Berthe de Brézé, to sleep at Gisors, at the house of some excellent people (who have already received me there on very sad occasions), and who are inhabitants of that small town, and devoted old friends of those of my family who lived formerly at Dangu (my brother Charles

and all his people). Berthe de Brézé has known them intimately since her childhood, and I shall be truly among friends. This will enable me to take with less fatigue the further short journey to Boury the next morning.

'However, I shall write often to you between this and then, and so, for the present, I need say no more of my future plans, except that, after my return from Boury, that is, about February 10, I mean to make another attempt to settle in my lonely home. My cousin Stanislas has come back, and there are, once more, three of us here instead of two. . . . He has opened a chest containing some very interesting papers. They are Louis XVIII.'s letters to his father (the Duc de Blacas, friend of the King, who is supposed to have much injured the Government of the Restoration by his unbending crotchets and the unpopularity that resulted from them). Anyhow, he was a clever man, and I have a pleasant recollection of him, because he was very fond of me when I was a child and a young girl, and then my aunt, his wife, was my own dear mother's sister, and as good as herself (which is the most I can say of any human being). Well, these letters are very interesting — in the King's own handwriting, and full of that cleverness (*esprit*) and real royal feeling which he certainly possessed. Many are notes written when they were at Hartwell, and make one realize the life they led there. Some are much older than those, for the Duc de Blacas was with the King at Mittau, and never moved away from him for a week without receiving letters from him. Among the lot there is the original in the King's own hand of the letter he wrote to Napoleon to induce him to play the part of Monk. That letter, of which this is the *brouillon* written for himself, has been published; nevertheless, this bit of paper is interesting to look at.'

Mrs. Craven did not neglect her yearly gift, and she wrote on December 30 to Mrs. Bishop:

'I send you the habitual little agenda, which, I hope, will reach you, although I have but small faith in the punctuality and efficiency of the Varzy post-office. Let me know if you receive it safely. I have written in it a few words in Latin, out of the Office, part of which I now read daily, and where so

many words of hope and consolation are to be found. Do you remember my sister Eugénie's remark that the De Profundis was the most joyous and hopeful of all prayers? . . . As to dear Albert, what can I say? His devotion, his generosity, his eloquence must always make him attractive, and give him a real part to play in the disturbed state of all things in France. . . . But I regret his determination from the first never to allow the word "liberty" to pass his lips—never to trust to that for the Church or to believe that by securing liberty for her in these days her triumph is assured. Above all, without perceiving that there is no other strength or power in existence at present which can be of any use to Catholics. I suppose that, when a fact is so positive and so universal, it may be presumed that it is the will of Providence that it should be recognized and turned to account, and that it probably must be intended to serve the Church in the end. Dear friend, I sometimes care about these things. I had thought of writing to Albert, but, in fact, I can do nothing, and don't feel that I care enough now for anything upon earth.'

XLVI.

THE motto chosen for 1885 for Mrs. Craven's yearly gift to her friend, the writer of this Memoir, was:

'Deus misereatur nostri, et benedicat nobis. Illuminet vultum suum super nos et misereatur nostri.

'Benedicat nos Deus, Deus noster. Benedicat nos Deus' (Psalm lxvi. 1, 8).

'God be merciful unto us, and bless us: cause the light of His countenance to shine upon us, and have mercy on us.

'May God, even our own God, bless us. May God bless us.'

New Year's Day was a sad one for Mrs. Craven. The illness of M. de Meaux, who was at La Roche-en-Brény,

caused her anxiety, and, 'in addition,' Mrs. Craven wrote of her grief to Mrs. Bishop, 'to that about those two other dear friends, as I may call them both, now dying in England.'

At the same time M. Emile Perrin, M. Didier's successor as publisher of Mrs. Craven's works, died, and a fresh arrangement had to be made. She had resigned her copyrights to him in consideration of a life annuity. It was necessary to ascertain her exact age for the necessary calculations; and to do so the writer of this Memoir searched for and found the certificate of her baptism in the French chapel in King Street, Portman Square.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'CHÂTEAU DE MENOU,
'*January* 20, 1885.

'I received a few days ago your letter written on Christmas Eve, and the most valuable and welcome little calendar. It never could have reached me at a moment when it was more opportune, for you will be surprised to hear (or perhaps you will not be surprised) that in these my crowning days of sorrow I have been reading over my own "Récit." As Alexandrine said, "Je revis ma vie," and oh! no words can describe what I feel whilst I do so. Eugénie was mistaken when she wrote, "Si vraiment nous devons vivre jusqu'à soixante ans, que deviendront alors dans nos souvenirs ces deux courtes années si lointaines?" (those of Albert's and Alex's love and marriage). I, who have now lived far beyond the age which to her young imagination appeared to be the extreme limit of life, know well how impossible it is for those recollections ever to fade. Indeed, they seem to me far more vivid now, when for me life is closing, than they ever were before. And yet, around me everything is so utterly changed that it is as if twenty generations had passed since then, not bringing to the present one the faintest tradition of all those home events of my youth. Think, then, of what I must think of those kind and distant known and unknown friends who still treasure them. Mrs. Awdry's calendar is in-

valuable to me. I have ventured to thank her myself for it, and I hope you will kindly give or send her the enclosed note.

'I have received to-day the sad news of Lady G. Fullerton's death. I had long ceased to hope that her life could be preserved, but this kind of preparation is of no avail to lessen the grief, or even to soften the shock of hearing at last that the worst has come. . . . However, not quite to lose heart, I have only to remember what I have been enabled to go through by a strength not my own.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 11, 1885.

'I have not had the last sad consolation I had expected and looked forward to. My dear one was taken yesterday at Boury from his temporary to his final resting-place, and I was not there to give his dear coffin one more last kiss. On the very day of my return here I caught cold, and I am now laid up with bronchial irritation and fever.

'All went off most simply and touchingly yesterday at Boury, and the good Curé spoke words that moved all those who were present. Some said it would have been too much for me in all ways. Anyhow, it pleased our Lord to put it out of my power, by this illness which came on when all was settled and could not be put off, so there is nothing to do but to submit. I could not answer before your first letter containing the suggestion about the Memoir on Lady Georgiana. You little realize how utterly unfit I now am for any work, more particularly for work like that, which ought to be perfect, when you think of me for it. Besides, it could not be done in any language but English, which at once puts it out of my reach. . . . It is all for the best as it is. If I recover strength, and I am not forestalled, I will attempt at least a little sketch in the *Correspondant*.'

The day after the foregoing letter was written a very serious accident brought Mrs. Craven face to face with imminent death, and inflicted on her what she far more dreaded, agonizing pain. She was suffering, on February 12

from a bronchial cough which came on in severe fits. She had hardly gone to bed when, in one of these, an internal displacement occurred of a fatal nature if not at once relieved by an operation. Her strength could not have borne for long the violence of the pain she endured. Her doctor, summoned in haste, after a consultation with M. Berger, the eminent surgeon, agreed that, whatever the risk, she must go through the necessary operation, and that as soon as day broke. None of the precautions generally used in such cases could be taken in breaking the necessity to her. There was not time. Her niece, Mme. de Dreux Brézé, had arrived, and had given her sanction; the necessary instruments were fetched and laid out on a table in Mrs. Craven's room with as little ceremony as if she were a wounded soldier during a campaign. Twelve days later Miss Kathleen O'Meara was admitted to see her, and her narrative will best describe the courage, and even the serenity, of the patient.

Miss O'Meara wrote in her Journal on February 24 :

'I saw Mrs. Craven for the first time since her terrible operation. She looks well, not the least pulled down, but very weak. She seemed quite overpowered by the sense of God's mercies, and all He had done for her in this extremity. "I am such a coward," she said, "who have had all my life such a horror of pain in every shape, and of the mere thought of a knife being put to me, and I went through this dreadful operation as calmly as if it had been the most ordinary remedy ! Everything connected with it was calculated to terrify me : the sudden accident in the dead of the night, the strange doctor called in, the hearing, without any preparation, that I must undergo an operation to save my life, the frightful pain all the hours I was expecting the operation, the other strange doctor arriving to help—everything about it was terrifying. And yet I saw them making

ready the room, the bed near the window, the table spread out with all the instruments, getting the chloroform, sounding my heart to see if there was danger there; I looked on as coolly at all this as if it hardly concerned me at all! When I think of it, that it was for me that God was so kind, for me! I can't describe to you what I feel. It is like a new relation of God to me altogether!"'

When she had recovered her usual health, Mrs. Craven used to laugh gently about the anxieties of the portress at the convent where her friend, the Marquise de Gabriac, had gone to fetch a nursing sister on the morning of the operation. The excellent nurse was much concerned that the patient had written books. 'And who can say what horrors may not be in them!' She was much relieved when she found that Mrs. Craven had not neglected confession, and was not without proper clerical aid.

Mrs. Craven's air of youth was remarkable, and the same excellent Sister could not believe that Mrs. Craven's regular and complete set of teeth were natural. She remonstrated somewhat seriously about what she supposed was vanity in her patient, as she begged her to take out the false set for her greater comfort during her solitude in bed. Even the great surgeon who had performed the operation was misled. After it was over he asked Mme. de Dreux Brézé how old Mrs. Craven was. 'Ah!' he exclaimed when he heard that she was seventy-seven, 'I thought she was about sixty. Had I known her age I should not have attempted the operation.'

The reasons for Mrs. Craven's calm and courage, conducing so efficiently to her endurance of a difficult and dangerous surgical operation, are partly explained in the following letter to Mrs. Bishop, written on March 2:

'I have been very near death; it came so suddenly in the middle of the night, when I was quite alone, and under a very

terrible form. When I can tell you all, you will see all there was to terrify such a real coward as I am, and one who at all times so especially shuddered at the thoughts of an operation. And yet, there and then, that dear, loving, strong hand of our Lord so helped and supported me, that there I was, very clearly seeing what was to be done, and doing it all very quietly, all the time repeating inwardly, "Dear Lord, I am all alone, help me," and He so clearly saying, "I am here, sois tranquille, laisse-toi faire." So that when all was over, and I had come to again, and I had not been afraid for one moment, and the people said I had been brave and all that nonsense, I felt perfectly overjoyed at the knowledge of my own cowardice, because it had made me so feel and realize the living, loving, strong hand that had held mine all the time, and was my whole, whole strength.

'What a blessing it is to have discovered that one is never less alone than when one is all alone! All this fills my thoughts; to the detriment, I own, of many of the little things of this world, and of some great ones. I have as yet no strength.

'On Gordon's fate I cannot yet fix my thoughts. They tried to read something about it yesterday, but I could not bear it. This weakness is my only present trouble.'

Lady G. Fullerton had wished to leave Mrs. Craven a small annuity, which at first she refused to accept.

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,
'*March* 15, 1885.

'I have left a long time unacknowledged the receipt of the sum placed by your order in my banker's hands here (which I accepted with deep gratitude as a dear sister's gift), because I wished to convey my thanks to you myself, and until now I have not been able to do so. I am daily improving, but there are still many ups and downs, and I am far from having quite recovered my strength yet.

'Princesse Wittgenstein showed me your letter, in which you repeated the offer of the annuity which her [Lady G. Fullerton's] loving-kindness had intended me to receive from her, if I was in any want of it. When you mentioned this proof of

her affection to me, I could, with my warmest thanks, and also with perfect truth, assure you that I was in no difficulty of that sort, and that no anxieties of that painful description had been added to my great sorrow. Since I wrote that letter, however, I have been struck by this unexpected blow. I must now face the expenses of forty days' attendance of doctors, of a surgeon of note; but, above all, I have now to consider how unlikely it is at my age that I should ever recover strength enough, after the shock my health has just received, to work steadily again, so as to increase my income, as I did before, to its necessary amount. This being the case, and the circumstances having really occurred which her loving care had foreseen, I feel now willing to accept from her, as from a guardian angel, the peace of mind she meant to secure my few remaining years. How my heart overflows with love and gratitude towards her whilst I write this, I cannot tell you. I have felt her throughout so present, I have felt so supported by her pity and her sympathy, that now, when what she really seems to have miraculously foreseen has come to pass, I turn to her without any farther hesitation, with simple heart-felt love and gratitude. God bless and support you, dear friend, as I am assured He does.'

It is the custom among Catholics, after the death of a relation or friend, to send, to all who care to have one, a card which can be conveniently placed in their usual books of devotion. On one side is generally a request for prayers, and after Mr. Craven's name and the date of his death, is printed on the one designed for him by Mrs. Craven, 'Je crois, j'aime, j'espère, je me repens,' words used by Olga de la Ferronnays and repeated by him on his death-bed. 'In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum,' from the 30th Psalm followed, and 'Mon Jésus, miséricorde!' On the reverse side of the *image* was an engraving of Ary Scheffer's picture of St. Augustine holding his mother Monica's hand during their rapture at Ostia.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 25, 1885.

'I send you and dear Florence the enclosed *images*. They will not, I fear, be approved of by English Catholic taste; they will not be thought austere enough, but to me much is meant by this representation of St. Augustine's last conversation with his mother at Ostia. St. Augustine was my dear Augustus's much-loved and revered patron saint; that is my first reason for the choice; the second is, that in that conversation at Ostia are expressed in other words all the thoughts contained in that chapter of the "Imitation" which was our last spiritual reading together in this world. Such as they are, place them in your prayer-books, for his sake and mine. . . .'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 4, 1885.

'I am surprised at your being surprised at my predilection for St. Augustine and the "Confessions." Is there any Catholic who does not feel it? and especially for those pages which are in Christian language the *ne plus ultra* of beauty? It shows that of however many subjects we have talked together, many have remained untouched; and this only makes me long all the more for your promised visit, which I am sorry to see is delayed longer than you seemed to promise at first. . . .

'Thanks and thanks again for Dr. Barnes's little book. Have you read it through? If so, you will see how clear the unconscious Catholicity of all Gordon's feelings was. Only Catholics can understand him; and when his clergyman friend, at a loss as he is to make him quite out, compares this worshipper of the Real Presence of God in the Eucharist to Cromwell, it only shows he has not alive in his mind any one of those whom alone he resembles—the austere, fervent, and heroic Catholic followers of Christ. More than ever I place Gordon among them. The loss of twenty, or perhaps more, years of such a life, I cannot reconcile myself to, or ever forgive those who might have saved it and did not.'

On Easter Sunday Mrs. Craven could once again go to Mass in the Nuncio's Chapel; of visits she had more than enough.

XLVII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 12, 1885.

'May I ask you for another copy of "The Priest in Politics"? I want to give mine to the Nuncio, and I very much wish to have one myself, Also who is, or who was, Mr. Smyth, the M.P. writer of it?* Not that I see a ray of hope that the Irish people will ever give up the dear beloved fallacy that they are at present the most ill-used, wronged and persecuted of nations, or that any priest will ever set them right about it. How curious it is to watch how this hate-producing delusion is kept up and fostered! I have just now been reading a number of the *Irish Monthly*, which Mrs. Taylor sent me to read an article of hers on Lady Georgiana, a very simple, pious, touching one. . . . I looked through the other articles in the same number, and there was in every one of them the same ever-sounding note. How can the poor people help feeling and behaving as they do, when all those who might instruct prefer to deceive them? I have just heard from the Nuncio, where I have been to hear Mass on this my seventy seventh birthday, that the Catholic clergy refrained *en masse* from paying the least civility to the Prince of Wales. He shook his head disapprovingly, and, indeed, when the clergy are ordered even now in France to interfere in no way in politics, and in all things not opposed to the Catholic Faith to show respect and deference for the Government, there is something cowardly in the attitude assumed by the Irish

* P. J. Smyth, M.P. for Queen's County, a Catholic, and a Nationalist. He spoke very rarely, not once a session, but some of those who heard him thought him one of the best speakers to whom they had ever listened, in or out of Parliament.

clergy. Have you heard that Mr. Fullerton wishes to transfer to me the task of writing dear Lady Georgiana's life? At present, of course, I cannot think of it, and that I shall ever be able to undertake it is most doubtful.'

Just before Mrs. Bishop's visit to Paris, on June 3, Victor Hugo died. His funeral was made an occasion for much anti-Christian parade, and Paris tongues repeated innumerable anecdotes about his death. It was said that from Sunday morning until Monday, two hundred persons a minute defiled before the immense catafalque on which his body was placed under the Arc de Triomphe. Red flags abounded among those carried in procession. A detachment of Parnellite sympathizers were among the more zealous of the pretended mourners. His burial at the Pantheon, or Church of Sainte Geneviève, was a scandal that thrilled all Catholics in France. The church was officially desecrated. The Blessed Sacrament, and all the ornaments used for Catholic worship, were removed, and the building became once again a mere deposit of the various dead bodies of those who chanced in life to have pleased the fickle multitude. Devout souls, such as Mrs. Craven's, felt the insult profoundly. While they were in very real mourning, a fancy ball was given by the Princesse de Sagan in which the guests were asked to adopt each a costume suggestive of some bird, or beast, or insect. It was eagerly attended by the 'society' of Paris, and was a brilliant success. No cost was spared in costumes, and few, if any, invited remembered that the venerable relics of Sainte Geneviève's Church had been removed, but a day or two before, by the will of the nation, and that an attempt had been made to take away the massive cross on the summit. This further violence proved so difficult and expensive in execution that it was abandoned, and the poet remains in the temple devoted to the glories of France,

and still, as we trust they also are, overshadowed by the Cross.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'La Roche,

'*June* 29, 1885.

'I can't say how thankful I am for Gordon's Journal, which I was longing for, and which thanks to you I shall now soon possess. From the extracts I have read it seems to me absolutely crushing for the late Ministers. . . . What of Dr. Walsh's nomination? and why is Dr. Moran made a Cardinal? . . . I must make up my mind soon to a total abstinence of thought or word on the subject. It disturbs me, and makes my conscience and my reason feel ill at ease. . . . If even in England Catholics are expected to suppress the truth, I cease to wish to be there. No one can submit to that, except those who, never having left England, don't know what Catholics have to suffer elsewhere, and can afford to hold cheap the unlimited liberty they enjoy, and to look for the luxury of imaginary grievances.

'You see, dear friend, that I have recovered all the strength that is needed to be angry. Indeed, I am now quite strong enough for anything. This change of air has done me all the good in the world. It is dry and bracing here, and the long drives in an open carriage agree with me perfectly. I am very thankful for this sensation of returning health, although it makes me feel painfully the very little that there is for me to live for in this world, and I so often feel *à quoi bon?* However, it is a great help even to *détachement*, to have recovered one's power of thought, although the best may have been the acceptance of powerless, helpless inaction, bordering on temporary imbecility. But oh, how very difficult that same acceptance is! even when one reads and re-reads one's "Abandon à la Divine Providence," and one hopes to acquire at last some of it.'

'I don't think I cared much for Watts' baronetcy; did he?* I can't think when and how I shall be ever able to begin G. Fullerton's life. The documents are all in the hands of the Duchess of Norfolk, and she is only beginning to look them

* Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who refused the honour proposed.

over. Anyhow, I can't think yet of any really serious work, and I sometimes feel as if, to attempt that one, I must go over to England. But this is very vague. . . . I leave this place on July 6; I shall then be in Paris for two or three days, and on the 9th I go to Ussé, near Tours.'

After relating some particulars of her illness, Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Grant Duff:

'La Roche,
'*July* 1, 1885.

'You would not believe me if I told you that I am sorry that power has fallen out of the hands of Mr. Gladstone (whatever those who have it now will be able or willing to do). But I am afraid that a time is coming of which will be said with equal truth what Montlosier said of his, "Les temps ne sont pas difficiles, ils sont impossibles." It is, at all events, impossible to imagine what sort of England will emerge out of the transformation so devoutly wished for, and so eagerly prepared, by some of the late Ministers and their friends all over the country. But I am so very old now that it really does not at all signify what I think about it all, or indeed about anything.'

Mrs. Craven wrote in a letter of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Count Albert de Mun and his work. The sketch was mentioned in the *Figaro* of August 10, 1885, which added a more elaborate study of the distinguished orator, and of his endeavour to return to the more ancient conditions of society, which are called 'Christian socialism,' but are very different to the socialism of modern revolutionary leaders. Nine years have passed since then, and political parties have formed and reformed, amid disputes and recriminations in which M. de Mun's name, leader of the Royalists as he was, was often heard. But his enduring title to men's respect is beyond the praise or blame of parties. He is the Bayard of the Catholic Church, the champion of her justice. He is the apostle of labour, and of the inalienable rights of the working man, as through

long centuries of changing manners the Church has maintained and maintains them. In February of 1885 he had said to the students of Louvain University, 'Appeal to the people. It is the working men who in future will decide the great questions of our time. We are not sufficiently in touch with them.' The working men to whom he has devoted himself have given but feeble response to M. de Mun. He found the fate of many *ralliés* in the election of 1893, and lost his seat for the Morbihan, because, in obedience to Leo XIII.'s advice, he had frankly accepted the republican form of government for France until a monarchy was again practicable. By his re-election to the Chamber in the winter of the same year he has regained his fitting place. But his is a noble figure since, in 1870, he began his work.

The nephew was worthy of his aunt, Mrs. Craven, the true son of his mother, Eugénie de la Ferronnays. No one who had not his high character, perhaps even his birth and antecedents, could probably have so well encountered the opposition he has perforce met from men of all the classes represented in the French Chamber. He desired the formation of groups in which both masters and men might agree to share the interests of capital and labour as they are bound together in the workshop. Following M. le Play, he insisted on the legal protection of women and children. He preached the duty of regarding the health of the working classes, of helping family ties by encouraging provision for the old and infirm; in short, he combated the doctrine of *laisser faire*, when men and women are its victims by no fault of their own, but by the selfish avarice or indifference of the rich. To apply to modern finance the Ten Commandments, which consciously or unconsciously have procured the stability of nations, was his aim. Economists laughed and compared him to St. Louis.

Socialists found fault because he had occupied their ground as prophet of a healthier world in which labour should be recognized as a title to respect. The *Figaro* concludes its article by comparing him to Columbus, 'who sought new worlds by the help of laws which governed the old.' It is true that he did not exactly follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Craven's favourite band of reformers incarnated in the *Correspondant*—true that she did not always commend his young enthusiasms; yet he was dear to her as a son, and she, who could so enter into the faith and daring of a Gordon, was able to appreciate the splendid figure of the Catholic soldier who is yet fighting in a civil conflict perhaps as hopeless as was Gordon's tenure of Khartoum.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'USSÉ,

'*July* 18, 1885.

'I should not have been so long without writing to you, had I not been upset again by a very sad and unexpected event, the death, after three days' illness, of my brother-in-law, M. de la Panouse. I had seen him just before I left Paris, and then he told me that a doctor he had just consulted had told him he had a disease of the heart. Still, I was far from expecting this sudden catastrophe. It took place in that new house of theirs where my poor sister had gone to settle, very reluctantly, only a few months ago, leaving Paris, her friends, and her poor people there with infinite regret. However, by God's mercy the population of this small village of Poitou is so good, so pious, so sympathetic, they seem to have already become so very fond of her, that she now feels as if she could have found nowhere so much consolation under such a trial. I hope to get to her before long, but it is a rough journey which I am not yet advised to undertake, feeling fatigue as I still do so much, when I try myself in the very least. In the meantime I have been again so much struck with God's mercy in arranging outward circumstances so as to enable those who trust to Him to carry the crosses they must bear, with helps and consolations they

never would have dreamt of beforehand. I hope He will continue to assist her, for she has many difficulties before her, the thoughts of which are a very great trouble to me, so little able as I am to assist her in any way. There is nothing for that again but absolute *abandon*. If I can do anything I shall be shown the way.'

XLVIII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'CHÂTEAU D'USSÉ,
'*August* 1, 1885.

'Where has Father Porter* met those clever Frenchwomen he speaks of? In our world, I declare that the Montalemberts (the four of them and their mother) are nearly the only exceptions I know of to the general dulness . . . of the majority. . . . Do you know that Albert, for having denounced the *Bal des bêtes* and those who attended it on the day following that of the profanation of Sainte Geneviève, has got into disgrace, and many in our *beau monde* won't speak to him now? Many went, I am sorry to see, even among the Enfants de Marie, in spite of Père Matignon's warnings; and one of them (a very great lady), occupying in the association a high position which made it rather a scandal, was asked to resign (which, I must own, seemed to me quite just). But the whole of the Faubourg St. Germain was up in arms at this, and the Sacré Cœur has got quite out of favour in consequence at this moment. Mme. de Lépine (the Superior) told me that one after the other all the greatest and most religious ladies had come to remonstrate with her on this act of severity. It is odd how people will mix up everything together here (like in the *Figaro*), and then, if those in authority demur, there is an immediate attempt to rebel! Will you write to me at the Hôtel de l'Univers, Tours . . . next week? After that I will send you my exact direction at Rochecotte.'

* The Rev. George Porter, S.J., afterwards Archbishop of Bombay.

In answer to some anxious inquiries from Mrs. Bishop concerning the daily details of her life, Mrs. Craven wrote to her on August 15:

'Here I am in perfect repose since Monday last, the 10th, and intending to remain at least till September 15. My room is next door to the chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is present. I take quiet exercise and lead a most regular life, never going to bed later than 10.30, and as to my food, it is cooked by the far-famed Guérin, the almost last surviving "*Cuisinier de l'ancien régime*." So your mind can be quite easy about me in all those respects, and your kind inquiries are, as you see, very satisfactorily answered.

'I saw my dear sister at Tours, and I had the comfort of finding her very calm and courageous, and supported in quite a marvellous way by the very fact of having been overtaken by this great misfortune in that small place in Poitou where she went so reluctantly to settle a few months ago. Everything there turns out to have been a help to her.

'My own plans have also suddenly taken a very unexpected turn. I had told you that if I wrote Lady Georgiana's Life, I felt that my task would be much easier if I could get over to England, and remain there some time in the midst of all her friends, and of those who could and would help me. However, all things considered, I had given up the thoughts of such a journey; my age, my strength, everything, in fact, making it impossible for me now to contemplate such a *séjour* as those I have always made there, besides the impossibility of working steadily (and the uselessness of going if I did not), unless I was quite settled somewhere, to which I did not see my way at all. J'en étais là, and I had written as much to Mr. Fullerton, when I received a letter from him which had crossed mine, and in which he proposes something that seemed so very much to the purpose that it made me reconsider my resolution. This is what he says (after telling that he is going off for the winter, either to San Remo or to Lourdes): "It occurs to me that as you ought to be in England to do it (the Life) you had better come, and I will lend you my house in Chapel Street, and you could occupy it as long as you pleased. I shall never live in it again myself. You would only have to bring your own servants, you would be

quite independent, and I hope my suggestion will suit you. It is, as you know, a modest dwelling, but it is warm ; the position as to health and convenience is unexceptionable. You would be surrounded by people capable of assisting you, easily got at during the day ; Father Coleridge easily communicated with ; and I think you would like to write at her table, where what sun London has would shine upon you," etc. This is enough to make you judge of the nature of his proposal, and you will perhaps see that I could not but accept it (conditionally, at least), because in my perplexity and doubt this seemed an answer which I had not expected, a solution which I had not dreamt of—in short, a something which, not coming from myself, I was bound to take into consideration. Do you understand me? Now, therefore, if I keep up my strength, and if my health continues as it is now, I will come over about December 15, and remain three months in England in the way proposed. It is a distant prospect for me, but it is one which simplifies what I have got to do, and will help me in this last work of my life, which I am most anxious to do well, and most doubtful as to my being able to do well. I leave it now in the hands of God, and will come or go according to His will. I say nothing to-day of what my pleasure would be at seeing you again, and often, and comfortably! But this I will say, that if you were to write to me that you were going to leave England for the winter, I could hardly have the courage to think of going there at all.

'It is a year to-day since he (Mr. Craven) came down to the chapel, and since we received Holy Communion there together for the last time. I have had a beautiful letter from Mr. A. de Vere, which I have not answered yet, but I will very soon.'

On August 22 Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Fullerton fully accepting his offer of his house in London :

'ROCHECOTTE.

'God, as a Friend and Comforter, often does, and ought always to, suffice, but there is a kind of help which also comes from Him to us through those who love us on earth, which we must accept as one of His great mercies to His poor creatures. . . . It is really only in blind obedience to that, that I can think of so humanly rash a thing as such a journey at my age,

but with that thought in my head, I put off all other, especially in this case, when my object is to do the work which He probably left me alive for.'

However disinclined Mrs. Craven would probably have been to begin another story of society, she was determined to carry out a wish of her husband and finish 'Le Valbriant,' her last novel. It may be said of all her fiction that it was meant to subserve high purposes, as much as were her biographies, if with less visible intention. 'Le Valbriant' was finished before she began Lady G. Fullerton's Life. It is illustrative of some of her nephew Albert's social doctrines in their Christian aims. In her hero, the Vicomte d'Arcy, and his model mill, the reader is made conscious of the obscure yet undoubted changes wrought by time, and let us say rather evolution than revolution, in the relations between employers and employed. The book is never didactic, a fault in fiction intolerable to French readers, however they may delight in light sarcasm on human faults and foibles. But its ideals are high. The hero, Vicomte d'Arcy, had fought under Napoleon III., which, in itself, was a grievous offence to the old-fashioned father of the heroine, yet not so dreadful as that he should have become an *industriel.* D'Arcy was a man of family, who had courage to believe 'that religion is the basis of all virtue and honour,' and from that primary truth he followed simply and resolutely the vocation he had chosen as one that is specially useful in Europe, during this last half of the nineteenth century. Honesty and justice were, in his eyes, the only true nobility in the world. Success could only be righteously attained by work, struggle, and sacrifice. He thought little about himself; he acted with a determinate object and in firm faith. He turned his château into a factory, and is the more disgraced among his equals in rank by his success. Not in vain had Mrs. Craven been saturated from her youth

with the hopes of that school of which Montalembert was the lay spokesman, as Lacordaire was its prophet in the pulpit. She had seen so much of Europe, that, notwithstanding all its follies and crimes, she dared to be hopeful of her race. In this last romance of hers, she seems to link all the superficial changes and discouragements she had known in a consistent optimism, based on the belief that immortal beauty and truth ever grow in influence over human souls. Discussing the fluctuations of taste, she says: 'The unmistakable beauty of nature and that of human souls alone preserves its empire over us. It is not the handiwork of man, and its language, which can never change, addresses itself to what is unchangeable and eternal in us.' Mrs. Craven, however she regretted the clouds which, as she thought, darkened her ideal France, had faith in its future, or she would have renounced the teachings of her early friends, the writers in the *Avenir* and the *Correspondant*. She honours the stirring energy of the day, and the finest ladies and gentlemen in her novel are moved by its pulsations. She remains a believer in the social reasonableness of her Church's conduct of humanity, whether it be adapted to an *ancien régime* or to modern 'progress.' 'Le Valbriant' is very French, and this is no small praise. It certainly shows no failure of power, while in it there is perhaps more of the authority of convinced thought than in her earlier fiction. Remembering her age, the concluding words of her last story have pathetic interest. They had been said by Olga: 'Lucie, adieu! La vie est courte, la joie y passe si vite, qu'on peut à peine la discerner, mais les peines passent aussi et souvent accompagnées de joies célestes. . . . Ce n'est pas moi qui ai dit cela: c'est une autre; mais elle a dit vrai.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*September* 25, 1885.

'It is quite true that hitherto, for the arrangement of documents in all the biographies I have written, I have *fatto da me*, but this time I feel the want of a great deal of help, and I shall most gratefully accept it. I rely upon finding it when I am in England among my friends and hers, and on you. . . . This is one thing, and there are so many others—and this keeps up my courage to face the great undertaking of going once more to England, for it is very evident to me now that I shall be quite unable to do my task as it ought to be done, that is, as well as it is in my power now to do anything, if I don't conquer my reluctance to move again so far away from my home (such as it is). And as I am still to work and also to travel moderately, I certainly mean, unless prevented between this and then, to go about November 15.

'How very curious I shall be to know what you think of Ireland now! I am afraid that there the Pope has added fuel to the fire, which he certainly did not wish to do. But it is only Divine power and strength that will ever get the better of the Irish, and make them feel at last, some day, that haters are sinners.'

On October 21 Mrs. Craven wrote from Lumigny to Mrs. Bishop:

'On the 4th, I had the consolation of accomplishing my pilgrimage to Boury, and of spending there the whole of that first return of the day on which we were parted here below. It gave me great strength and peace, and to have had the power of doing it, and in spite of gloomy and threatening weather, to have been spared the insuperable obstacle of rain, which must have prevented my climb on foot to that dear spot, are all proofs of God's paternal mercy towards me, and have made me more than ever resolve to throw myself blindly into His arms on every and all occasions.'

XLIX.

THE writer of this Memoir was unavoidably detained in Ireland, and Mrs. Craven's arrival in London was trying to her, even more than she had anticipated. The weather was wet and cheerless; the house so kindly lent her by Mr. Fullerton gave her a sense of loneliness which can only be felt when solitude is tenanted by living memories of a desolated past. Mrs. Craven brought her servant, Luigi, and her maid with her, but the minor trials of installation in a London house were not the easier for the darkness of November. Mrs. Craven arrived on the 23rd, as she had said, and with the touch of impetuosity which still marked her character, she at once decided that she would shorten her stay, and she wrote: 'I already see that I need not prolong it.' One of her first wishes was fulfilled by a drive to Peckham on the 27th, where she found her Eliza rapidly nearing the term of her prolonged sufferings. The day was very wet, and Mrs. Craven felt its results by a slight threatening of the ague to which she was subject. On December 2 Mrs. Bishop found her. It was again a raw wet day, and Mrs. Craven was naturally depressed by the fear that her expedition to England would be a failure, and that age and weak health would prevent her writing the life of her friend, or even collecting materials for it. It was evident that Mrs. Craven's strength could not endure the strain she had meant to put on it, and her friend was but too thankful when she accepted the hospitality of Herbert House, where was not only spiritual but material help towards the work she had undertaken. The letters printed in this Memoir attest Mrs. Craven's affectionate gratitude towards Lady Herbert, who sheltered her that winter as she had done in 1883, when Eliza's illness was first declared. The beautiful

chapel was Mrs. Craven's daily delight; the society she met restored her old feelings about English men and women, and was an excellent echo of those old times when she and Lady Georgiana Fullerton had so often met in soul and sympathy.

It was quickly arranged that Eliza should be moved in an ambulance carriage from Peckham to St. Saviour's Hospital in Osnaburgh Street. No other institution accepted incurable patients suffering from her disease. In it Mrs. Craven placed her faithful friend, and procured for her what comforts she could in a private room; and in all weathers, and as often as she could, she visited her and prayed with her, when the worn face of the dying woman, tense with suffering, and the kind, large eyes of her mistress alike shone with the light that never fades.

The writer of this Memoir accompanied Mrs. Craven, on December 11, to pay her respects to Cardinal Manning at Archbishop's House. It was a moment of severe political tension, and very varying opinions were expressed of the strong sympathy felt by the great prelate with Irish aspirations for Christian, though not for Jacobin, Home Rule. The reader will remember how vehemently antagonistic was Mrs. Craven, not, indeed, to the people, but to the misleaders, as she thought, of Ireland, who avowedly had the goodwill of the Cardinal. It was not for the first time that his old regard for her, dating so many years back, had been somewhat tried. At Rome, in 1870, he had brought tears to her eyes by his disapproval of her friends. Yet she honoured and appreciated him, and was earnestly desirous to follow his advice in all spiritual affairs. On this occasion she did not leave him uncomforted. He had said, amongst many words of affection for the Irish, that, after all the turbulence of their words, Irish passion was like the wave of the Atlantic: 'Threaten as it might, it was never more than

thirty feet deep'—a thought that suggested hope rather than anxiety about the extremes to which Irish passion might go.

Still suffering from some physical discouragement, Mrs. Craven wrote, on December 15, to Mr. Grant Duff:

'All my former pleasure in being in England is gone, and I feel like a soul in purgatory returned to the place of its former life and happiness. What I came for, namely, information and documents to write Lady Georgiana's Life, I hope soon to have collected, and then (that is, about January 15) I shall go away. During a short stay like this, it is impossible to do anything steadily in the way of work till I get home again, especially as I am only pretty well, having felt some ill effects at first of the cruel climate of my *cara quasi Patria*, which are, however, nearly gone off now. . . . And as to the Irish! I feel what Mme. Mohl did about Napoleon, that I am getting to dislike them so that it makes me feel quite uncomfortable. My only hope for England comes from the thought that for more than half a century her aims have been noble and just, that the motives which have placed her in her present peril have been generous even if mistaken, and that it is not habitually in that temper that nations are overtaken by real and hopeless *decadence*. I envy you the beautiful share of success you have come in for, and which, in the turmoil of the elections, was not felt here, I thought, as triumphantly as it ought to have been. France, in her wish to favour Russia, seems to have done a good turn to England there.

'My very kind friend, will you allow me to ask your leave to do what, without it, I could not dream of? You know that I can now no longer ever wear jewels and ornaments of any kind, not even those precious ones you gave me, full as they are of their recollections of my own life, the lovely Roman cross, and the beautiful Taj Mahal brooch. It would be a pleasure to me that Clara should wear the cross, and that Mrs. Bishop should possess the brooch. The dear child would value it, I know, a little for my sake as well as for its own, and Mrs. Bishop is the only one of my friends who could read with sympathy, and without a smile at my expense, the inscription you have had

engraved behind it. Will you consent to this double transfer of your kind presents? and give me the pleasure of seeing them worn by those two who, in different ways, I love so much, one of the two being such a dear treasure of your own. Having said as much, I bring this letter to a close, with good intentions of not being again so long without writing to you.'

Though Mrs. Craven was not in Paris, Mrs. Bishop received her usual agenda, and in it was written: 'La joie du monde ne contient pas la paix, mais la paix divine contient la joie.'

Early in January, 1886, Mrs. Craven went to St. Anne's Hill to visit Lady Holland; on the 6th, in a letter to Mrs. Bishop, she writes of the Irish agitation:

'I do believe that the depths of common sense there are in England are being stirred to sensible action, and then, when they have taken in the meaning of the thing,* they will, as is their fashion, hold fast and not let go. My faithful friend, P. ffrench,† was at the station the other day to accompany me

* Home Rule.

† Robert Percy ffrench, of Monivea Castle, Ireland, had been for many years in the Diplomatic Service, and for the most part employed in Europe. He was attaché at Naples, and had just arrived there when the affairs of Italy had become completely disorganized. 'The Casa Craven,' Mr. ffrench writes in 1892, 'was always open.' He was frequently there, and he appreciated and reverenced Mrs. Craven, as, indeed, most of her friends did. Recalling the Neapolitan life of those years, he says: 'The secret of her charm and influence was the divine spark of art which was the keynote to everything. In her many-sidedness she threw her soul into all she had to do, whether politics, religion, or social life, especially in the earlier years of her life, by which I mean even at the period 1859-61, when I saw her intimately; and for this very quality she was often ill-judged by the aggregation of conventionality called society. There are pages in her life where the warmness of her heart, the breadth of her views or judgment, showed how grand her nature was. I never saw her in England until of later years,

here, but I only let him come into the carriage on condition that he would not speak to me, as I was very tired and wished to sleep.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'HERBERT HOUSE,
'*Saturday, January*, 1886.

'I enjoyed my stay in that little paradise,* and if I could have remained there (as poor Lady H. wished it) I should have done much of my work. She is very ill, I fear, and has made me promise to go back to her once more before I go quite away. . . .

'I wish you had seen me going to Mass in the snowstorm on Wednesday, carried by my and Lady Holland's Neapolitans. No two Englishmen would have been found in the three kingdoms to do me that service. You would have been horrified to see it.'

To Lady Herbert.

'ST. ANNE'S HILL,
'*Friday, February*, 1886.

'The retirement of the Ministry† is indeed a terrible check to the pleasure of feeling that you are out of anxiety. What is to happen now? The whole game is in the hands of Parnell, and we cannot expect that he will not turn his advantage to every possible account. I wish I could put away the thought of it, now that there is no sort of hope in any way or in any direction. I have had a letter from Princesse Leonille Wittgenstein, who had seen the Pope, and had had a conversation

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when we used to meet at Holland House and St. Anne's Hill, and always talk over days that are no more. If I wanted to praise her,' continues Mr. ffrench, 'I should say that she was worthy of being of pure Irish extraction. She was so cosmopolitan, a thing so rare in a Frenchwoman, even a diplomatic one, for all who are *d'un certain monde* remain through life what their primary education of tradition and custom makes them.'

* St. Anne's Hill

† Lord Salisbury's.

of more than an hour with him. Most interesting about Germany, Russia, France and Italy. But when she began to speak of Ireland, and said much of what she had heard on that subject, he told her to be quite easy, for it was quite certain that no Irish Bishop would ever support in any degree the notion of separation from England. That Parnell has done so on a thousand occasions, and that the Bishops have supported him throughout, he seems not to know or not to believe. Nothing will do but such an imposing protest from Irish and English Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical, that he would have to see to what an extent he is deceived by Irish Nationalist statements ; but it is for the bigwigs, not for us, to do that, and when the danger comes nearer perhaps the Cardinal will do something. It is already too late now to modify in any way the effect of what has taken place in Ireland, but it will never be too late to destroy the notion that Catholicism is answerable for it.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'8, PRINCE OF WALES TERRACE,
'*February* 16, 1886.

'You must wonder indeed at what is going on here, and Mr. Gladstone is, I hope, as great a puzzle and a trial to you as he is to us. I doubt of your approving the nomination of your friend Mr. J. Morley! and altogether England never was in such a position ; at all events not since I have belonged to it. The hesitation and vacillation of the Liberals, the dreamy nonsense they talk in the presence of an organized conspiracy like that of the National League, is perfectly astounding. . . . I often keep wondering what other proof of weakness and imbecility we are to expect from that dear old foolish great man who is now (even now) asking people to tell him what is going on in Ireland. I hope I am not hurting your feelings. Mine are, I own it, much roused, and it is as well that I should go away. I leave England on the 23rd, and early in March shall be settled in Paris. My stay here has been both useful and interesting, and I have borne the climate well.

'I need not tell you that I have been well taken care of under this hospitable roof, and that my dear kind friend here has given me all the repose I needed, and as much of society as I was up

to. Yesterday your son Evelyn dined here, and it gave me great pleasure to see and talk to him, but, alas! I fear I must leave England without seeing dear Clara, which is a great disappointment. . . . I will send you my new book, "Le Valbriant."'

While still at St. Anne's Hill Mrs. Craven had heard that Eliza was 'sinking rapidly.' As soon as was possible she returned to London, on February 4, as the guest of Mrs. Bishop. In the early afternoon Florence Bishop and her maid had gone to St. Saviour's Hospital, that they might be able to give the latest news of Eliza to Mrs. Craven on her arrival. Her state was so alarming that Florence, remaining herself at the hospital, sent back her maid to urge, if it were possible, that Mrs. Craven should go on to St. Saviour's if she desired to see her old friend once more. The weather was severe—heavy, cold rain was falling—but Mrs. Craven hurried to Eliza's side. The end was near, but not yet. Mrs. Craven sank on her knees and led our prayers for the nearly unconscious woman. It was one of those times of revelation when the deeper undercurrents of life eddy to the surface. 'Let us use the prayers she knew best,' murmured Mrs. Craven, and as she went on in her clear beautiful voice, Eliza uttered inarticulate sounds of intelligent adherence to the Christian creed, and of union in the fervent petitions of her mistress. 'She understands!' joyfully whispered Mrs. Craven, with an indescribable glow of happiness on her countenance. The hospital attendants stood by, and some of Eliza's relations. Immediate danger of death had passed, they thought, but death had little meaning there except as a release from suffering. Mrs. Craven, already much exhausted by her day, returned to Kensington. Eliza had 'understood,' had, with a last effort of consciousness, expressed her faith and hope by a faint pressure of her hand,

and Mrs. Craven almost joyfully left her with her God. She was, however, still alive two days after, a day made shamefully memorable by the riots that so scared Londoners. Mrs. Craven had been lunching in St. James's Palace, and went afterwards to St. Saviour's in Osnaburgh Street. She had hardly passed Piccadilly on her way there, when the uncontrolled and dangerous mob swept the streets she had passed through. The brougham in which she drove would have been almost certainly stopped, and she herself might have been seriously frightened, had she been within reach of the rioters; but she heard nothing of her danger until her return to Kensington. On February 24 she left London for a visit to the Duc and Duchesse d'Ursel in Belgium.

Mrs. Craven wrote, on March 7, to Mrs. Bishop:

'MONS.

'You ask, dearest friend, how I caught this cold? It would be more natural to ask how I could avoid it, when it is twice as cold on this side of the Channel as on the other, when there has been a snowstorm every day, and when in Paris it has been even worse than here. I suppose I had no chance of escape, and on the whole I had rather have it here, where I am perfectly quiet, than in Paris, where there are so many that I must see, and such a number of things to do. Still, it is a bore, and a real pull-down, and I shall not be told when I arrive in Paris that I am 'a beautiful old woman,' as I was in England. I am still in bed, coughing and sneezing, but I am less feverish. I have had a better night, and I am treated by a clever homœopathic doctor. I have not the smallest idea of the day on which I shall be declared able to proceed on my journey. But these things mend rapidly, when once they take the right turn. I am happy to hear that you are not the worse for that truly British device of moving, without any necessity, out of your comfortable home to go and sleep two nights in a hotel. So thankful that you are safe back at "The Feathers," as dear Mrs. La Touche styles your locality. Your dinner must have been most interesting, except that in my eyes Mr. Giffen is like all those

who at this hour of the day try to humour the Irish madness and malefactors. There is manly fight in Lord Denbigh's disposition, as there is in that of the Duke of Norfolk, and of Mr. Bishop. Thank you for everything—first, Mrs. Urquhart's* excellent letter, and, second, Alice's† and Mr. de Vere's.

'I regret this delay, because it puts off the day of my meeting Monsignor di Rende, into whose ear I long to pour it all. Did Captain Ross of Bladensburg ever get to Paris and see anyone there? Alas! alas! but what time lost! and how sure Khartoum is to be taken, and Gordon killed over again, before the attempt of a rescue is made. Gladstone seems never to tire of that play, but we are almost as bad as he, not to hit upon any way of helping ourselves. . . . It is too despairing; the English have become stupid, and at some times there is nothing so bad as that for men to be.

'I am reading and enjoying in bed Mrs. Molesworth's pretty story "Us"; it is one of her best, and does me much good at this moment, when everything that is soothing and calming is recommended to me. Write often to me, I have no greater pleasure.

'With Madeleine de Grünne, who spent a day here, I had a good talk about Ireland, but nobody else on this side of the Channel understands a word of the matter.

'My dear little Duchess here . . . . is in her bed whilst I am in mine, unable to help her by my company, or to be helped by hers. Her husband comes and goes between us! God bless you, and again I say, write to me and tell me all!'

The writer of this Memoir has left the following letter to Mr. ffrench as Mrs. Craven wrote it. It is an example of the grace and charm with which she used her own language in her correspondence. It is impossible not to hope that, before long, the public may possess some of the treasures in Count Albert de Mun's hands. Only mere fragments of her manifold correspondence, and those not in her own

* Mrs. Urquhart, the widow of the well-known politician, David Urquhart.

† Lady Alice Gaisford.

language, have been used in these pages. Versed in English as she was, English was but a borrowed vestment for her thoughts, cast in so French a mould, nor does English lend itself to letter-writing as does French. Very popular in cosmopolitan society, Mr. ffrench was always called *ffrench* among his foreign friends, by women as well as by men.

'MONS

'(*Chez le Duc d'Ursel, Gouverneur du Hainaut*),

'*Mars* 17, 1886.

'DEAR FFRENCH,

'You used to write in English, and so did I; but si vous préférez mon propre idiome, restons-y. Vous n'avez pas l'air d'avoir compris l'étendue de ma mésaventure, et que j'aie été saisie par une grippe (il y a 20 jours) dont je ne suis pas quitte encore, et que, venue à Mons pour y voir ma très chère et gentille nièce la Duchesse d'Ursel (née de Mun) dont le marie est gouverneur du Hainaut, et donner à Luigi le temps de préparer mon appartement à Paris, afin de ne pas m'enrhumer en y revenant! J'ai trouvé ici tout ce que je cherchais à éviter là, et j'ai appris une fois de plus ce que valent toutes les prévisions et les précautions humaines! Je vais mieux cependant. La toux a disparu, la fièvre aussi, mais il me reste une faiblesse extrême, qui pour le moment me rend encore absolument hors d'état de bouger, et je n'ose prévoir qu'il me soit possible de regagner mes foyers avant le milieu, et peut-être la fin, de la semaine prochaine!

'Je n'ai pas écrit à Lady Holland tant que j'ai eu par vous de ses nouvelles, et je ne le ferai pas encore, précisement parce que je connais son exactitude et que je ne veux pas lui donner la peine de me répondre. Je désire de tout mon cœur que le retour du printemps si délicieux a St. Anne, lui ramène avec ses forces la possibilité de songer à Marienbad pour le mois de Juin. Je compte sur vous pour continuer à donner exactement de ses nouvelles. Je pense à elle bien souvent et avec grande tristesse, à la distance qui nous sépare et qu'il est bien certain que je ne franchirai plus jamais!

'Non, je n'approve pas du tout votre faible trop encouragé

pour votre petite coterie artistique et dramatique (quelqu'-agréable qu'elle soit, je n'en doute pas), mais où, me dites vous, on ne s'occupe pas de politique ! La belle recommendation, du temps qui court, auprès d'un Irlandais pur sang, tel que vous l'êtes, ce dont je vous loue, et qui devrait être "up and doing" comme un bon loyalist, sans un moment de trève ou de repos. Etudiez vos aimables cousines et tâchez de les imiter. En tous cas, de grâce ne perdez pas l'occasion de rendre aussi inoffensive que possible la mission que se donne W. Blunt ! et s'il est capable de voir et de comprendre l'Irlande honnête et raisonnable, trouvez moyen de lui faire apercevoir qu'elle n'a absolument rien de commun avec la Ligue. Mais j'ai peu d'espoir, vous avez réussi avec Molinari, mais c'était un homme d'esprit et un homme raisonnable, tandis que W. Blunt croit, et Arabi croit, à "l'Islam régénéré," croit surtout à. . . . Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, et par dessus tout, déteste l'Angleterre ! Sur ce, je vous quitte ne pouvant écrire longtemps sans fatigue ; quoique je sois très bien soignée sous ce toit hospitalier, je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire si j'ai hâte de me retrouver sous le mien, et d'attendre enfin le terme de ce très ennuyeux épisode. Donnez moi de vos nouvelles, et croyez moi,

'Affectionately yours,
'P. L. F. CRAVEN.

'P.S.—J'espère apprendre bientôt que votre fille vous est revenue saine et sauve. Parlez de moi le plus tendrement possible à Lady Holland.'

L.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 1, 1886.

'Well, I was quite delighted with my conversation with the Nuncio. He seems now to have taken in the whole of the Irish position, and to understand it exactly as it is. . . . All this may be too late, but as I always say, it never will be too late to show the world that Catholics, as such, are not sympathizing

with the vile movement that is leading the Irish away from every law, human and divine. The Nuncio laughed very much at the Bishop of Nottingham's excommunication of the Primroses; he said: "That good Bishop seems to have forgotten that to be duly excommunicated it is absolutely necessary for people to have committed a very serious sin, and sins are not created according to people's fancies or opinions." I showed him the letter of the Bishop of Clifton on that subject, and he then said that, on that point, the Pope had already given his opinion.'

To Lady Herbert.

'PARIS,
'*April* 10, 1886.

'I have just received "Valbriant" in its beautiful English dress and with its new title. I thank you so very much. I have already glanced through it, and have duly appreciated your great talent and fidelity, and once again, remembering how quickly these pages were written, envied you the gift I am so very far from possessing.

'And so—all is over; that fatal eloquence* has done its work. Those dangerous proposals will not probably be accepted, but the mischief done by their having been proposed in such masterly language will never be undone. I almost wish now the experiment to be tried, that its result may bring people to their senses and the blind leader himself have his eyes opened to it. However, I am getting to leave off thinking about it (which Cardinal Manning would say is the best thing I could do). One reason is that there is not in Paris a single person who understands a word of the subject and with whom I can talk of it.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*April* 12, 1886.

'Your letter of March 15, containing your kind wishes to me for this very day, has just reached me, and it certainly is the least that I can do to thank you for it without even an hour's

* Mr. Gladstone's.

delay. I don't suppose anybody else in the world has remembered this seventy-eighth birthday of mine, and certainly on no one's remembrance and sincere good wishes do I rely as much as I do upon yours You will, I know, be glad to hear that I reached Paris safely on March 27, after having been detained at Mons by a whole month's illness. What was I doing at Mons, you ask? I was paying a visit to my very dear (so-called) niece, the Duchesse d'Ursel, née de Mun (the eldest daughter of my brother-in-law by his second wife). From her childhood she has had an extraordinary affection for me, and never could then be made to understand that, being, as I was, her two brothers' aunt, I was not hers also; and so it has gone on from the beginning, and all those four call me "Tante Pauline." This one is married to the Duc d'Ursel, who is at present Governor of Hainaut, that is, of the province in which the uprising took place the other day. I was there still when it broke out at Charleroi (and I also was in Pall Mall on the day of the London riot), but in neither case did anything happen to me or even frighten me (although my bravery is by no means increasing with age). I was glad to get home, however, although my first return to it now is always such a renewal of grief and pain. It takes time, too, to get accustomed again to the utter silence of a lonely house like mine and to complete solitude, after having had for some months the society of very true friends like those I lived with in England. It seemed strange, too, after leaving them all in a well-founded state of anxiety and in a fever of expectation about the impending Gladstonian Irish disclosures, to find myself suddenly among those who cared not a straw about the subject and to whom I could not so much as mention it. The French are very strange and unlike other people in their complete indifference to everything that is going on beyond their frontiers. Well, that doesn't signify. What does, alas! is, that our "sometime friend" has now spoken his best and said his worst. The words can no longer be recalled; his splendid and fatal eloquence has not failed him. There they are—the 27,000 of them, already under your eyes, at this moment probably, and giving you, I dare say, much my own feeling of present and future certain mischief as their result. It is an astounding speech in its beauty and in its folly! However, I again say, it can't be recalled, and who can foresee what will

happen? There is danger in rejecting those insane measures, almost as great as in passing them. Anarchy and civil war on one side, dynamite on the other, bloodshed anyhow. It is certainly not a cheering prospect, and the England you will return to will be a very different one from the England you left.

'It is a great pleasure, however, to look forward to this return of yours, of which the date is now approaching. When you went away, it seemed very unlikely that I should be alive by that time. Now, I think, I may indulge in the hope of seeing you again, my health having got back, for the present, to its normal state. I really forget sometimes how old I am. You must let me know beforehand all your plans.'

To Mr. ffrench.

'PARIS,
'*Avril* 29, 1886.

'Pas du tout—Rien de tout cela—Mon silence n'a été causé par aucune des mauvaises raisons auxquelles vous l'attribuez, mais uniquement par celle qui embrasse toutes les autres, *je suis à Paris*, je ne sors à peu près jamais, je ne vois à peu près personne, et cependant mon temps est dévoré, sans qu'il me soit possible de me rappeler à la fin de la journée qu'il a été rempli! Il faut pourtant donc, comme justification réelle, que je travaille maintenant le plus que je puis, à ce dernier ouvrage de ma vie que j'ai hâte de poursuivre, puisque Dieu me laisse le temps et les forces, et que mes yeux ne me refusent pas encore leur service. Ajoutez cela aux "empêchements" de la bonne ville de Paris, et vous n'irez plus chercher midi a quatorze heures pour deviner pourquoi je ne vous écris pas. Quant au "Valbriant," il est vrai, j'ai un peu oublié de vous l'envoyer, et un peu pensé que vous n'y pensiez plus, et qu'un homme aussi mordu que vous par la littérature actuelle, ne lirait ce simple récit que par politesse pour une vieille amie. Mais je suis heureuse et flattée de votre insistance, et toute prête à réparer mon tort, ainsi que vous le connaîtrez presqu'en même temps que vous recevrez cette lettre.

'Vos meilleures nouvelles de Lady Holland me réjouissent le cœur. Je voudrais tant qu'elle pût aller à Marienbad au plus tôt! Le Marquis de Juigné (père de Madeleine de Castellane)

est parti il y a un mois déjà pour Carlsbad avec une maladie de foie si avancée, qu'il était devenu méconnaissable, son teint, couleur d'acajou, et dans un malaise indescriptible. J'avoue que ce départ et dans cette saison me semblait une folie. Eh bien, le voilà sensiblement mieux, et reprenant forces et bonne humeur. Je voudrais que notre chère "my lady" pût suivre cet encourageant exemple, dites-lui en attendant mille et mille tendres choses de ma part. Je ne vous dis pas un mot de politique, ne voulant pas ajouter mes lamentations à vos gémissements. Your friend, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, has gone and done all the mischief he could, mais il n'y a plus rien à gâter ni à détruire. Tout est fait. Votre G. M. s'en est chargé! et même qu'après ses derniers discours, il se tairait pour toujours, la puissance déstructive de ses paroles durera bien longtemps après lui.

'God bless you. Je suis heureuse de vous savoir rétabli, et aussi que pendant cette maladie votre chère et charmante fille ait été auprès de vous, mais faut-il vraiment qu'elle reparte sitôt? Encore une fois, croyez moi,

'Ever affectionately yours,

'P. L. F. CRAVEN.

'Combe Abbey! J'y ai été un an après mon mariage, il y a 32 ans! Cela m'a plû alors par une singularité! Et les portraits du Prince Rupert et du Prince Maurice? Ils y sont toujours, j'imagine.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*May* 11, 1886.

'I have been wishing to write to you ever since you disappeared at the bottom of my staircase. . . . Here, then, is the battle begun, and from what I see in the papers you have just sent me, and in my own little morning news, this second speech of the G. O. M. has not been (it seems to me) as dangerous or specious as the first; but the confusion he has created abides, and I suppose no one can see their way out of it. Those threats from Ulster don't please me, although I sympathize with them —I might say, because I do, for it is most uncomfortable to be

brought to feel that sympathy and strong opposition to the other (which I will not call the Catholic) side; but so it is, and certainly it is all most dangerous talk, including the Wolseley and Beresford *soi-disant* intentions. But who knows, since threats on the other side have so moved Mr. Gladstone, whether he will not be made to reflect by the same mode of reasoning on this side? It is a position never seen before, I believe, and this threatened revolt in favour of loyalty and law it seems an impossibility to put down by force, so it may not be useless after all. I need not ask you to write to me as often as you can, and to send me all you can spare on that too painfully interesting subject.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*May* 24, 1886.

'Mr. Fullerton has been my guest every day this week. I have found it very useful, and, on the whole, satisfactory, that he should read all my finished chapters. I had reluctantly to strike out some things, but I could not disobey him. . . . That is the drawback of writing a biography when those most interested in it are still alive. It is impossible to write it with the liberty and the completeness it ought to have. When I published the "Récit d'une Sœur," twenty years and more were passed since the death of those whose story I told. However, this is only a slight drawback, and I am relieved at having had his full approbation of the *ensemble* and of the tone I had adopted. He did not think it too worldly, and altogether, as he seems satisfied, I am pleased, and hope to be able to go on actively when I am quite rid of this feverish attack.

'It really looks as if Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain had flung themselves efficiently at the heads of the runaway horses which Mr. Gladstone was whipping so furiously downhill. If so, it is a brave and useful act of strength and courage. . . .

'Yes; my sister-in-law was in her glory at the royal wedding festival, but not more so than many others, except from the private exceptional delight of having had a finger in that most successful

matrimonial pie.* It was the greatest and really most unlooked-for success. Such a manifestation of a true representation of all classes of society as was seen at that party had never before been seen in France. The Royalists were all there, without even a trace of former divisions; then the literary and the commercial world were equally well represented—all but the military world, to whom the Comte de Paris sent no invitations, and would not have done so to his most intimate friends, as *avant tout la discipline militaire* must be respected by those in the army; but those who would have gone if they could were very numerous, and contrived to have their wishes and regrets conveyed to him. The Princess was lovely, and the whole thing so beautifully managed that 3,000 people moved through the rooms without a moment's crush. And, stranger than all, all through France, wherever the train stopped, bouquets were brought and every kind of homage paid to the travelling royalties. You will have heard nothing of all this from M. Scherer. But, of course, I know too well that, however truly this may represent the feelings of a large proportion (and that the best) of the French population, it does not bring us nearer to the downfall of this disgraceful *régime*. . . . Pray thank Mrs. Molesworth and Juliet for their very kind letters. I am very glad they liked the "Valbriant." The characters and incidents alluded to are so French—so unfamiliar to foreigners—that I did not expect it to be cared for by any outside *le terroir*.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*June* 12, 1886.

'The words you did not find out are in one of dear Olga's letters after Eugénie's death, at p. 323 of vol. ii. Those letters are the dearest she ever wrote, I think, and are oftener in my mind than many others in the book.

'Thank you for your indulgence. "Le Valbriant" has not met with much praise in France, and M. Armand de Pontmartin

* The marriage of Princess Amélie of Orleans, the Comte de Paris' eldest daughter, with the eldest son of the King of Portugal, who is now King in his father's place. The banishment of the Comte de Paris followed soon after this event.

has had his usual fling at it and at me, but it is read, I suppose, by many quiet good people out of the Daudet-and-Zola-reading great world, for it has already gone through seven editions.

'And now what is going to happen in England? The Bill is stopped for the present, that is something, but I am afraid that the gunpowder so plentifully scattered about by Mr. Gladstone will yet cause abundant mischief, *sans compter* what he keeps in store for the electioneering campaign about to begin, in which Mr. Herbert Gladstone has announced that they are all to stand "shoulder to shoulder" with Parnell. What will have happened in England between this and your return to it, it is quite impossible to foresee! short as, happily, that time is.

'This morning the French Republic has disgraced itself by a fresh iniquity, which the circumstances under which it is perpetrated make as ridiculous as it is odious. The poor Comte de Paris will have reason to regret that he parted too confidently with York House,* though I trust that his banishment will not be a very long one. There is but one opinion about him, and the Royalists have all firmly rallied round him. Albert spoke very well on the subject in the Chamber yesterday. I hope you will read his speech. . . . I am very busy at my work,† which I think will be more interesting than many people thought it could be. A fine character is always a delight to study, and she lived among interesting people, and at an interesting time. To return to your address.‡ I was not only touched at the words you quoted, as a proof of your remembering where and when you had read them, but still more at the advice they were meant to convey. Indeed, what is science and education and civilization if no higher thought crowns them? "*Tout ce qui finit est si court!*"'

* The Comte de Paris' residence at Twickenham, now that of Sir M. Grant Duff.

† 'Life of Lady G. Fullerton.'

‡ An address delivered by Mr. Grant Duff as Chancellor of the University of Madras.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'La Roche,
'*July* 22, 1886.

'It looks as if really "the harp was not to be uncrowned," nor "the Shamrock parted from the Rose," and so far, hurrah! But I don't feel easy at all yet, unless dear Mrs. La Touche is also quite right in thinking that the Irish themselves wish to be "aisy," and have had enough of all this fatiguing agitation. If not, if in that way they are indefatigable and insatiable, I am afraid that Mr. Gladstone . . . will still have it in his power to do us a great deal of harm, except that in his fury he oversteps the mark, and people may realize more and more that he is not a safe man to have at the helm in stormy weather. Have you read his letter to G. Leveson? It looks as if he had never read till quite lately anything about Ireland, and reminds me of the Bishop of Orleans, who all of a sudden, not many years before his death, discovered the frightful ill-usage to which Marie Antoinette had been subjected, and astonished everybody by advising them to *read her history*. He seems to have been, at that time, the only person in France who did not know all about it.

'I came here on Tuesday, and enjoy the real country air, although I left my little den reluctantly. But I like this place and the company of my kind friend here.'*

LI.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'Paris,
'*September* 13, 1886.

'To what you say about the sending of an ambassador to Rome being prevented by the English dislike to have a Nuncio in London, I answer, Why should they have one? There is

* Mme. Cochin.

none at Berlin or St. Petersburg, and there are, and always were, Prussian and Russian ambassadors at the Vatican. What is needed is, that the case of England should be clearly stated and put before the Pope.

'I have been more delighted with Rudolf de Lisle's life than with any book I have read for a long time, except "Henrietta Kerr," which I liked as well. How excellent Alice's* letter at the end was !'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,

'*November* 11, 1886.

'There is nothing to write about from France. Everything here is getting sadder, lower and more despairing every day. I sometimes wonder whether the extraordinary attempt of rulers to destroy the religions of the countries they govern is really going to succeed ! The possibility of it is enough to dishearten one. I feel at times as if I had rather be living anywhere than in France, the whole thing is so painful, and at the same time so dreadfully tedious and vulgar.

'Your account of Ireland has rather cheered me up. It is very evident that those great demonstrations that were to follow the rejection of Home Rule are not taking place ; at which the lookers on here (who, however, know and understand nothing about it) are much surprised. The Government seems to me to act coolly, firmly, quietly and well. Lord R. Churchill's answer to the Scotch Protestant protest against the nomination of Mr. Matthews was very pleasant reading. Apropos of which, if you could get somebody to send it to me with its date, it would be helping me, as I have mentioned it in my work, and dates must accompany that kind of mention. This is one thing you could do for me, and you will, I know, if you can. Another is, the dates of Lady Georgiana's successive publications. I am badly in want of these, and I can't get them from any of those who are helping me in her family. However, I have had a most precious supply from Madame Ward† of Roehampton

* Lady Alice Gaisford.

† One of the community of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton.

(the real author, I am told, of "Henrietta Kerr")—extracts from her Journal, throwing strong and beautiful light on Lady Georgiana's spiritual life. I am much less afraid now than I was before of the book being much, too much, more fitted for drawing-rooms than for convents. . . . I like being here; they are all kind, clever and cheerful, and before I came here I had been a very long time quite alone. Besides, I have plenty of time to work, and Mass every morning in the chapel; altogether it is a good and a happy kind of life! My knee is as well as I could expect it to be, but I can't take a walk or use it much in any way; and but for your most precious stick, I should not be able to go up and down stairs (of which up and down going there is a great deal in this big house). I never move out of my room without having it with me, and I thank you again and again for it.

'. . . The death of poor Geneviève de Vallombrosa* has indeed been a blow to all her people; her poor girl is quite heartbroken. Of course one knew she could not live; the wonder was that she was alive after such a year of suffering. Yet it came quite as suddenly as if it had not been at all foreseen. Hers was a life which was quite as good as it was brilliant, and the world had not spoiled her.'

To Father Coleridge.

'LUMIGNY,
'*November* 25, 1886.

'It† is very hard work, though I find it most interesting. I am getting alarmed, however, at the number of documents I have still got to turn to account, for there is a limit of length which the volume ought not to overstep. I have already written 400 pages (which printed would be 300), and I have only reached the year 1851. . . .'

* Duchesse de Vallombrosa, well known to English visitors at Cannes.

† The 'Life of Lady G. Fullerton.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,
'*November* 27, 1886.

'Your letter was a great treat (a rare one, too, allow me to remark). I am here so completely out of the sphere of interest in which you move, that it is like hearing from another world. Not that this is at all a somnolent circle where conversation ever flags, but it is quite inconceivable how utterly indifferent they all are to what is going on beyond the French frontiers, unless, indeed, there is some fear of our being dragged into any of the present European quarrels. But our internal miseries in reality absorb all their thoughts. I had a little talk, however, with Denys Cochin yesterday. He came to shoot, and spent two days here. He had just met in Paris Lord Emly, who is their old friend, and he had heard from him all that would confirm his own opinion, which is a most sensible one, on Irish as on all matters. He told me that Lord Emly had entreated of him to write something in the *Correspondant* about it, and as he is willing to do so I gave him the "notes" from Ireland, and promised to send him whatever useful information I could get for him. There is in the number of the 25th a new "Chez Paddy," on the whole a good one. M. de Grancey has evidently tried this time to speak well of the clergy. Shall I send it to you, or can you easily get it in London?

'I was amused at Florence's sporting exploits.* It goes next to heroic actions in war, in my estimation. The women capable of them are in my eyes superhuman, and I can't look down upon them as Mrs. La Touche does. What would she and you and Florence say if you were here, where three families are collected—women, girls, men and children—twenty-two altogether, and not one among them ever dreaming of a ride on horseback? In fact, there is not in the place a single animal upon whose back the feat could be accomplished. This seems very strange, even to me: English people couldn't stand it. *En revanche*, no English circle would sit round a table in the evening, the men drawing and the women working, whilst I

* While hunting with the Kildare hounds.

read to them aloud the finished chapters of my book. All this shows how utterly different our two nations are; no wonder that they find it so impossible to understand each other!

'The *Pall Mall* may, now and then, when it goes along with its crotchets, be just and generous to Catholics; but it is the essence of mischief all the same.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,

'*December* 8, 1886.

'I did not write to thank you for the *Freeman's Journal*, because I did not know whether you had returned home or not. Your letter just received from Harristown settles that question, and I have time to write to you once more there. I hardly know whether or not to thank you really for sending me that dreadful paper. It made me quite unhappy, though for the sake of D. Cochin's instruction I am glad to have it. But I am discouraged. It seems to me impossible to struggle against such unscrupulous bad faith, and, as you say, with socialists for archbishops and rebels for chiefs, how are the poor people to be either honest or wise? The wonder, the real wonder, is that so many are. But what Government can be clever, able and strong enough to weather this kind of storm, where everything is so false, no grievance real, no remedy wished for? And supporting all these mad schemes, such men in England as Lord Spencer, Lord Ripon, Lord Aberdeen. I am quite sick at heart about it all. If the Archbishop's opinions are not censured, then I must really give up thinking of Ireland, and put the subject away from my mind, as I do the contents of a bad and dangerous book. I suppose, however, that this document, public as it is, and published in all the papers with (seemingly) the Archbishop's approbation, must be made known at Rome.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*December* 15, 1886.

'The truth is that there is but one remedy, and that remedy the English Government will not use. Let them have at Rome an accredited representative. They (the English) have no

favour to ask. The Catholic Church in England has the liberty which the Pope claims for it elsewhere, and often vainly, even in Catholic countries. What more may be wished for (in the matter of education, for example), who could doubt that reasoning and perseverance would bring about, if only these "mad screams" were to stop? Anyhow, let the English state fairly what they have done, and are willing to do, for the religious freedom of the Catholics of England and Ireland, and then let them state and prove, by the mere producing of documents, to what extent the clergy of Ireland have been their political enemies, and have encouraged and helped the people to refuse all obedience to the authority of the law—although it is very certain that in these days the determined wish and will of all parties in England is to govern Ireland as well as they (who govern the fourth part of the whole world) know how. Why not have the courage to take this straightforward line? Till then we are sure to find the Pope listening to the Irish bishops, and accepting their statements, and theirs alone. There is truth and justice in what he says, that the accounts of private individuals can't be accepted by him on so very serious a subject, without some official confirmation. Is there, by this time, no English or even Irish bishop somewhat unwilling to follow Dr. Walsh's lead? Of course it is from that quarter that law and reason should be promoted.'

To Lady Herbert.

'PARIS,

'*December* 17, 1886.

'I saw Mr. Leveson yesterday, and with thanks I received from him the letters you send me, and which I promise to faithfully return. I am getting afraid of having overstepped my limits of space, having already written more than four hundred pages and not got yet farther than the year 1853. It is very difficult work, and not made easier by having to satisfy so many people of different views, and with equal right to have an opinion to which I am bound to attend. I can but do my best, praying her dear soul to help me.

'Need I say how often—how constantly my thoughts fly back to this time last year, when I spent these same days in such

delightful repose under your dear roof? I envy those who are there now. Pray give my love and fondest wishes to dear Mary,* *e tutti i suoi*, to Alice, to dear Lady Newburgh when you see her. How I do wish that I could pay her with you that pleasant Sunday visit, as we did last year after Benediction at the Oratory. I assure you it is sad to have so completely belonged, as I have done. to three countries. The result has been that, whether in Italy, in England or in France, I have always had a kind of homesick feeling about the other two. But (strange to say, perhaps) it is for England I feel it most, because it is there I have had my dearest friends. Pahlen was right to say : "*C'est le pays des amis.*"'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*December* 23, 1886.

'We had a fearful alarm last week about my dear nephew, Robert de Mun, who seemed threatened with one of those complaints which are more dreadful than any—a growth inside his mouth near the jaw, about the nature of which the Paris surgeons seemed doubtful. Upon this, his wife, with the promptness and energy of devoted affection, persuaded him to go off with her at once to the Munich doctor, who for diseases of that nature is the first of men, and this morning, after the treatment of a week, he has pronounced him quite safe (thanks, however, to the evil having been detected and stopped at once). I am so deeply thankful, not only because I love dearly that dear firstborn son of my own Eugénie, but because of his poor wife, his darling children. No words can say how precious that life is! Dear Albert left all his affairs, and his own children and wife (whom he was starting to spend Christmas with at Canterbury), and went off to Munich with his brother—the two are devoted to each other. Pray for them all and for me, too, dear friend.

'Don't send me the *Freeman* any more ; I can't read it. It makes me sick with disgust and alarm when I consider that

* Baroness F. von Hügel, Lady Herbert's eldest daughter.

that is called moderate Irish language. The die is now cast,* the battle has begun. Will—can the Government win it? What do you think, and hope, and fear? Was it rash and wrong to risk it? And yet, would not accepting the wholesale robbery that was being set on foot have been the worst of all acknowledgments of weakness? What was to be done? and what will happen now? How I should like to hear you say. What is Parnell about? Oh! if even now, at this eleventh hour, he would take Deàk's part in Hungary, and play it in Ireland—use his strength now against the revolution, even though it would be for England. But surely for Ireland too.'

LII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,

'*January* 22, 1887.

'I am reading Charles Greville.† Oh, what a story it is! But what a terrible thing it is, too, that all the pity and indignation it must arouse are now useless—indeed, dangerous feelings to indulge in! It is dwelling too much upon those recollections that has turned Mr. Gladstone into the mortal friend of Ireland he now is. Of course, that past is detestable, and can never be sufficiently abhorred, but it cannot turn a socialistic revolution into a remedy, it cannot turn the present leaders of the Irish into wise, safe, honest (giving that word its usual meaning) men and rulers. No, there is nothing to be done but for England, who has done so much harm to Ireland, to do her best now, patiently, persistently, and firmly to do her all the good she can.

'I shall remain here till the 31st, and then settle in Paris for good. My work interests me, if I was not hurried by the fear of not having time to finish it. I should like to spin it out, there are so many interesting letters on all subjects. Yesterday I translated a note of Charles Greville, sending Lady Georgiana

* Four leading Nationalists were arrested in Ireland.

† 'The Past and Present of Ireland,' published in 1845.

the proof-sheets of his "Ireland," and her answer. Also a most remarkable one from Father Faber.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 12, 1887.

'I am wretched to-day at the news from Robert de Mun, who has had finally to undergo at Munich the fearful operation which there had been hopes of his being spared. I now fear the danger is great; pray for us, please. A greater misfortune could hardly have happened in our midst. May it still, through God's mercy, be averted. I came home on Wednesday, and I feel both lonely and unquiet, which is the usual Parisian combination of things for me.'

Comte Robert de Mun, the eldest son of Mrs. Craven's beloved sister Eugénie, did not recover from the operation at Munich. M. de Mun had taken what was, perhaps, a more active part than his brother in the daily work—the intricate organization of the *Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques*. In a touching notice of his career, Mrs. Craven reminds us of his mother's prayers for her child before his birth,* which asked for him that he should ever love God, be pious and good, and endowed with beauty both physical and spiritual, and have eyes 'such as she loved.' Her prayers were answered in every particular. He lost his mother when he was three years old, and was but forty-eight when he died, yet he had fulfilled his mother's desires. His education was the same as that of his brother Albert. He left the army when he married Princess Jeanne de Beauvau in 1867, but when the war of 1870 broke out, he asked to be re-employed on General Gudin's staff at Rouen. When the brothers met again, a new path through the ruins of the social state opened to their sincere and earnest hearts. To

* See 'Récit d'une Sœur,' ii. 221.

help their distracted country became the aim of their lives, and to heal its wounds, not superficially, but from their depths, required not only good intention, but thought and study, and the wealth of sympathy which Christian faith can give. Called to the duties which his eloquence imposed on him, Comte Albert de Mun could not have given the time and labour which were lavished by his brother Robert on their common work. Nothing perhaps helped it better through many difficulties than the self-forgetfulness of Comte Robert. 'Père Lacordaire has said,' writes Mrs. Craven, '"Ce n'est ni le génie, ni la gloire, ni l'amour, qui mesurent l'élévation de l'âme, c'est la bonté." Robert fut la réalisation vivante de cette parole.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 7, 1887.

'I have been reading Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century*. Thank you so much for it. Do you know what my conclusion is? That Home Rule is impossible to avoid. Of course, I see the fallacy, the onesidedness, the danger of every line; but there they are—to be read by all; to help for ever Irish discontent of every shade. . . .

'Nothing can be more melancholy than my present life. This event in our family has darkened everything for all of us. You spoke in your last letter of its "overshadowing Lumigny." Do you know that, thanks to the French law, it will have certainly to be sold?—every arrangement made by my brother-in-law to enable his eldest son to keep it being destroyed by his death. And there are so many other things which are distressing besides the grief itself. My only comfort is that I am well enough to occupy myself, and that I don't mind being alone. The Montalemberts are come, and the Nuncio not gone; so I now and then have some pleasant evening visitors.

'All the worry and fatigue of the last three weeks have stopped my work, but I am now resuming it again.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 22, 1887.

'This is indeed a sad winter; friends and relations have been taken from me in such rapid succession that I feel a kind of stunned surprise at being still alive—I who am the oldest and the most useless of all. It is not Bertrand, but his uncle—my very dear first cousin, Stanislas de Blacas, the devoted friend of the Comte de Chambord, and as such well known and much respected by all parties—it is he who died on Friday last. He was an important member of our family—kind, warm-hearted, amiable, unselfish; he kept together all those whom he loved and who loved him, and was a link the loss of which will long be felt. . . . I should like to know what Sir Mountstuart thinks, now that he has seen everybody, of the real state of things in England. Is this its final downfall, and the final triumph of real destructive revolution? Or is there still will, strength, and honesty enough left in the country to save it?

'My temptation to become a Home Ruler has evaporated again (although I do think and fear that it will come), because of my disgust at the attitude of my former friends since the beginning of the "Plan of Campaign" movement. I cannot conquer what I feel about it. It is such a frightful connivance with lawlessness that it seems to me that nothing like it has ever been seen. Of course, if English statesmen wink at a conspiracy against the first rules of honesty and justice, as well as against their own country, "*le sel a perdu sa saveur*," *et alors* "*avec quoi le salera-t-on?*" Excuse my quoting Scripture in French; I don't know how in English. My dear friend, you will, I am afraid, be tired of hearing of one whom, however dear to me, you never knew. But you will receive probably next week a few pages I wrote about Robert, and I wish you to read them indulgently. They are addressed to the "Readers of the 'Récit d'une Sœur,'" as such to you, and, of course, to our dear friend Sir M. and others. This is how it happened that I wrote them: His poor wife was dissatisfied with all that was written about him, and one day she said to me so piteously, "It is you—you alone—who could have written anything to

please me, and to do me good," that I felt as if I was near a sick person, or one convulsed with grief, asking me to soothe her by the sound of an instrument that I could play. So I made up my mind to satisfy her, and say a few words about him such as I felt them. As much has been written about him, I know this will be found fault with ; but what does it matter ? What do I care now about what people may think or say of me ?

'I have not yet seen Cardinal di Rende, but I believe he takes his scarlet quietly, as he does all things. I shall miss him much. It is not every day that one meets again, as the Pope's Nuncio and a Cardinal of the Holy Church, one whom one has known since he was five years old, and always liked. . . .

'I return by to-day's post Greville's "Ireland." The twenty last pages are well worth reading over and republishing now. In 1842 he already thought it folly, bigotry, and madness to have no representative at Rome.'

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*March* 29, 1887.

'I read over with emotion your account of your visit to Notre Dame de Sion at Jerusalem, which had so much interested me in one of your letters, but what follows I cannot quite understand. You have taken the trouble, so seldom thought of by any Englishman, to ascertain that the facts, as you found them stated by myself and others, concerning the conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne, were true. You know that the occurrence of January 20, 1842, changed his whole life, that the change was one from ease and enjoyment to trouble and suffering, and that, as he said on his death-bed, he truly found on that day "Marie et la Croix," and clung to them for life. You may not like to call this a miracle, but surely you can't believe that its having occurred "amongst persons of great intelligence and supreme good faith" has anything to do with the fact itself, nor yet that any "climate of opinion and combination of circumstances" could ever bring about anything of the sort ? Those words which sometimes mark suddenly and sharply the extreme difference of our views always surprise me, though why they

should I don't quite know, except that in so many we seem to agree. I thoroughly enjoyed all your descriptions, and, as usual, felt deeply thankful for your recollections.'

To Father Coleridge.

'PARIS,

'*April* 24, 1887.

'I am sorry to see that you understood I intended to attack English family life, as that was very far from my thoughts—the more so as, for my own part, I am all for the home system of England (I acted up to that in my time)—I mean for husbands and wives having their homes away from the family of one or the other of the two, as is the French custom. I only meant to compare the two, not to find fault with the English. It is true, however, that the French arrangement has its advantages—it keeps parents and children, brothers and sisters, closer together; it also accustoms everyone to habitual giving way, and combats selfishness. But it has many and great disadvantages, and one (and surely a very great one) is that it removes in many cases, to the background, their duty to their husband, lessens their habits of companionship with him, and as, in almost all instances, the motive of this arrangement is not affection, but simple economy, I am more alive to its drawbacks than to its merits, so you see that I had no idea of touching the "glory" either of English homes or of English comforts, and I am willing to scratch out anything that would give that impression; anyhow, it is understood that you are to leave out, and to put in, whatever you please. . . . I hope Mr. Fullerton will not find fault with the use I have made of some most interesting pages of Lady G.'s on her spiritual life, which Mother Ward (of the Sacred Heart Convent at Roehampton) extracted and copied out for me from the papers left in the box which the poor Duchess of Norfolk had only half explored. Of course, they are very private—they are what she herself (Lady G.) would never have consented to publish—but how am I to make anyone understand the soul of one who never on earth spoke or wrote to anyone about herself if I may not use these beautiful fragments, which allow us to look into it, and are both a great lesson, a great example, as well as a matter of great edification?'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*Sunday, May* 16, 1887.

'I have a commission to you—indeed, I have many—but only one for to-day. My dear Madeleine de Grünne, who is perfectly identified with all our Irish views and *palpiti*, wants very much to have a few more copies of "Parnellism and Crime." Could you send them to me for her? I gave her one of the two Lady Herbert had brought me, but a few more would be most acceptable to her and to myself. Her mother-in-law, Comtesse de Grünne, who is *grande maîtresse* to the Queen of the Belgians, and accompanies her to England for the Queen's Jubilee, is an old and really quite devoted friend of mine. I think Lady Mayo will find her pleasant company, and, for the matter of that, also the Queen (of the B.), who they all say is charming.'

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*May* 24, 1887.

'I return according to your directions, in the same cover, and with many, many thanks, these pages. I would have given anything to know what Mr. Bright said to you, as I agree more than I ever did before with all you say of him. He is to me at this moment the very personification of good sense, firmness, and honesty. These used to be rather common traits of the English character, but Mr. Gladstone has done much to obliterate them. I feel also deeply humiliated at my dreadful ignorance of botany. . . . As it is, I must put off till I get to where the delightful and complete knowledge (of which that is only the shadow of a part) is fully disclosed to me.'

To Lady Herbert.

'PARIS,
'*May* 29, 1887.

'I send you at once "Chez Paddy," hoping that your wishing for it means that you have at last met at Rome with some few people wishing to hear the truth, as it is not told by those who

claim the privilege of stating there the whole state of the case. Other things make me hopeful, too. I see it asserted that a Papal Envoy is coming to England for the Queen's Jubilee. If so, it is impossible that the Irish revolution should go on having it all its own way, and I think in the meantime that between Father MacGlyn and H. George, and Mr. O'Brien's mission to Canada (as Dr. Croke called it in sending him his blessing and God-speed when he started), many eyes must be opened on the subject, among those who are not quite determined to keep them closed. It was a good thing, too, that Davitt wrote quite lately that letter of excuses to Cardinal Simeoni for having abused him, explaining that he "had understood that Cardinal Simeoni was opposed to the Irish cause, and to that of his friends, Dr. MacGlyn and Mr. Henry George; but now that he understands he is not, he begs his pardon!" How does the Cardinal Simeoni like that kind of apology? Altogether it seems to me that unless there is one spot upon earth where the Pope sanctions revolution, and that spot is Ireland, the game of the Irish leaders must soon be played out, and the clergy come to their senses, or, rather, be made to hear the only voice *they* will obey.'

LIII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*June* 9, 1887.

'How will the Pope's Legate be received? It is a strange time for this renewal to take place, the Pope sending good wishes to the Queen, for whom the Irish bishops refuse to pray. I saw the Duke of Norfolk the day before yesterday on his way back from Rome to London to prepare Norfolk House for Monsignor Ruffo Scilla's reception. What a strange and important event, and how satisfactory it would be if such a number of her poor Majesty's Catholic subjects were not in that abominable temper!'

In June the author of this Memoir found it more convenient to go to Eaux Bonnes than to stay in London, even

though the Queen's Jubilee was at hand—a course which Mrs. Craven found difficult to understand, and hardly approved, in her sense of the loyalty due to her Majesty by even the least important of her subjects. It could not be helped, however, and on June 17 Mrs. and Miss Bishop arrived in Paris, accompanied by a young fox-terrier which Mrs. Craven desired as a pet, hardly realizing that a fox-terrier was not exactly as suited for a drawing-room favourite as had been her former pets, which were Maltese. Dainty was the little dog's name; she was of a particularly affectionate nature, and her despairing eyes, as Nora took her from our care at the Gare du Nord, did not promise well for that adaptability to circumstance which is a necessity to drawing-room pets. Next morning it was already clear that she was a 'deception.' Mrs. Craven told us that Dainty sat at the window-sill of her drawing-room with her paws crossed, in an attitude of extreme dejection, and would not be comforted. When the little dog saw us, she showed lively joy, and even more—she took the first opportunity of rushing violently at Gaetano's legs—Gaetano, the Neapolitan servant on whom Dainty's future career much depended. At last, after Mrs. Craven had bestowed many kindnesses on the unmoved dog, it was sent back to London, and, arriving there in a stranger's care on the very day of the Queen's Jubilee, Dainty led a tedious life in cloak-rooms and secret hiding-places of the Charing Cross Station for some hours, and probably she wished she were once again the honoured property of a mistress who would have petted her to extremity of kindness.

'Ah, that's it—that's it!' exclaimed Mrs. Craven, when the puppy welcomed her older friends. 'She only cares for you; she can't care for me!' And so a little effort to cheer her solitude failed for the time.

Mrs. Craven was well, and very bright and busy; she

read us much of the MS. of Lady G. Fullerton's life, and we were sorry to find, when it was published later, some of the more characteristic passages had been cut out, and many of those intimate incidents which enable the reader better to realize the actual resemblance of a portrait were missing. The animation and beauty of Mrs. Craven's tones while reading lent their usual charm to her work, and, indeed, throughout her life her own personality had always been more delightful than her writings. Her sympathetic tact accented what she knew would chiefly interest her audience. It is a rare gift, and one that dull souls can easily misunderstand, while at the same time it is useful when the appeal made to the listener's sympathy is always towards some more beautiful or nobler aspect of a subject in hand than he would probably see for himself. For instance, in politics the higher aims were praised, and if Mrs. Craven spoke of scandals with righteous wrath, it was not of persons, but of general evil, that she spoke severely. Yet her graceful talk never became didactic. No one steered clearer of sermonizing—a fine sense of humour and a profoundly hidden humility forbade it. She was marvellously adaptive, not unmindful of her patron St. Paul's method in his intercourse with men. Those who knew her well perceived, however, how different was the intimacy of heart and sentiment with friends such as were Mme. de Montalembert and her daughters, Mme. Cochin, and one or two others, familiars of her drawing-room, who were still in Paris that month of June, from other acquaintanceship.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*June* 24, 1887.

'The immense, incredible success of the Jubilee makes me feel so much more sorry that you missed it, and that it was in

some measure my fault. Certainly it was a thing to see, and a day to remember for ever. I don't think anything like it has ever taken place, and we know it can't happen again. Here the Fenians have been celebrating the Phœnix Park murders. But that and the schism apparently about to spring out of Father MacGlyn's agitation may do good as a warning to those who have put their imprudent hands into those of his friends (as Dr. Nulty and others have in Davitt's). That dark spot was kept out of sight quite during the *entraînement* of these few days in England, but it seems to me that the Ministers must go back to their painful task with hands strengthened by this powerful burst of loyalty. What do you think? Let me hear from you as soon as you are settled. My eyes are well again, or nearly so. I still intend to start for Monabri on the 29th. Mr. Fullerton comes daily; I gave him six chapters well copied. . . . K. O'M. has returned those she read with, I suspect, very little enthusiasm. I am far now from expecting success, but that doesn't signify.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'MONABRI,
'*July* 20, 1887.

'With Prince Bariatinsky and myself the Eastern affairs (Asiatic) have been amicably settled, you will rejoice to hear. He says he very much wishes, and many do in Russia, to live on friendly terms with England. I said, speaking in the name of England, "so did we with them, if only they would allow us to live in peace in our Indian possessions." He said they had no thought of troubling us there, only they "must go to Herat." But then the English must return to Candahar, which, he says, they none of them understood giving up, and they must establish themselves strongly there, bringing their railway to it; and then—Russians and English being rid of the curtain of barbarians that now part them—they will respect each other's frontiers as civilized nations do. I said I had no authority to make this arrangement, but I would let somebody know, and so I am now telling you. *Plaisanterie à part*, you would have been much interested in his conversation.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'MONABRI,
'*July* 30, 1887.

'I should have told you that when talking with Prince Bariatinsky about that close frontier which he wished for between English and Russian India, I said that nothing would be better, if all Russian civil and military functionaries were as upright and as honourable as himself and his brother, the Marshal, who was certainly the noblest of men. If not (and he certainly could not assure me they were), would they not perpetually be trying to rouse rebellion in the English possessions so as to get hold of them themselves, these possessions being so much better worth having, by his own account, than their own? He admitted there was certainly a possibility of this, which is enough to put the English on their guard, though peace between them is so desirable. In all Russian concerns there is a terrible *revers de la médaille*, of which their best men are, better than all others, aware.'

To Lady Herbert.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 8, 1887.

'I wish I was as young and as strong as you are; I should certainly not in that case deprive myself of the pleasure of spending some few weeks in that most congenial circle. As it is, there must not be only pleasure, there must be some little bit of duty in every moment that takes me out of the quiet corner where my life must end, and which I don't feel at liberty to leave, unless I see very clearly that it is the will of God that I should do so.'

To Lady Herbert.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 15, 1887.

'It must be so difficult to get at the truth in Ireland, where the Pope's Envoy is met everywhere by the most edifying display of pious functions, and must find it almost impossible to reconcile such an outward show of religion with that ferocious

unforgivingness which makes them condone . . . such horrible crimes. Dr. Croke seems, however, to have taken a step which will throw fresh light on his proceedings, by sending his two flags to America, one for the Americans, one for the Irish, worked by nuns (the harp, I suppose, without the crown), and blessed by himself. *Che pasticcio!* If that passes without any remark from high ecclesiastical quarters, then the rules that the Irish clergy go by are very different from those laid down for every other clergy in the world. *Basta!* I will try and forget the subject. . . .'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*September* 29, 1887.

'It certainly looks as if the proclamation of the League had made matters worse. It looks as if the Irish leaders were much the strongest, and, if so, must we come to think and to say that it would have been better to have accepted at once Home Rule, and to have followed Mr. Gladstone in his policy of yielding everything to them?—the policy known in France as that of *Gribouille*, who, because it was raining, s'est jeté à l'eau pour ne pas être mouillé. To think that would be sad. Apropos of Ireland, I never told you what a wonderful book I thought "Hurrish."* I never read anything that made me understand so well the Irish character; the strange want of respect for human life; the total absence of comprehension of what the meaning of truth is; and, with it all, kindliness, cleverness, fidelity, and that other great virtue, which is so seldom associated, as it is there, with ferocity. The author may well call the book a study; it taught me a great deal, and made me a little bit wiser than I was before on the subject. . . .

'I have had a little trouble caused by my own honesty, or what I thought was honesty, but was only stupidity on my part, in having asked Mr. Gladstone's leave to publish some letters of his to Lady Georgiana. As they had been given to me by her own brother, I might have assumed that he had asked the

* A novel by the Hon. E. Lawless, of which the scene is laid in County Clare.

necessary permission. Anyhow, this has delayed me, but at last yesterday I got leave from Mr. G. to use my own judgment in the matter. In the meantime I have worked hard, and, notwithstanding this delay, I am now finishing the last chapter but one, so I trust that in six weeks I shall have got to the end of my work. It will be a great relief. I am more and more afraid, however, that the book will be found too worldly for the pious, and much too pious for the worldly. But I have done my best, and I could do no more.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*October* 29, 1887.

'If only my dear old friend could lead the quiet life that would suit her as well as myself, it would be perfection to have this place to come to, to have a little pleasant company now and then, as well as a genial climate and the change of air that is good for me. . . . No human being can be more excellent and holy than Madame de Castellane—the chapel with the Blessed Sacrament present, one or two masses daily, two excellent priests living in the house. All that, at all events, secures my own sufficient share of comfort and enjoyment. . . . Many people come and go; they have quantities of friends. Saumur and Tours, besides Paris, supply incessant guests, whom my kind old friend is always ready to welcome with the civility and kindness of other times; and a cook, alas! such as is not often, they say, met with in these days of decadence. You can hardly imagine, however, how utterly unfit I now am to bear all this kind of empty noise! It depresses me, and does not give me the kind of distraction that would do me real good after my long spells of solitude. But . . . the chapel, the comfort of my own room, and the delightful air of the downs which crown the woods, through which one drives in all directions, high above the Loire (whose vicinity I don't appreciate). All this is partly useful repose, and for that I am thankful, and I turn my time to account to get on with my last chapter.'

To Miss O'Meara.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*November* 30, 1887.

'I have just had a letter that moves me very much. It is from Lord Ralph Kerr, to tell me of poor dear Lord Lyons' seizure; but also to tell me, what your hearts will rejoice at hearing, that he had been preparing to be received into the Catholic Church, and had been, "without intermission, studying the subject, had placed himself under Dr. Butt (Bishop of Southwark) for instruction, went daily to Mass, and, as he conscientiously wished to take no step without fullest conviction, and to suffer no interruption to prevent his giving undivided attention to the subject, he deferred going to Paris to take leave of the President (!) and authorities of the French Government for fear of the distraction which the resumption of any political relations might cause him. . . . This morning he had a seizure; Dr. Butt was sent for. Lord Lyons was speechless; but on being asked if he wished to be received into the Catholic Church, he with some effort bowed his head, and signified that it was his desire. . . . It was no sudden death-bed reception, nor the consequence of any mental failing; but was a deliberate move on his part, fully determined on beforehand, and only accelerated by his sudden and unexpected illness. . . . I saw him yesterday in unusual health and spirits, but the only topic of conversation that interested him was Catholic discipline, etc.

'"Dr. Butt was with him, waiting for an opportunity to confirm him. It seems that he had told Mr. Sheffield (his private secretary), some time ago, that nothing interested him now except religion—that 'the Catholic religion alone had that power.'"

'I have time for no more, and I have not much to say, except that I am very tolerably well, and that I have finished my work as well as I could, though feeling sadly its many faults and deficiencies. When she* was so ill, almost quite at the last, she wrote to me two or three notes which she desired me "to pass

* Lady G. Fullerton.

on to dear Madame de Salvo."* Are these notes still in her possession? Even now I would certainly insert them if she would send them to me. Pray ask her from me.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*December* 21, 1887.

'At last here I am returned to you. Your letter just received, though it contains no reproach, remarks very justly the unusual length of my silence. Its principal cause has been the determination to do nothing else until I had brought my work to its conclusion. This I accomplished on November 30; but after that I had to read it over, to correct it, to write the heads of chapters, etc.—in short, it only finally went off to the publishers on Wednesday last, and now may God's protection attend that last venture! May some good and no harm come of it—that is an earnest prayer in which I hope you will join. This being for the present off my mind, why did I not write sooner? For another cause and a sad one, which you will be certainly concerned to hear. Poor M. l'Abbé Couvreux is dying under this roof, which for so many years has been his permanent abode, and the grief of my poor friend is unmeasured.

'Who do you think is going to be married again? and to whom? My nephew, Bertrand de Blacas, to my grand-niece, Marie Eugénie de Mun, the eldest girl (just eighteen) of poor Robert, whose death so dreadfully saddened the beginning of this year. This, on both sides, really looks like a love-match, and has my full and delighted approbation.'

* Marquise de Salvo, a cousin of Cardinal Manning, who had married a Sicilian. She was remarkable for her piety and good works in Paris, where she resided after her husband's death.

LIV.

In Mrs. Bishop's agenda are written the words for the beginning of the year :

'Le Beau que nous voyons a surtout pour effet de nous faire penser à quelque chose de plus beau que nous ne voyons pas encore.—Doudan.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'Paris,

'*January* 10, 1888.

'You are, indeed, an enviable man to have been in Rome and at St. Peter's on the first day of this year. It is a grace to be thankful for to the last day of one's life, to have witnessed that wonderful manifestation. If, twenty years ago, we had been told that we should live to see the day when the Pope, saying Mass at St. Peter's on a most solemn occasion, would be using at the altar a gold basin offered to him by the Queen of England (the Duke of Norfolk being the Envoy sent out by her as the bearer of her present), we could not have believed it. Almost as wonderful would it have seemed to us to hear of the Duke of Cumberland, the very personification of Protestantism, sending to the Holy Father (of all presents from him) a precious relic, respectfully offered, or rather restored, to the head of the Church to which it belonged ; and though last, not least, the Czar himself, driven, one may say, by the force of this universal impulse, suddenly adding, if not his gifts, at least his voice, to all the others. It is all a miracle beyond all the others one has witnessed or heard of in this century, and gives one hope and confidence for the future. Nothing is more difficult or impossible to look forward to than what we have now seen accomplished.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'Paris,

'*January* 24, 1888.

'In a "Life of the Marchioness of Buckingham," which I have been reading, I see that her husband (then Lord Temple),

a most bigoted and violent Protestant, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1783 (and who tormented and persecuted his own Catholic wife because of her religion), was so popular that "the citizens of Dublin lined the streets to the water's edge on the day of his departure" How incomprehensible and puzzling after that to find them now insulting Queen Victoria and her representatives, and brimful of resentment against her, as if her whole reign had been one of cruelty and injustice towards them! They certainly seem to prefer hate to love or reason, but what is stranger is to hate the more, the less the reason for it becomes.

'Yes, my dear friend, I shall be eighty on April 12 this year. So you see that you must make quite a point now of giving me as much as you can of your dear society. A very great many of the pleasures of my life are over. The words "never more" apply to most of them, so, of course, in my very great imperfection I cling all the more to those I still can enjoy. . . . I have begun again my usual Parisian life. Hours and days of solitude and silence (which after two months at Rochecotte I had some trouble to get into again), and now that people are gradually coming back, a good many of those "casuals" who give at times a look of liveliness to my *salon*, but in reality they fatigue me often very much, and they never, when they are pleasant, give me the least security of their being repeated. One man or woman whom I should be sure to see, say, once or twice a week, that has always been my unrealized dream, especially in the evenings, when a little talk is a great relief to one's eyes. But it is very difficult because of the dinner-hour, which is now eight, as in England, instead of 6.30, as in my youth.

'I hope you read the splendid speech of the Duc de Broglie at the Académie Française for the reception of M. de Falloux's successor. And *à propos* of this, have you secured the reviewing of M. de Falloux's book, 'Mémoires d'un Royaliste"?* Pray do, my dearest friend. . . . Your article on Mr. Canning makes me sure you will do it justice. How could I not agree with you about Russia? The other view about that Power is quite new-fashioned, and, strange to me, the English Radicals

* Published by Perrin, Paris, 1888.

contrive to be Russians, which would be unaccountable if not explained by their hatred of their own country ; and as to the French, they are at this moment quite mad on that subject.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,
'*January* 30, 1888.

'*À propos* of my copyist, I must tell you a story which I am sure you will like to hear. I must begin by telling you that he is an excellent and a very religious man, very poor, very honest, and whose life—one of great difficulty—has been most exemplary. He lost his wife years ago, and lives with a sister of his, much older than himself, and his only child, a son of eighteen. When I came back from Rochecotte, I sent for him to copy the last two chapters of the dear Life which I had finished there. When he came in, however, I was alarmed at his appearance ; it was that of a man in despair. I soon heard from him that his unfortunate boy had left him (led away by a fearfully bad sort of woman, who lived in the house opposite theirs), and that every effort he had made to reclaim him had failed. This was sad enough, but what seemed to me to be still more so was the effect produced on the father's mind by this calamity. He said that ever since this blow had fallen upon him he had found it impossible either to kneel down to say a prayer, or to set his foot in any church. I did, of course, all I could to comfort and encourage him, but he seemed beside himself and unable to attend to anything. When he went at last, I was almost afraid of trusting my chapters to him, and afraid also of annoying him by not doing so. He perceived my hesitation, and he told me not to be afraid, that he would do his work as well as usual, and as attentively as he could. "In fact," he said, "it will give me something else to think of, and will do me good."

'At the end of the week he came back. He was quite another man ; the look of despair was gone, he seemed quite himself again. I thought the boy had come home. No, he was as unhappy as ever in that respect ; but the last chapter of her dear Life had brought him to his senses again. "C'est une sainte, une vraie sainte, madame. Jamais je n'ai rien lu qui m'ait autant touché et édifié. Je me suis arrêté dans mon

travail pour la prier, et je suis sûr que c'est elle qui m'a obtenu le calme que j'ai retrouvé."

'This, I am sure, will give you pleasure, and be a comfort to you. To me it seemed a blessed promise of the good that will be done to many by her sweet words and example. I have had a letter from Lord Granville after he had finished reading the whole, which has touched and gratified me very much. That he should be quite satisfied was all I wished and more than I hoped for. *Deo gratias.* His account of Leveson is good, though not quite yet what I should like to hear.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*April* 12, 1888.

'My life is not interesting, though it is a strange one from my having been so absolutely uprooted. By rights I ought to have spent the whole of it in this same Faubourg St. Germain, and yet from my earliest days I much disliked it (not the locality, but the ideas attached to it), and, in point of fact, I have lived away from it all the important years of my life, and now I have returned to end it here, without feeling that I belong to it any more than I did when I was sixteen years old.

'The marriages both went off very well. One of the brides (B. de Blacas) was quite beautiful; the other was lovely! Really, I never saw two such very pretty girls, yet so unlike each other. There was an article in the *Gaulois* on that occasion headed, "Les La Ferronnays," which I have kept, not on account of the very flattering portion of it devoted to all my belongings, but on account of the extraordinary statements relating to myself. It is sad to have written the "Récit d'une Sœur," and yet not even to be known in France as my father's and mother's daughter; and worse, to have three lines of (very vulgar) praise of my dear mother attributed to me! I have kept it, I say, for your perusal. It does not signify, nothing of that sort does.

'We are at the beginning of another senseless, disgraceful revolution. If it ends in the renewal of the Commune, I shall fly to England, and end my days there. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid

Ward dined with me yesterday. She is the youngest of the Hope Scotts. They are both most intelligent and pleasant.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,
'*July* 13, 1888.

'Lord Granville had written to me yesterday to tell me of Mr. Gladstone's approbation of my book, at which I was much gratified, for (except on one subject) I have a great opinion of his judgment, and still more of his literary taste. In this case, too, it was most satisfactory to hear of his being "enthusiastic as regards the subject of the memoir, as well as the work itself." Altogether, I am happy at the result, because I see that all those who read it are edified and surprised at the perfection of her character. Of course, I had no other ambition. Although I have had as yet no support in France from either the religious press or the other (for the few lines in the *Figaro* in which it was stated that she was the author of the "Récit d'une Sœur" don't count), and although naturally the English volume diminished the sale of mine, I am surprised to find that the first edition is all but exhausted. My copy for the second edition, well amended, and with all the faults pointed out by Father Coleridge corrected, is now gone to my publisher. Montalembert used to say that it was the second edition that was really the right one. I hope that so it will prove for me, and that as far as it was in my power to do so, I have removed many at least of the imperfections that remained in the dear work that I so much wished should be perfect. Why in the world did you not tell me something of that most interesting record of your family a little sooner? Some of the particulars might certainly have been mentioned, and in France you know what interest is taken in pedigree, and importance attached to it (all the greater now from being the sole advantage which can't be taken from those who possess it). Besides, in itself it is remarkable, and I feel as if I ought to have known all about it without your telling me.

'The weather continues as obstinately bad as ever; still, I suppose that you will cross the Channel before long. I have to-day given a copy *sur papier de Hollande* of my book to be

bound for the Holy Father. I don't suppose it will be ready much before you come through again, as much time is needed for a good binding.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,
'*July* 21, 1888.

'I have done my best to mend the faults of my first edition according to Father Coleridge's suggestions, and where he has quite misunderstood me, I am quite sure that he will do the same. As to his other alterations of my book (which are numerous), I have nothing to say. It is not for me to judge whether they are improvements or not. On one point, however, I must ask you to exonerate England. The dear Life has not been ignored there; for it is there that, to my great surprise, nearly the whole of my first edition has been sold, and the English demand for it continues to be very great. Perrin tells me (which I am pleased to hear) that he has had also a very great many orders from Rome, and I have heard from somebody who came from there that Spithover* sold them as fast as they came. France only comes third. Strange to say, the sale is only beginning now; but it will be probably more rapid in the smaller and cheaper edition. In these days a book which is totally ignored by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and that clique, and not mentioned either, of course, by the daily papers that are the fashion, and about which, on the other hand, the *Univers* is silent, has great—very great—difficulties to conquer before it really makes its way; but there is a public which it will gradually reach, and of course such support as that of Abbé le Rebours is a great help.

'Père Matignon† is very much pleased, and very encouraging about the Life.

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* A librarian at Rome.

† Père Matignon was Mrs. Craven's usual confessor at that time and until her death.

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,

'*July* 28, 1888.

'I have just had a visit that has touched me and pleased me much from General Claremont, whom perhaps you hardly know, and did not probably expect, any more than I did, to find so deeply moved by the dear Life, that he made inquiries to find out where I was, that he might come and tell me all he felt about it. I assure you I felt it almost miraculous to hear him speak as he did. He said he had read slowly every line, and yet got quickly through the volume, because, once he had begun, he went on with it, and could not put it down. He said, "I felt I must come and tell you this, and tell you, above all, that it is impossible not to feel, after reading this book, an intense desire to be a better man." I am sure you will like to hear this, and that you will help me to thank God for it.

'I have also had a most singular letter, full of blessings on her and on myself, from an Alsatian Protestant *pasteur*, who hopes she will be rewarded for the example she gave, and I for recording it. What a strange thing it is that this should be felt by those who seem to be so far from us! But it is a comfort to find that it is, and that a new view of the truth may be a result of it for those who are not wilfully blind to it.

'I forgot to tell you that I had long ago sent the Life to the Empress Augusta with a letter, which she has most kindly answered herself, and thanked me for the book, which she has had read to her and delights in. I have also sent a copy to our Queen, after asking permission, and have had, through General Ponsonby, a most gracious answer.'

LV.

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*August* 18, 1888.

'Thanks, and very many of them, for the diaries. I received them last night when I was quite alone, and when to divert myself I was reading—what do you imagine?—"Little Lord

Fauntleroy" for the third time. So I put that aside, and began reading those pleasant, interesting, tantalizing pages. They made me live for a little while in the country and in the world which I have decidedly loved best all my long life. . . . Next to England I loved Italy. In reality it is, perhaps, because the feelings of youth are connected with both. Whatever it is, all those English names and places recall happy days and revive pleasant recollections. I have an idea that you get more of the pleasures of conversation in England now, than is to be found in this my own country, which used to be the climate where it developed better than anywhere else in all the world. But poor France is so changed. You are thinking that I only fancy that because I am old and that I hate the Republic. But it is not so ; I don't mean that these two facts are not true, but they don't influence my judgment. If the Republic meant, for instance, the Government of men like Jules Simon and others like him, I should accept it, old as I am, and not grumble over the downfall of what I liked better. But, as it is, France seems to me to be like a great lady married to her footman. She might still continue to be what she is, but nobody would like to go near her or like to seem too intimate with her. It is this feeling, a distressing one for people naturally so well inclined to think well of themselves, that has made French society morose and bitter, and has extinguished that delightful merriment which used to be its pleasantest feature. You say, dear Sir Mountstuart, that you had found at the Athenæum Father Coleridge's "Lady Georgiana," and that you had read in it some verses that were not in mine. In many cases Father Coleridge has inserted what I did not, but not here. You will find my translation of the lines you mention at p. 217 of my volume, only Father Coleridge (as he has often done it) has placed them elsewhere in his, and perhaps the words "Mon âme avait soif de ton amour, mais avait peur de ta foi" did not strike you as a good rendering, or perhaps any at all, of "For thy deep love my spirit yearned, but trembled at thy creed."'

To Mr. De Vere.

'La Roche,
'*August* 25, 1888.

I received your beautiful little volume just as I was leaving Paris to come and spend a few days in a quiet country place, the best spot I could have chosen to read one after the other, and many of them twice and thrice over, those beautiful sonnets, each of which is both a poem and a meditation—a meditation that did me good, not that a doubt has ever existed in my mind on that subject, but sometimes a wonder or a question has crossed it as to what the end would be; and then, finding all solutions impossible, except the one which at present seems the most impossible of all, I have tried to put the thought aside, and waited to see what great novelty Providence had in reserve to solve the problem. But as I read these poems, all made up of history and of faith, I felt how foolish it was to think of any future widely different from the past. In fact, the only question is not, how will it be? but when will it be? What events will bring it about? What men will be the instruments to undo the wrong done by other men? And the answer is, I think, that all this will happen as soon as the hidden work for which all these events were permitted is accomplished. That is the upshot of the thoughts you have suggested, and once again I feel how thoroughly you are in the right, as you were on the day we had that long conversation together at the top of Monte Mario.'

The electoral victories won by General Boulanger in August threw all political parties in France into confusion. He represented the wide-spread desire for a *revanche* to wipe out the shame of 1870. Prince Bismarck's speeches in the Reichstag, which expressed fear of the General, enormously increased his popularity. At the same time, he was dismissed from his office as Minister of War by President Grévy, who was suspected of having yielded to German influence on the eve of those Wilson scandals which obliged the President to resign. For the moment,

Boulanger's was a name to conjure with among French parties. Mrs. Craven held herself aloof from all Royalist advances to the coming dictator, as Boulanger was expected to be. It is but another instance of the moral uprightness which gave to her political previsions their frequent accuracy. She measured persons, however plausible, and events, however popular, by the rule of right and wrong. In the long-run the Christian population adheres to what is right. The Decalogue sums up the common-sense of humanity.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*September* 29, 1888.

'I enjoyed my stay with my dear good Mme. Cochin and her six delightful grandchildren It is not in all places that there is as much of true family peace as well as real intellectual superiority. Her eldest son, Denys, is a remarkable man, but oh, how discouraging his political anticipations are! He totally repudiates anything approaching to a fusion with the Boulangists (that is my view, too). But Albert de Mun is supposed to favour it. so that the quarrelling within the party has reached unprecedented proportions. What does the English public think of the publication of the Emperor Frederick's Diaries? The fury of Bismarck gives it its principal importance, I think; it seems to go beyond the occasion for it. There is something mysterious about it all, which makes one suspect deeper and wider divisions among them also than was known before. I think Bismarck's explanations as insulting for England as they are for France; but I was amused at the French Chauvins (who are perpetually accusing England of having betrayed them) finding out that the English tendency to favour France was one cause of Bismarck's mistrust of the Kron Prinz! However, on this, as on all occasions, I remember Sir M. Grant Duff's most wise remark, "It is astonishing how very little one knows upon any subject when one does not know all."'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 30, 1888.

'I am not quite sure that I don't wish all letters were destroyed. A strange thing for me to say, who have published so many. But it is certainly true, that to do so one must put aside the recollection of the writer of them, and only think of the readers and of some good the compiler has in view.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,
'*November* 11, 1888.

'Dear friend, I am upset to-day, and unable to turn to any subject but that of poor dear Kathleen O Meara's death. I can hardly believe it yet. I know none of the particulars, except that she fell ill on All Saints' Day, and on that day could not go to Mass. It turned out to be inflammation of the lungs. On Thursday, for the first time, I heard of her illness through a person whom I slightly know—an acquaintance of theirs who wrote to tell me. I only got her letter yesterday. I telegraphed to Luigi to go at once to inquire at Rue Washington, and the answer just received, dated yesterday, 10th, is : " Miss O'Meara *décedée aujourd'hui à 2 heures*." I hardly ever felt so shocked by any event not touching my very nearests and dearests. Poor, poor Geraldine ! Can you imagine her alone now in the world—in less than one year her mother and sister gone ! I can't think of anyone more deeply to be pitied. I suppose by the time this reaches you, you will have heard all this and more. I am going back to Paris to-morrow, on my way to Rochecotte. I will write to you after I have seen Geraldine. Kathleen may be said to have died of grief at her mother's death. She never recovered it. She never looked or was the same person afterwards, and in that state of extreme lowness of spirits, an illness which she could formerly have overcome proved fatal.'

To Miss Geraldine O'Meara.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*November* 15, 1888.

'I return this admirable letter; it expresses what we all feel —what I feel more than anyone, though I am more unable than I ever was in my life to say anything. I am still stupefied by a blow, the possibility of which had never once crossed my mind. Poor, dear Geraldine! When you looked ill, when you were pale and she so anxious about you, the fervent prayer, "Oh, my God, never part them!" was on my lips; "how could Kathleen live without her!" She has been taken, and you have been left, dearest, because the power to bear grief has been granted to you, and that she had it not. We don't understand these things. But God does, and we trust in Him absolutely. Those words you said to each other are constantly in my mind. When you repeated them to me, when I found them again in a beautiful account of those last hours which Marie de Richemont wrote to her father and he sent to me, I felt as I did when all was taken from me, and that for one moment I could say, as you did, from my heart, "I quite accept God's will," that a strength beyond your own was given to you which you would not afterwards lose. She really had not the strength to live, because she was to follow the dear one that went before.'

To Lady Herbert.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*November* 20, 1888.

'It was indeed a pleasure to hear from you at last, and to know that you had not suffered from that dreadful sea-voyage, and that you were well and happy, and deeply interested in all you saw in that distant, wonderful country, so like in some respects, and yet so different, from our old Europe. Your letter interested me deeply in every way; but it found me much distressed and grieved at the sad and sudden death of poor dear Kathleen O'Meara, which, of course, you have heard of by this time, and I am sure have felt as deeply as myself. It was so rapid that I had only just heard of her danger (at Lumigny,

where I was then staying) when I received the news of her death. . . . I need not attempt to describe how I found poor Geraldine when I came up, as soon as I could, to her. However, she is so pious and so utterly unselfish that if her health can stand this absolute destruction of everything she possessed in life, I think that she will be supported as people are who know how to turn and cling to the one help that is only known in its power when everything else is removed. She has, happily, a great many excellent friends. I found her already taken out of that dreadful house, Rue Washington, and staying at a friend's in the Avenue Marceau, and now she is gone for a month to dear Lady Blount, who is kindness itself. After that she goes, I believe, to England—to Mrs. Russell Gurney's, who was poor Kathleen's most intimate friend. You are sure to see her when you are safe back again. Dearest friend, I hope that that will be in a little more than a month, and when you are returned I shall greatly rejoice with you that you had the courage to go. I need not tell you that your presence and Minga's there made me watch with additional interest the strange political events that marked the first weeks of your stay in America, and had for result to make Minga the present head of the Legation. I will abstain, however, from any further remarks on that ticklish subject, not knowing what they might lead to, considering your relationship to such an official person. *Passons*, merely remarking that the proceedings were very queer, but the result very pleasant (professionally). When is he to be married? Give him my love on the occasion, and also to his bride, whose visits to me I often recall with the most pleasant recollections.

'I never left Paris, except for a short stay at Mme. Cochin's, till October 11, when I went to Lumigny, and now here I am until the end of the year. Poor Mme. de Castellane is a greater invalid than ever, and in many respects I find her much altered since last year. We are, as usual, anything but quiet in France, and always expecting "something to happen," that something being the downfall of the Republic; but, alas! the way to it is, I fear, not yet in sight, and we have farther to go on our downward course before we stop. . . .

'The Pope has renewed the injunctions of the Rescript, and I don't see how the Irish bishops can now avoid promulgating it publicly everywhere. But, above all, time, firmness, and the

steady promotion of useful measures are doing their work, and gradually killing revolutionary agitation.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*December* 24, 1888.

'I have written very little lately, though I should have had much to say to you if we had been together. I have been well in health, and enjoying this mild climate, and the power of going out every day without any of the difficulties (or impossibilities rather) of Paris. But a great deal more than that, I have enjoyed the immense comfort of Mass every morning in a warm chapel on the same floor as my room, where the Blessed Sacrament resides. That is really the blessing of my winter *séjours* in this place. I also feel that I am of use to my dear old friend here, and lately I have shared with her what to her was quite a terrible grief, and to me a great one also; for, although I was not so intimate with the Duchesse de Galliera as she was, I had known her all my life, and liked her very much. We had a thousand recollections in common, and her society was always delightful to me. Her brilliant house was the last one we went to, even after we had given up going into the world. My dear Augustus always liked her, and she liked him—in short, it is another light put out. Life has now to me the appearance of a once brilliantly illuminated church, where one by one the lights are being all extinguished, leaving only alight the lamp of the sanctuary—the real light which happily cannot die out. The Duchess had given, for different charitable works in Paris, something like 60,000,000 francs, and yet when the rather singular contents of her will were known, there was what I think a very disgraceful outcry. Whatever she pleased to do with her money, the French had not a word to say, except that being a foreigner, she had been most royally generous to France. But the world likes criticising better than admiring, and, indeed, the people seemed rather relieved at having an opportunity of finding fault where there had been so much to admire and to be grateful for. So, besides being very sorry, I was very angry, too. The large legacy to the Empress Frederick

caused especial surprise and displeasure. What she (the Empress) will do about it—I mean about accepting it—is not yet known. I am afraid, whatever she does, it will only add fuel to that wicked flame of hatred, which her enemies have so well known how to keep alive and burning even now, when their malice has had the fullest satisfaction it could desire. That is another topic about which I have felt very indignant.

'I had read that excellent article in the *Spectator* on Mr. Shaw Lefevre. . . . It is very strange to perceive that the whole strength of the Irish revolutionary movement is now in England.'

LVI.

In Mrs. Bishop's agenda for 1889, Mrs. Craven had written: 'Réjouissez vous, et que la paix qui surpasse tout entendement soit dans votre âme et dans votre esprit et y demeure toujours.—St. Paul, Phil. ix.'

To Miss Bishop.

'Rochecotte,
'*January* 3, 1889.

'As usual, Mrs. La Touche's letter was quite a treat. Again I thought that, with more poetry, they are the only ones I ever read that remind me of Mme. de Sévigné. Pray ask your mother to read "Le Lac" if she wants to know why I admire Lamartine. In those verses he has contrived to make our rather cold and formal language quite harmonious. If you read out loud,

'"Que le vent qui gémit, le roseau qui soupire,
Que les parfums légers de ton air embaumé," etc.,

and the rest of it, you will find how soft the words are to pronounce, and that the last line,

'"Tout dise; ils ont aimé,"

sounds like music (to my ears at least). Tell her also that I greatly admire his prose; that altogether he seems to me one

of our best writers; but he had no political judgment, he was the vainest of men, and his only public virtue was courage.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*January* 10, 1889.

'This is a busy time as far as letter-writing goes, and it is quite singular how very little of it I can turn to account here this year. I say it is singular, considering that it is for the first time for the last twenty years that I have no work whatever on hand. I had almost expected to find my days rather too long under these circumstances, and I should, probably, if I was at home; but here it is quite the reverse, and I can't tell why, except that Mass is somewhat later than last year, the visitors rather more numerous, and keeping one in the drawing-room in a tiresome fashion. The weather lovely, and in consequence a daily walk being added to my obligations. Then a little afternoon visit to the chapel, and then just an hour, and hardly that, to write my letters. And yet this is the place where I began and finished "Lady Georgiana," and before that "Le Valbriant." I don't know how it is, and I can't say I like this frittering away of time at all. I sometimes long for my little solitary home in Paris, but there is much to keep me here. My dear old friend's son and daughter-in-law, their youngest boy and his tutor (the Abbé who said our daily Mass), are all gone to Paris; the elder ones have entered the army; the dearest of her friends, M. de Falloux and Abbé Couvreux, are dead, and really, old as I am, poor Mme. de Castellane is in want of me, and as it is a rare thing at my age to be of use to anyone and not a burden to others, I am glad of the opportunity, and look upon it as a duty to take it. I have no idea, therefore, how long I may still remain here, but probably several weeks more. We are, of course, excited about the Paris election—at least everybody is, but as to myself, I care so much for other things that I don't think much of this at present, being absolutely unable to understand the motives of the part the Conservatives are playing in this strange performance. The last time I saw Albert (but that was not recently), he said: "We can do but one of three things

—support Floquet, which his persistent anti-religious policy makes impossible, fold our arms and do nothing, which is detestable, or support, in a measure, the man who comes forward as representing the universal disgust inspired by the Republican Government." And this latter course is the one most of them have chosen, a doubtful and hazardous one, *selon moi*, but one which can only be judged by its final results.

'I heard from Lady Herbert since her return from America. . . . She has had a bad fall there, and has literally broken her nose. She is wonderfully brave about it, and makes light of what seems to have been quite a serious accident. She tells me she heard from Lord —— a bad account of the religious state of Ireland. He says that only four out of the twenty-four bishops and archbishops took any notice of the Pope's Encyclical, and that one of them told him that "he had not even taken the trouble to read it." He says they are on the verge of a schism. Can this be true? Strange Catholics they would prove to be in that case, and if only to be kept within the fold on condition that the Decalogue is not to be binding upon them, the loss would not be so great to the Church as when, for something of the same reason, England broke away from it. Still, I do hope this is a report slightly tinged with prejudiced colouring.'

To Miss O'Meara.

'ROCHECOTTE,

'*January* 30, 1889.

'I am still here, therefore away from all our mutual friends. I must ask you to write me a few lines. I feel what the beginning of this New Year must have been to you. Oh, my poor dear, indeed I feel it! I long to know how you have been supported through this last month. How and where are you now, and what are your plans, if you have any? You must hate the thought of Paris, and yet some of your very best friends are there, and although you have among them so many who love you as much as I do, there are not many who love you more. . . . I have not heard from the good Richemonts for a long time, or, indeed, from anyone. I am *perdue* in this corner of Touraine. My great comfort here is the chapel at three steps

from my room, with daily Mass and the Blessed Sacrament present. There I really feel that we are very often together. I hardly ever had in my life so strong a feeling of conviction as to the joy, and peace, and union which this dark curtain of death hides from us. At times, in moments of grace, it becomes transparent, and then it seems to me that I see her joyful, radiant smile, and that my own dear one is conversing with her, and that all those we have loved are helping and praying for us. All this is more easily realized, perhaps, at my age, when time is vanishing and eternity is so near, than at yours, when the years of separation may still be so many.'

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*February* 15, 1889.

'Excuse my having kept these leaves of your journal so long. I now return them with many thanks, and not the slightest fault to find, except the usual one of wishing you would say more on many subjects. It was too tantalizing to be left at the door when you went in to see the Empress F., and not to be told the smallest little word about her.

'I read the article in the *Contemporary*, which I found very true, though coarse and disagreeable; and in that number I also read Lady G. Duff's interesting article on Mr. Oliphant. What a wonderful career that! How many things are told about him that help one to understand it! How strange it is that it is only among Englishmen, supposed to be the most practical and matter-of-fact men, that such a dreamer as he was could be found! but as he was also very clever and well-informed, how astounding it is to find him to that degree fascinated by Mr. Harris, and (with no blasphemous intention) placing his name by the side of that of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ—Mr. Harris's! How strange it is that such an absurdity does not refute itself by the mere expression of it! However, his good faith can't be doubted; no mean, worldly, or even human motive influenced his errors. I feel sure that truth was what he looked for and loved better than anything else, and so he is one of those with whom the "invisible link" seems to me strongly to subsist. How reposing it was to read

those pages after all the horror and disgust caused by the Mayerling tragedy! If the truth is ever known about that, it can never be worse than the accepted version, and may perhaps be better. Your son will, I suppose, have told you the real story, whatever it is, and if it makes out the wretched Prince not to have committed murder as well as suicide, I should be glad to know it.

'We heard last night that the French Ministry was out. The despatch sent here with the news added, "Gâchis complet," which is, I suppose, the exact description of the situation.

'You ask me what is the meaning of the Boulanger craze? If it has any, it can only be universal disgust at the jobbing, squandering, and persecuting which has at last made enemies to the Government in every direction. But even that does not at all explain the choice of the man who represents this general feeling. It is unaccountable, and it is almost impossible to hope that any good can come of it. For a hundred years France has been oscillating in this way, until it seems difficult to imagine how it can ever recover its balance. Is Mr. Morley as sure as ever that the Revolution brought us nothing but blessings and improvement all along the line? I have no doubt he is, though, for he gives proof every day of his indifference to all the facts that contradict his theories.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,

'*February* 26, 1889.

'This is my last letter from Touraine. My long stay here comes to an end on Thursday, the 28th. After that I shall be once more settled in my own little home, and counting the days till you come. . . . I long to see you, and to talk of ever so many things about which it is impossible to write. I am told to prepare for such quarrelling and wrangling in Paris as I never knew before. "C'est beaucoup dire," and it is not an encouraging or a pleasant look-out. . . . Mme. de Castellane's sufferings of every description are very great, and I never cease to wonder at her singular fate, and also to study with interest her uncommon character. She was brought up, as you know, under the roof of her uncle, the Prince de Talleyrand, and had

as much to do with his conversion, or more, than anyone (although she was but a child of fifteen when he died). Her personal feeling with regard to him is one of intense affection and admiration, and yet she suffers everything that a pure, pious, and upright conscience must feel in thinking of his career; and, moreover, she knows that in her own circle and family his memory is in detestation. The effect of these conflicting feelings is interesting, and sometimes very sad to watch. I was telling her only yesterday that she ought to be satisfied at the Divine mercy of his reconciliation at last, and at the blessed thought of having been an instrument of grace to him, at having heard from the lips of Gregory XVI. himself that his submission had been "the greatest joy of his Pontificate, and he pointed to a letter placed under a weight on his table, and said that was it, and that it never left him." Poor dear! She feels this deeply; but she can't resign herself, nevertheless, to his being abused, and each publication in which his name appears is a cause of anxiety to her, always dreading some new attack, or some renewal of the old ones. To all the world—and even to me, who am many years older than she—Talleyrand's is a name which belongs to history, and about which it is strange to feel sensitive nowadays. But to her it is not so, and that to a degree which is quite original. When I see her sometimes turn pale and red when she speaks of him, and remember that he was born one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, and that fifty years ago when he died she was only fifteen, it makes me understand the wonderful charm which made his contemporaries overlook the many dreadful sins and crimes of his life, and also believe in a permanent better feeling in him which prevailed at last through God's mercy and patience. . . .

'And Ireland! I fancy now Parnell will be acquitted; but even in that case, is it possible that people in their right mind can think that men with so many suspicious associates can be trusted with the government of any possible corner of the earth? . . . Much love to Florence, and pray tell her (what I had forgotten to tell you) that I am now in possession of a very lovely dog (of the Blenheim breed); not small enough to be a lap-dog, but fit to be a very nice little companion. . . . At present his manners are perfect, and he is quite a little addition to my happiness. His name is Cotty; he was called Cottin

(the short of Rochecottin, which was given to him because he was born here). He had been given to a lady, who educated him; but then she had a baby, with whom Cottin quarrelled, so a shelter was looked for for him where he would be safe from babies. And that is how I came by him, the little darling! who is well-behaved to all except babies; and for the first time I am consoled for Dainty's departure, for whom my regret had been revived by the sight of a little facsimile of hers here.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*March* 2, 1889.

'My letter to you was hardly gone the day before yesterday, when the papers brought me the news of the end of the Pigott incident. It is a great triumph for the Parnellites, and a rather ignominious defeat for the *Times*, who, although evidently in good faith, had no business to be so foolish. People say that this has nothing to do with Home Rule—not in logic, perhaps; but certainly in fact it is the greatest help they have ever had from any quarter, and I can't see how the Government is to conquer them now. In short, I look forward to the return of Mr. Gladstone to power before his eightieth birthday, with probably time and strength enough to begin again his dangerous work, and to make the undoing of it impossible.'

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*April* 4, 1889.

'I hope I did not keep you waiting for these pages too long. I thank you for them. I thank you, in particular, for reminding me of that beautiful passage of Cardinal Newman on Low Mass —that is exactly what it is. The parts of it which in a High Mass are sung, and the music accompanying them, are only meant to add to the solemnity, and to give one more time to dwell upon what is going on at the altar. If music pretends to do more than this, and to be listened to for itself, it is only a "distraction," or something worse. The passage "they" (the words) "hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission—quickly

they go," etc., reminded me of that passage in Alexandrine's journal (on her return to Italy in 1835), which you certainly remember: "Oh, j'aime ce pays, où le blé et la vigne semblent se presser de croître pour servir au plus sacré des mystères." The two had the same thought in their minds, and the words apply to the same sacrifice.

'I am interested in what you tell me about the Empress Frederick. Can you tell me why that odious Berlin society has been so very spiteful about her? Is it *méchanceté* pure, as I am inclined to think it is, or has she been in any great or small way to blame?

'I always regret your determination never to allude to passing political events in your diary. It is impossible not to feel disappointed at this, when one knows how very much you might say about them that one would like to hear. "Malgré cela," I am very much obliged to you for sending them, and always look forward with impatience to their appearance. Comte Hübner, who is here, and of whom I see a great deal, is writing his memoirs with the intention of their being published after his death. But, in the meantime, I was suggesting that he might have them printed, your fashion, and let his friends read them privately; but he says it is too expensive, and he can't afford it. He, we may be sure, will not keep clear of politics. But I dare say we should already feel that he is telling us old stories, and that there are other things we care to know now. There is, however, no lack of publications of that sort, and some of them very reckless, from the feeling which seems to possess the young generation, that no one older than themselves is to be thought of, or considered, or, in fact, exists. Somebody said the other day to Mr. Thouvenel (who has published the correspondence of his father, in which much is compromising for his memory, and much for many other people besides), "that he would probably hurt the feelings of many." "Comment!" he said, much surprised. "Je croyais n'avoir à faire qu'à des cadavres!" Some of these are not yet fifty.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*April* 16, 1889.

'My birthday* has been very brilliantly kept this year, and I wish you could see even now my little drawing-room, looking and smelling as if in honour of the earliest spring, instead of the latest autumn, of my life. Indeed, I was often reminded by the delightful and unusual perfume of all these flowers, of the words of our Lord to Magdalen, referring to hers, which we have read so many times this week. But it did not make me sad or sorry to see them, for, after all, they are the promise of brighter and sweeter unfading ones; and in the meantime they remain, to the end, one of the greatest and most harmless joys of this world.'

LVII.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*May* 5, 1889.

'"Norine,"† for which I have also to thank you, I thought charming; indeed, perfect, in its way, the only fiction quite pure I have read in French for a very long time. . . . I wish we could have talked on a little longer the other day on the subject of the strange peace that has been granted after so many disturbing worries, followed by such a crushing blow, the peace, I say, of these my last years. I feel that I must be satisfied with

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* Madame de Castellane gave a dinner-party to commemorate Mrs. Craven's eighty-first birthday. She lived in the Rue Barbet de Jouy, within three doors of Mrs. Craven's apartment, and persuaded her to join in it. The Duc de Broglie, Madame Cochin, Lady Herbert, Comte and Comtesse Albert de Mun, were among the guests. At the last moment Princess Wittgenstein fell ill, and was unable to attend it.

† A novel by Ferdinand Fabre.

that, and give up cordially whatever of happiness or pleasure I might still enjoy in this world. I had the most singular meeting yesterday with a charming, pretty young Catholic girl, whose mother, whom I know a little, is an Englishwoman, whose father was French. She came early in hot haste to me, who do you think from? Mr. Stead, whose assistant and French correspondent and interpreter she is at this moment. He had taken her with him to interview Louise Michel, and then Clémenceau. The latter they found such a hater of religion, and of Catholicism in particular, that he (Mr. Stead) was shocked and distressed, and as he can't speak a word of French, made her say to him, "How sorry he was that he had these opinions!" To this his young interpreter added the expression of her own disgust as a Catholic. Then Clémenceau was sorry he had hurt her feelings, but went on all the same very violently, saying that Catholics could not be considered as French, as they obeyed a foreign authority. After this and much more about the laicization, its motives and its effects, good honest Mr. Stead felt a strong desire to hear the other side of the question, and it was then she thought of coming to me, as I knew who she was.

'Pray read "Madame de Duras"* during these days of our revolutionary commemorations. It will help you to understand the feelings of the many they deeply wound. Not, of course, the acts of 1789, which were all initiated and sanctioned by king, noblesse, and clergy; but the wicked and insane determination of those who preside over these festivities, to glorify the years that followed, no less than that one. I have felt sick at the description of the exhibition now taking place in one of the spacious galleries of the Louvre of all the most hideous relics of the Revolution, such as the last cap worn by Marie Antoinette, the last coat worn by Louis XVI., some part of the apparel of the unfortunate Dauphin, by the side of Marat's old "bonnet phrygien," and of a number of other remembrances of the terrorists. Among others, a pair of earrings, having the shape of a guillotine, which Carrier had invented, and obliged the women about him, or, indeed, his victims, to wear. Per-

* 'Prisons de mon Père.'

haps Mr. Bishop and Florence went, like everybody else, to look at all this. If so, I know they were disgusted, and do you not well understand what those must feel who are old enough to have lived with those whose parents had suffered then?

'But is it possible to conceive a Government reviving *à plaisir* all these ghastly memories and then wondering that the sovereigns of Europe decline to be officially present in the persons of their representatives?'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,
'*May* 7, 1889.

'The opening of the exhibition yesterday was, I am almost sorry to say, an immense success. It may be unpatriotic to regret this, but I do so in a measure, because in all parties people are grown so giddy, so thoughtless, there is in all classes so passionate a love of pleasure, of amusement, of excitement, that it is quite possible that the keen resentment so lately felt, and so justly, may be weakened for a time, and all our grievances forgotten just when it would be most *à propos* to remember them—that is, at the approach of the elections. Our party is fearfully divided; those among the Royalists who disapprove of the Comte de Paris' attitude say it plainly and most imprudently for his sake and their own, and I own that I greatly fear that what seemed to be our last chance will be lost. Things don't always turn out, fortunately, as bad as our fears or as good as our hopes, and Providence has means of its own which cannot be foreseen, though in the case of an old Catholic country like this they can be hoped for, and almost expected. Of course, I never stirred out of my quiet little home yesterday, so I saw nothing of what passed on the other side of the river, or, indeed, on this, where the whole population was out. Not a single carriage was allowed to go about, so that, in spite of the dense crowd, no accident happened; but think of the bore of being kept a prisoner at home unless able and inclined to become one of the "vile multitude." I came in, however, for what I must own was a pretty sight, and this was the instantaneous illumination of the Tour Eiffel. I enjoyed the sight in my armchair, with no other company than that of two young

boys, who came to look out of my window. The truth is that Paris is still "la patrie du goût," and that in that respect they easily excel others. But it makes me sick to think of what all this display of material splendour is intended to commemorate, and what memories it revives !'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*May* 23, 1889.

'I have begun the "Chemin parcouru." How far I shall go over it we shall see. Indeed, at the end of ten pages I have stopped, because something, or rather somebody, else has got hold of me, and that is Father Damien. I am shocked to see that it is only in England that much feeling is shown at his heroic life and death. . . . This is somewhat accounted for by the fact that in the Catholic Church self-sacrifice, however far it may be carried, although it gives edification, never does cause much surprise. Nevertheless, I do wish to say some little thing somewhere about him, if the power of writing is not altogether gone from me. How good, how very good of you it would be to help me if you can ! I should like to have the account of all that passed between him and that kind clergyman, Mr. Chapman, and also Mr. (or Captain) Clifford's letters. Have you an idea of all this being anywhere except in the *Tablet*, the old numbers of which did contain all this ? But those numbers I have not got by me ; if you have, and could lend them to me, I would safely return them. Also, I hear that Père Damien's photograph is sold in London ; if so, and you could procure it for me, it would give me very great pleasure. I quite approve of your publishing a new edition of your "Prison Life of Marie Antoinette," this year of all others. Oh ! to think of the levity, of the wickedness, of this present glorification of those dreadful memories ! If you wish to realize the extent of the destruction accomplished in France by the Revolution during the ten years that followed 1789, please read in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the number of March 15, and April 1 and 15 of this year, Taine's articles called "La France en 1800." I wish Mr. Morley had read them before (in such very bad company) he signed the address of the English Liberals to the French Jacobins

aujourd'hui régnants. But I suppose that (like Mr. Gladstone) he only reads what feeds his fancies. I must say that Taine, more than anyone, has demolished the Empire of Napoleon in his later days. No one in reading these articles can deny the greatness of the work he accomplished, when, at the beginning of his career, he picked up France in a dying condition, and brought her to life again.

'I have been hunting for a review which I read in the *Débats*, of a fresh book on that never exhausted subject, in which I found some details concerning the unfortunate Dauphin, which, as usual, I had to skip, because it is a subject upon which I never have been able to dwell. I received, I believe, too strong an impression about it when I was a child. It seemed to me that there were fresh untold horrors about his martyrdom at Simon's. . . . I have seen nothing of the exhibition, except what I can see displayed before my eyes every night, by the experiments on light, carried on at the top of the Eiffel Tower. The effects of these are very beautiful for our ignorant eyes, and some of them suggestive (to me, at least) of many thoughts, which, I am afraid, are not uppermost in the minds of the "busy crowd—the vain, the wealthy, and the proud," who are gaily commemorating every night the dreadful memories of the past.'

The name of Père Damien is so fresh in English memories that it hardly seems necessary to remind our readers of his heroic charity among the lepers of Molokai. His work in the island of Molokai, which had been set apart for the lepers of the Sandwich group, is described by Mrs. Craven with her invariable pathos and enthusiasm for all that is beautiful, whether with the beauty of God's handiwork in natural objects, or with the greater beauty of His charity, incarnate in a noble soul. When the reader remembers that the little book is the last printed from Mrs. Craven's hands, its concluding paragraphs acquire a special interest.

Of this beautiful tribute to faithful and brave martyrdom, the Vicomte de Meaux says: 'It is the last, and perhaps the happiest, effort of her pen. Reflecting no other

splendour than the splendour of the soul, she consecrated her last work to praise of a poor missionary who died a leper for love of lepers.'

In her article Mrs. Craven wrote :

'As I conclude this work, and I regret that it should be so incomplete, I confess that it has been very pleasant to me. In these times, when so many intellectual forces are engaged in vexing men's hearts and weakening men's characters, in these times of struggle and hatred, during which justice seems to have no hearing, at a moment when we are fed but with idle words, and when fraternity, the emptiest of them all, is associated with the vain talk of liberty and equality, it is comforting to come suddenly across a fact which is the active realization of those words, and which enables us at a bound to leap the space which separates the empty phrase from the living and fruitful reality.'

Characteristic as is Mrs. Craven's delight in Père Damien, her friends cannot but regret that aught should have hindered her in writing of her own 'Chemin parcouru.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'PARIS,

'*June* 23, 1889.

'I am very sorry to miss your annual visit here ; but I really don't think you could have borne the mad state of excitement into which Paris is thrown just now, and which seems to me to be increasing every day, as more people arrive from the provinces and from foreign countries. There is every night a kind of festival all round the exhibition premises, to which 120,000 people flock, and a perpetual feast is kept up, which, if it had happened once a month, would certainly in other times have been thought sufficient recreation for the inhabitants of any large town—even of Parisians. But they are drunk with love of pleasure and excitement, and M. de Broglie, who spent a quiet evening with me yesterday, says it is alarming to think of

what will happen when all this comes to an end, and people must go back to the humdrum of life again. I have not yet gone even to give a look to the *ensemble*, which they say is worth seeing much more than anything in detail. I cannot be thankful enough to live as I do, so safely out of the way of it all, with my trees as green and my convent garden as quiet as ever. I feel it quite a mercy of God to have been brought to this silent and reposeful part of the world. But, to return to the present situation here, you can hardly imagine to what an extent everybody partakes of the general excitement ; even the quietest people are slightly gone out of their minds. Think of a very reasonable friend of mine asking me quite seriously to go and dine with him, where do you think? At the top of the Eiffel Tower! not the tip-top, but only at 150 metres from the ground! That is what everybody is doing just now ; and if you try to find out what there is to be seen, in what way that particular lark can be found attractive, you can get no answer except, "tout le monde y va." I have only found M. de Broglie agreeing with me, that it is all very senseless and melancholy, and, considering the occasion, odious ; but we agreed not to say so, for fear of being thought unpatriotic. When you see the Granvilles give them my love. Are they not coming to see the show?'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*July* 26, 1889.

'I was bent on finishing my article on Père Damien for the 25th, which I did accomplish, and it came out yesterday. I gave orders to have that number sent to you; I hope it will reach you safely. I was anxious to rouse the absent attention of my country people, and to force it away from the many silly and wicked things that absorb it just now. I wished also to do some at least, if not full, justice to the kind and generous feeling that has been shown in England on this occasion. There was a great deal more to be said about that ; and if I—which I may, perhaps—republish that article in another form, I hope to make it more complete in that respect. I should have liked to have introduced some portion of the

Spectator's wonderful article on Père Damien's detachment. As it is, I think it will be of some use in France.

'In spite of the season, I have not been leading a very solitary life; for one reason or another, people have been coming through. My last visitor was Lady Herbert, who went away yesterday.'

To an English friend who visited her at this time in Paris, Mrs. Craven said, half in joke, half in earnest: 'In England old people always have some niece or cousin to come and stay with them; no one stays with me. I am nothing but a railway-station. All my friends stop for a few minutes and go on by the next train.'

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*August* 2, 1889.

'You have been, I have no doubt, very anxious about these leaves of your diary, and have imagined that I had some thoughts of confiscation about them. But no; it is a simple delay, not in my reading them, which I did at once with the interest and pleasure those records of yours always give me. But I had two reasons for not writing—the first and best of the two was that I was very busy writing that article on Père Damien which you imagine "anybody might have written" as well as myself; but though it is not for me to gainsay that, I have some reasons to think that you are mistaken there, one of them being that probably nobody would have done it at all. Anyhow, it was published in the *Correspondant* of July 25. But then I was ill, and for several days unable to do anything; and that is the second and best reason of my silence. I am, however, quite myself again to-day, and I believe that this time it is a decided amelioration.

'In the meantime, I am not sorry that Boulanger has had a reverse, though I should be exceedingly delighted if I could hope that there is a far greater one in store for the Government, and his success would have the one merit of being a vexation to them. But yet I can't have the very least bit of confidence in him, and the line taken by some of my friends about him is to me quite incomprehensible.'

To Mr. Fullerton.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*August* 13, 1889.

'Ever since July 14, when a grand representation was given of the "Prise de la Bastille" for the first time, this odious commemoration has been noisily repeated every night, in order to satisfy the many admirers and sympathizers who had not seen it, or wished to see it over and over again. But even worse than that, to my mind, has been the fête of Saturday last, given in honour of the 100th anniversary of the 10 Août, although, in point of fact, that massacre only took place in 1792. All this, and Boulanger's trial, so disgraceful in all respects for him and all approaching him (though also for the Republic, which is the one only comfort)—still, all this, I say, disheartens me quite, and I have no present hope at all for France. Vile as this *régime* is, the majority in the country support and like it. "Ils aiment à mépriser ceux à qui ils obéissent"; this has been said lately of the French, and, alas! too truly. The pagan funerals of the 4th were another public profanation, assented to by the population, and another great scandal. I must say I thought it despicable that the grandchildren of Latour d'Auvergne* should protest at first against his body being transferred from the consecrated ground in which he reposed in Germany to the desecrated church which they call the Pantheon, and then consent to it, and imagine that they atoned for it by having Masses said in the adjoining church of St. Étienne du Mont. It is all so disgusting that I can hardly imagine your thinking at present of residing in France, though, of course, there are, out of Paris, some nooks and corners where it is still possible to find some remains of what was good in old France, and some life in what is good in the present. You have found such a one in Boulogne, and there are probably others, but I don't know of many.'

* Surnamed 'Premier Grenadier de la République.' Killed by a lance thrust at Oberhausen, 1800.

To Lady Herbert.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*October* 7, 1889.

'I have been ailing for several weeks, and, though not really ill, I am very much disabled by a return of my ague, caused by having been such an old goose as to get an *insolation*, besides over-fatigue. One day in the broiling sun I walked down from the road to the edge of the Loire to accompany Mme. de Blacas as far as the ferry (which has to be crossed to get from here to Ussé); and, climbing up again, the sandy, scorching bank was too much for my strength, and it brought on this attack, which has now lasted longer than any of the sort I ever had. There is no remedy for it but time and patience; but I am happy to say that it is really now on the go, and that I can reasonably hope to be quite myself again in a few days.

'The death of Lady Holland was a great blow to me, though she had been so seriously ailing for a long time; I had confidence in her strong constitution, and hoped her life might have been prolonged perhaps for years. Even as an invalid she enjoyed it, and made it a source of enjoyment to others. However, I am more thankful than I can express at the graces that have so visibly assisted her when suddenly called at last; the presence near her of such a good Catholic as Minny Throckmorton was an invaluable blessing, and that she passed away so resignedly and peacefully is such a mercy that, in spite of my own sad feelings I am almost happy when I think of it, and of how God's paternal mercy helps His poor children through the most dread ordeals. She had an extreme fear of death, and of its accompanying sufferings. But when they came, His hand was there, and His love, bringing both strength and peace. In a worldly point of view, this seems to me a kind of final blow to English society as we have known it. . . . I hope my long-delayed answer does not come too late to let you know that the book you mention, "La Mission de Talleyrand à Londres en 1792," was published by Plon, 10, Rue Garancière, and it is with him you must communicate about the translation. The Talleyrands, and Mme. de Castellane in

particular, are deeply interested in the publication, and other recent ones, about their great-uncle, but they have had nothing to do with them.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*November* 1, 1889.

'I am sorry to hear from Mrs. Talbot (the wife of the Military Attaché here), who had dined with Lord Salisbury at the Embassy when he was here lately, that he talked of his term of office as not likely to be long, and was looking forward to enjoying a villa, which he is getting ready for himself on the Riviera.

'I have not got over the surprise of your account of the French studies of young English lady scholars.* I could not have believed it, and, indeed, the ignorance of English people of French concerns hardly accounts for it. Why should they be so ignorant? The best English periodicals and reviews are full of the best articles on French literature. These very authors are well known to the English public (much better than any of yours are to ours). . . . It may be rash of me to have so decided an opinion, for in reality, let alone "careful analysis" (as is expected from those young English ladies), I have found the simple reading of any one of them impossible. I have tried, and have begun more than one of those volumes, but I have almost invariably stopped from unconquerable disgust, and flung them aside without finishing them. The idea that those books are read out of France distresses me. It makes me feel as if for the second time we were poisoning Europe, and this time with coarser poison than the first. This is not a cheering thought, coming on the top of those suggested by the elections, and by the revival of the disgraceful days of a century ago, which really

* At that date it happened that a syllabus of the various studies intended for girl students of a well-known College was sent to Mrs. Bishop. She noticed with amazement the names of some notorious French writers, whose works were to be analyzed by the young ladies, and she mentioned the circumstance to Mrs. Craven.

seems an insult to history, and would, indeed, be an unexampled one but for the mad levity of those who have enjoyed this gigantic show without giving a thought to what it was meant to commemorate.

'I am very glad to hear that Albert is going to the banquet of the Plumbers' Company.* I only wish he could speak English. I need not tell you that I could not enter into the Boulangist vagary, which, *selon moi*, has added disgrace to defeat for the Conservatives. . . .

'I am so sorry for poor John Ball.† I had quite lost sight of him, but I had known him well, and always looked upon him as one of my old friends, for I had known him in the dear old times, and always found him the same whenever I met him, which of late years was but seldom. . . .

'Did I ever tell you that when Lady Ponsonby was here she persuaded me to sit for my portrait to a young artist friend of hers who is studying in one of the Paris *ateliers?* The result has been a drawing which has been so much approved of that I have had it autotyped in London in three different sizes—that of the original, which is largish ; that called cabinet size, and then of the small size ; and of the three you shall have the one you like best, only let me know. At any rate, I will send you a small one in my next, and that will enable you to judge at least of the likeness.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*November* 5, 1889.

'Here is the portrait. If you approve of it, and wish to have one of the size of the original (in Lady Ponsonby's possession),

* The Guild of Plumbers, which has led the return of some of the old London Companies to the ancient ways by which they gained their title to existence. Making use of the hospitality it dispenses on an intelligent scale, its guests are those who aid the Plumbers' Guild in its true mission, never more important than now. It teaches the craft of which it has borne the name since Edward III. bestowed on it its charter.

† The distinguished botanist. He had served in Lord Palmerston's Administration of 1855 as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

I have had four printed of that size, which I destined to the very few friends who would like to have it large enough to hang on a wall, and you were in my mind as one of the four. But, first of all, I must know whether you think the likeness a good one. Some do, and some don't.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*November* 14, 1889.

'I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, having only now found out what an indiscretion I have been led to by ignorance. Would you believe that when I mentioned Marie Bashkirtseff's journal to you I thought it had only appeared in English, and was not to be had on this side of the Channel! Think of my confusion when I received from you the two French volumes (in the Charpentier, which means the most popular kind of edition in which books appear in Paris). As to the book itself, it is significant, however, that in spite of the *engouement* for everything Russian which prevails in France just now, I had never heard of her from any French acquaintance. Mary Ponsonby spoke of her to me first, and after that another English friend; then yourself, not to mention Mr. Gladstone's article, which raised my curiosity. I am afraid that as I get acquainted with Mdlle. Bashkirtseff I am going to detest her. My very long experience of Russians has led me to the conviction that they must be of the very first quality, in which case they can reach excellence of the most uncommon order (*témoin* Mme. Swetchine, my friend Princesse Wittgenstein, and many others whom I have known), but their *mezzo ceto*, if such there is, brings one at once very low. I won't say lower than any other middle-class, because in other countries that is the very class in which to look for superior goodness as well as talent. But not so, oh, not so in Russia! However, this is but a rash judgment in this particular case, as I have only glanced at some of the pages of the book, and, of course, fell upon passages that repelled me; but I will read it now with attention, if only because you mentioned it, because "je le tiens de cœur."'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*November* 25, 1889.

'You ask me how I felt when in great danger of death. I have often told you that on that occasion I was not myself; the strength I felt was not my own, and that is the very thing that made it pleasant, and makes me like to remember it. If I had happened to be brave in the natural way (a rather improbable supposition, considering my personal, natural cowardice), I might be very justly afraid of its only happening to me once in a way. As it was, it has given me a great confidence for the future, that wherever something really difficult will have to be faced, that same strength, not my own, will come again to carry me through it. This leaves a large margin for the many little sufferings that are left to our own small strength to bear; and Heaven knows, alas! how far from patient I am even to bear occasional flushes of fever, or a slight toothache, or anything.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*December* 3, 1889.

'I believe the time is coming very soon when those only who are able to say *ex animo*, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth," will be found to be in the full possession of their common-sense. I did not know that Lady G. D. was a good reader of Dante. . . .

'Let me now tell you the very little I have got to say about Mérimée. I met him years ago, occasionally, at the Hollands' in Paris, never anywhere else. I disliked him intensely. What I read afterwards of his correspondence only confirmed what I thought of him. But he is a real good French writer; none of the present current atrocities are to be found in his style. That is about all I have got to say about him. I must not omit to tell you that I like Marie Bashkirtseff a great deal better than I had expected. She was very, very Russian, but there is in her a good deal of what makes so many of them charming.'

In 1890, the last year when Mrs. Craven's hand could write in it, Mrs. Bishop's agenda is once again begun by the motto: 'La joie du monde ne contient pas la paix, mais la paix de Dieu contient la joie.'

For Florence Bishop Mrs. Craven wrote: 'Il faut tâcher de posséder Dieu. Les grandes pensées viennent de Dieu. —VAUVENARGUES.

'C'est par l'esprit que l'on s'amuse, c'est par le cœur qu'on ne s'ennuie pas.—MME. SWETCHINE.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'ROCHECOTTE,
'*January* 13, 1890.

'Much sadder is the bad news which this New Year has already brought us, both private and public. The first is the death of the poor young (just married) only daughter of M. de Charette, which grieved us all much; then the death of Mme. Thayer, from whom you know I had been parted by many things, but with whom I am happy to say I had renewed last year the kindly relations of the old times with which she was so intimately connected. This morning we have heard of the death of the Duchesse de Pozzo di Borgo, who will be a great loss to the Faubourg St. Germain; and then the dear old Empress Augusta, whose kindness I, for one, can never forget, and who was an intimate friend of my two friends, Mme. de Castellane and Princesse Wittgenstein, this brings here no end of particulars and interesting details about that event. Then the King of Spain, and before all that, the poor Empress of Brazil, whom I knew when she was a young girl, and saw again a very happy and proud wife, and then literally to die of a broken heart! You must read the "Memoirs" of M. de Rochechouart; they will interest you, and make known to you a very great man and Frenchman, the Duc de Richelieu of sixty years ago, and a dear friend of my father. My friend here was terribly vexed at M. Andral's will, by which the famous Talleyrand "Mémoires," nstead of being, as she rather expected, now returned to the

family (and she may have thought to herself), are left to the Duc de Broglie.

'However, the latter, who was quite as much surprised at being chosen as ever she could be, has written a charming letter, which has quite pacified her. He will evidently consult and be guided by her; and we may now hope to see that much-delayed and long-expected publication take place at last. At all events, the MS. is now in safe and able hands.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 27, 1890.

'I had forgotten to tell you how much, after all, the painful journal of Marie Bashkirtseff (which you gave me at my request) had interested and astonished me. As the study of a soul, it is a wonderful book, describing a wonderful creature, so wild, so vain, so proud, so gifted, so bereft in many ways of moral sense, and yet so comparatively pure (I mean considering the subjects she dared to study, and the books she read). Altogether, when I had once begun those volumes, I could not put them down, and kept thanking you in my mind for having made them known to me. . . . Then I read your article on Mérimée. You have said for him all that can be said, and, without disguising what he was, you have made one understand that he had admirers and friends, and why, and inclined those who dislike him most to like him better. As to Stendahl, I can tell you nothing, for I am totally ignorant about him, never having read one whole work of his, but only knowing them by bits and extracts. . . .

'I send you by this post my little volume on Père Damien, which I hardly thought you would care for, having read the best part of it in the *Correspondant*. . . . We are still here much excited about the Duke of Orleans,* and I trust that the feeling he has aroused will not subside as soon as many other things have subsided in France. For years and years there has not

* The Duke suddenly appeared in Paris in contravention of his exile.

been one occasion upon which it has been possible to feel the least degree of enthusiasm for anyone. This has been and is felt in all classes for him. It is also felt everywhere in the army ; everyone, high and low, is speaking of him, and anxious about what happens to him. And he has not said one wrong thing nor done any ; every act, every word, has been exactly what it should be. . . . It is for us a little ray of hope, and, as it was totally unexpected, it gives one the sensation that we may, perhaps, repeat once more, with a better chance than the poor Monarchist of twenty years ago :

'"Oh ! imprévu ! notre sauveur !
Viens mettre un terme à nos malheurs."

'The rescripts of the Emperor of Germany* are dividing public attention with this French incident. What a strange bold move that is, and how much, for the sake of humanity and of royalty, I wish it could be possible to hope for any good results from it. What do you think ?

'My nephew Albert (who, I am sorry to say, has been for many months in bad health, has just gone to Cannes for a few weeks) was very much exercised by those rescripts. They contain so much that he has been bringing forward and pleading for, that it is impossible for him not to approve a great part of their tenor, even though they do emanate from the Emperor of Germany. But, then, you know also what the temper of France is just now, and what a difficult lead it is for a Frenchman to follow. In fact, the whole scheme appears to me to be chimerical, the world being what it is, and will, I suppose, be found to be practically impossible to realize. But where will the aroused and defeated hopes go to then ? I hope now to get the time and talent wanted for my dear little sketch of Kathleen. But shall I ?'

LVIII.

THE question was answered by symptoms of illness that soon became alarming, and which, though the name angina pectoris was not applied to them, before long suggested to

* On the right conditions of labour.

Mrs. Craven herself, if not to those around her, that her life might be in immediate danger, and her death might be as sudden as were those of her father and her brother Fernand.

The few pages which were written by Mrs. Craven as the rough beginning of a sketch, to write which, as we have seen, was in her thoughts and heart, have been reprinted as part of an introduction to a translation of Miss O'Meara's English 'Life of Frédéric Ozanam.' Her sister Geraldine answered the call for such a Life in Ozanam's own country, and she could hardly have better prefaced the story of his Christian labours than by Mrs. Craven's words. We translate some fragments of the praise she knew so well how to give to her friends who had earned it as well as had Kathleen O'Meara:

'Four years ago, when I began the last work* I shall ever write, I said that "to live long is to outlive." The sad truth is constantly present to me, and even when I have felt, in my own life, the last great blow by which I could yet be struck, the hour of melancholy repose, of which I then spoke, has not yet arrived. We must always suffer, and the longer we live the more frequently we are condemned to feel the painful surprise of seeing those whose age seemed to secure their survival die, however assured we might be that we should never have to mourn their loss.' Describing her intimate affection for Miss O'Meara, notwithstanding the difference of their age, Mrs. Craven writes of Kathleen's excellent literary work, and praises her character, which had in its Irish qualities 'kept all the loves and rejected all the hatreds' of her fatherland. Touching tenderly the grief for her mother, whose death had preceded Kathleen's by scarcely a year—a grief so felt that it had 'undermined her life, as water can undermine and shake the bases of a building, leaving it so weak that a breath

* 'The Life of Lady G. Fullerton.'

of wind can overthrow it'—Mrs. Craven goes on in trenchant words:

'Among the mischiefs wrought by that poison with which so many clever writers busily fill our ears, there is no more striking and general evil produced than the aridity even of the youngest hearts.

'I do not allude to regions where this aridity leads to harshness, harshness to violence, and violence to crime; I speak of youth as it is sheltered and protected by its position from the surrounding atmosphere. Yet the poisonous breath reaches it, and as a scorching wind can dry up physical life in nature, that hurtful poison parches those who are within its influence. Young people, who are naturally disposed to enthusiasm, no longer feel any. Nowadays they are more ready to find fault than to praise. Even the holiest affections are weakened, or seem to be so, by strange calculations, no longer restrained by respect or good feeling. If these be not signs of an increasing coldness of hearts, they are so like it that we begin to think there is no *sensibilité* left in our existing world. No doubt the word is out of fashion, and the feeling seems also to be so. We find ourselves looking for it only among those who, opening wide their hearts to God, find only in that supreme source of inexhaustible love a devotion that can be pushed to heroism for their brothers, as well as that forgetfulness of self which gives force to affection not less than to courage.

'It therefore seemed to me that it is not inappropriate to study a heart that remained as tender as it was ardent.'

In Mrs. Craven's state of health, to follow the retreat at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur during Lent was no slight effort. She went to the half-past eight o'clock Mass fasting, and waiting afterwards for the Meditation, she was much exhausted before eating her breakfast at home at half-past

ten. On the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, kept on the Friday before Palm Sunday, she hesitated for a few minutes. Her maid persuaded her three times to give up the idea of going out fasting. Three times she set her face to go. At last she exclaimed: 'If I give in for so little, what will it be at the end?' She went, and for the last time attended Mass with the congregation, and received Holy Communion with the other faithful.

At Rochecotte she had received Holy Communion every day. When finally disabled, she loved to lie and look at the light in the Chapel of the Sacré Cœur, which she could see from her room.

The author of this Memoir was in the south of France in April, when a letter from Mme. de Dreux Brézé brought her the news of Mrs. Craven's serious illness.

Mrs. Bishop saw Mrs. Craven a fortnight later, and was at first relieved by her friend looking less ill than she had anticipated; yet there was a distinct change in her. She lay on the little couch in her writing-room, with a questioning anxiety in her face, as if she wanted some clear conception of why she suffered severe attacks of pain in her chest, why her hand was somewhat swelled, and, strangest of all, why, when she talked, she felt some difficulty of utterance, some confusion in the choice of words to make her meaning clear with its old accuracy of expression. Paris was full at that season, and many friends and relations came to see her. Only one at a time was admitted to her writing-room, and there were generally two or three awaiting their turn in the drawing-room. Mme. de Montalembert looked very grave as she left Mrs. Craven, questioning the use of further medical advice, as if it were too late to benefit her friend. None of Mrs. Craven's family were more constant in their attention to her wishes and needs than was the Marquis de Mun, her brother-in-law, and to

see them together recalled vividly the old times at Boury and Lumigny, and all the figures of a past, now fifty years old.

Yet it was difficult, as Mrs. Craven sat in her usual place, dressed with the same careful elegance, the same smile of sympathy and affection lighted by an indescribable gleam of other-world thought on her countenance, to think that death was threatening her. But the certainty that she was nearing her eternal haven was strong in her. She guessed that the severe pain she sometimes felt was a warning of speedy death. Her right hand and arm were swelled and painful, but she never complained even of the fits of extreme suffering and distressing faintness which came on every afternoon towards dinner-time. Still, there seemed, in the opinions given by her physicians, no need for urgent anxiety. The words paralysis and angina pectoris were at least unspoken by them to her friends. Soon after her return to London, at the end of April, Mrs. Bishop received the few lines which follow, written in a tremulous but still legible hand. Mrs. Craven had habitually corrected any imperfectly formed syllables or letters, and therefore it was not startling that there were several retouches in these few words. The advice of which she wrote was to take strong beef-tea and all possible nourishment.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*Friday, May*, 1890.

'This is the best I can do for you. Thanks a thousand times for your excellent advice, which I assiduously follow ; in fact, as yet nothing else does me much good. I am so glad that you are well for the present. I was very sorry to miss the pleasure of seeing Lord and Lady Reay. Pray let them know this if you can. I still suffer in the evenings, and I don't expect to be well till this is over.'

On May 16, after a few days' apparent improvement, Mrs. Craven sent her last letter to Mrs. Bishop; it was written by her maid, but signed in legible though tremulous letters by her own hand:

'*Friday, May* 16, 1890.

'I only write to-day to give you an account of myself—on the whole, better than when you were here. I go on using your remedies, in which I have great faith. Will you tell Sir M. Grant Duff why I don't write to him, and why I never answered the letter he wrote to me on the 12th of April?

'You ask me if I am interested about Stanley? Of course I am; I am quite astonished that you are doubtful about it.

'I shall read the articles in the *Spectator* with my usual attention. And now, dear friend, I wish I could write a little more at my ease. God bless you!

'PAULINE.'

During these days of sinking bodily life, Mrs. Craven suffered such constant pain that on May 30 her maid Nora wrote cheerfully if only because Mrs. Craven 'slept, for the first time since she had been ill, free from pain' after a severe attack, and she even expressed hopes that her mistress might soon drive out again. At the end of her letter Nora added the startling sentence: 'She has great difficulty in speaking sometimes. She cannot even dictate a letter.'

On June 5, the last and bitterest chalice was offered to Mrs. Craven's lips. Nora wrote: 'I can hardly bear to write to you. . . . She cannot pronounce a word. It is most distressing to understand what she wants. Ah, madame! you who love her so much can understand my grief to think at any moment she may be taken. She looks so resigned. The book arrived; I gave it to her. She has it at this moment on her bed; she reads a little. I read scraps from the paper to her. She said I was to thank you for it, and to give her love.'

In the beginning of the year no special weakness had threatened Mrs. Craven's life. She was much as she had been for years. The 'Chemin parcouru' was still a possible autobiography. Even the least sanguine of her friends, while not expecting any special prolongation of her years, looked for a peaceful, ordinary death for her when Death should come, as at eighty-three he could not be far off. Even in that case the author believes that this Memoir would not have been without interest, as it is the record of the last member of that family at Boury which won from men best able to judge the title of 'I Santi.' Passages from Mrs. Craven's journals and letters have been selected for the use of her fellow-pilgrims, who have sympathized with her spiritual struggle to conquer self, and to give her will and genius to God. Yet had she faded tranquilly in the quiet twilight before death, allotted to many old and faithful servants, the lessons of her life would have been less complete; she would not have had occasion for the special generosity called forth by extraordinary trial, nor in her radiant obedience so justified the mystery of the *Via Crucis*.

Throughout Mrs. Craven's writings will be found constant recognition of the benefits gained in the crucible of suffering. To celebrate them is the main purpose of her literary work. Her own artistic temperament, which loved beauty and well-being, and all the lesser harmonies of life, kept her almost irritably conscious that, however much she liked the products of sensuous civilization, no pleasures they could give were for a moment adequate to supply her real needs. Hence, almost to the end of her life, we find evidences of the conflict between her love for what may be called the wayside flowers, and her longing for the supreme beauty which was the goal of her pilgrimage. The reader will have seen how frequently she dwelt on the spiritual

good she had received from loss and humiliation, from the family grief which haunted her affectionate heart, and even from the crushing blow of Lina's death, which deepened her perception of Eugénie's mystic faith. It gave to the 'Récit,' which was concluded shortly after, a singular value for Christian souls who suffer, and, indeed, for the multitude who are undowered by Christian faith, yet who know the bitterness of human life. To them it is a song in the night—a field of spices and perfumes by the dusty highway, of which they perceive the sweetness, ignorant of whence it comes.

Few books of its range have, in our time, better combated the encroaching pessimism of fiction, which indeed also ravages modern thought. No one would have denied more stoutly than Mrs. Craven that Christian self-conquest, even to self-forgetfulness in the absorbing presence of God, had aught in common with doctrines which recommend imposed pain as useful to the final annihilation of life. She believed—indeed, she knew—that pain was the fertilizer of a more vivid spiritual energy. The reader has seen how sensitively Mrs. Craven could feel, nor did she minimise suffering, or seek to find opiates in any spiritual excitement. She recognised the existing agonies of the painful earth, and the multiplied distresses which arise even for the more prosperous. To the faith of many, there is no more difficult reconciliation than that of a good God and a tortured man. Many ordinary readers of fiction find Mrs. Craven's work wanting in humour and in the tragic element of disproportion which belongs to the struggle between will and destiny. It is probably because she had occasion to write of, and was best acquainted with, wills that were obedient to the Divine uses of misfortune. Death for them was not death, but life, and almost lovable as such even to our weak nature. The reader who has followed

Mrs. Craven's life and its troubles, many of which may seem to some almost trivial in their interference with worldly consideration and comfort, but which sorely tried some sensitive strings in her temperament, may say that it was easy for her to praise pain, and serenely dwell with her beautiful visions on a Christian Olympus, and enjoy her friendships and popularity in France, England, and Italy. What did she know of those overwhelming shipwrecks of human existence which can engulf a common soul? She had not had that trial of her love and faith which the least of martyrs endures. As she drew near the end of life, even the money anxieties which had beset her were over. She had written well of suffering, but many have done that. If she were saintly, there were some to say that hers was but a rose-water saintliness—an agreeable compromise by a woman of the world with the ascetic teaching of the Crucified, as it is decorously adapted to a high-bred and superior caste. The more Mrs. Craven was so judged by her friends, the more was her chief work, 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' praised as a creation of art that was not without an element of fiction in the treatment of its 'santi.' Mrs. Craven had presented her family in beautiful pose and colour. It was said of her that she was a proficient in sentimental drama, whether on the drawing-room stage or in the literary workshop, and she was certainly at her best in the sparkling play of conversation.

But now the seal was to be set on Mrs. Craven's witness to the faith which can exclaim: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' The ten months before her death were months of trial and unexpected humiliation, borne with a fulness of obedience that even her most eloquent words had never expressed. Her faithful optimism remained unruffled. She 'overcame' to the end, and if the record of any life has interest worth the name, it lies in that

victory of the spirit. She had in moments of generous trust, more and more frequent as she grew older, offered, as St. Ignatius did, her 'liberty' to God. He took her at her word. He knew in what spirit she would obey. He was pleased to add yet more savour to the salt, and to affix the stamp of His good pleasure to her good will. She had quoted long since Fénelon's words: 'Ne pas souffrir dans la volonté c'est ne pas souffrir.' She had learned that lesson, and had for years trained her will to unquestioning obedience to the Divine purpose as manifested in circumstance. More was required of her faith, and free expression of that will was taken from her; circumstance closed in upon her. She had loved to seek the presence of God; now she was all but alone with Him. The human sympathy she had loved to give and receive was necessarily lessened for her. Her occasional fits of regret and anxiety, founded or unfounded, must remain for ever unspoken. It seemed as if the special perfections at which she had aimed were thrust on her by the Power that would have her all His own. She had prayed, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and a door round about my lips,' with special emphasis, as she notes herself, when in every Mass they occur. The watch was set, the door was kept, and the incense of her prayer went up in all the force of silence. But the trial must have been well-nigh overwhelming, as was the surprise of it. That her voice, so given to praise, her good words, so useful to others, the expression of her experience and good sense, the fine art of her conversation, should be stopped, while her mind was yet clear and her intellect unimpaired, could not but have shaken her preconceived ideas to their very foundations. The desire to please had been almost a stumbling-block in her family. Eugénie had said, while standing in the porch of the invisible world: 'J'ai toujours une vague envie de plaire.

La vanité doit être, de toutes les fâcheuses habitudes du cœur le plus difficile à déraciner.' What lessons of humility —lessons of its higher perfection—must have sunk daily into Mrs. Craven's fluttering heart as she became dependent, not alone on the physical help of those about her, but on their inadequate conceptions of her intellectual and spiritual needs. Self lay crushed. For her freedom to will there was but one outlet—her will to recognise the will of God in whatever unwelcome circumstances it was declared. A spectacle of the conquering trust and strong love, stronger than death, manifested in her triumphant constancy, is surely a pledge of victory, and a sure ground of hope for suffering and despondent souls, however heavy their burden may seem. She would have been the first to tell us, if she could have spoken, that never were moments of commune with spiritual powers sweeter than in her isolation.

On July 14 her maid wrote: 'Mrs. Craven has never been able to say one word since. The right side is getting completely paralyzed. The doctor says she may last a very long time so, and that she may be able to speak a little.' Mrs. Craven persevered, as far as was possible, in the habits of her life. She was dressed, and placed in her usual seat in her writing-room, and rolled into the dining-room at the usual hours. In June Mme. de Dreux Brézé was able to pass a week with her aunt, and Mrs. Craven could receive Mr. Fullerton and some other of her friends. She could not, however, 'read, write, walk, or talk,' to use Nora's words; but during her long hours of suffering she was ever patient as she tried to make some ineffectual signs of her wishes. In July she was threatened by failure of her sight, and on the 16th the usual report of her sufferings in the evenings, and of her various symptoms of distress, was accompanied by the opinion of her case furnished by the doctors after consultation:

'Les médecins sont d'accord sur l'existence d'une névrose spasmodique des artères coronaires du cœur à forme de répétition. Ils pensent que cet état peut s'améliorer et peut-être disparaître pour un temps, mais qu'il peut se reproduire.' She was, in other words, suffering from angina pectoris, and liable to death at any moment. The doctors desired that she should not be told anything of her state, and spoke of *aortite*.

Meantime the Marquis de Mun had stayed on in Paris to watch over her, and relieve her of all anxiety about her affairs, waiting—waiting, as did all around her, for that return of speech which had been prophesied by her physicians. He offered her the use of Lumigny, just then vacant, where no interruption of her invalid habits need take place. She was able to drive out on fine days, and Nora thought her decidedly better; but on August 1 Lady Herbert wrote:

'PARIS,
'*August* 1, 1890.

'MY DEAR MRS. BISHOP,

'Our dearest friend Mrs. Craven made signs to me to write to you; but what can I say? It is really heart-breaking to see her as she is now, with all her intelligence and her mind as bright as ever, and yet utterly unable to express herself in the smallest degree either by writing or speech. The efforts she makes to bring out a word are most painful to witness, and it is perfectly impossible to understand her. Her right hand is terribly swollen, and her right leg also. In face, she is not much changed; but it is painful to see her distress at not being able to make herself understood. She then lifts up her eyes, and clasps her hands as if to show that in prayer alone is her help. Her resignation and patience are quite wonderful. They had a consultation of doctors yesterday, and both agreed that she would recover her speech by degrees. God grant it!

'She is gone to-day to Lumigny, as the heat here is terrific. and they say the country air will do her more good than any-

thing. I go back to London on Monday. Please pray for her, and get prayers and Masses said for her.'

After a week's absolute repose at Lumigny, M. de Mun and his daughter, the Duchesse d'Ursel, arrived, and found Mrs. Craven still speechless and suffering, but somewhat better for the country air, or, still more, for the dear associations of the place, for the chapel where she could hear Mass on Sundays, for Holy Communion, which she was able to receive twice, though with great fatigue, as she got up each time at eight o'clock for the service. The author of this Memoir from time to time sent her newspapers and books which she thought might interest her. Nora wrote on August 17: 'Mrs. Craven won't let them out of her sight; she reads a little every day. She seemed greatly touched at what they say about Cardinal Newman. When I gave her your last letter she kissed it before it was opened.' Meantime a new physician who had been called in wrote from Paris to Nora: 'I hope we may all be satisfied before long —when, it is impossible to say.' 'God grant,' adds Mrs. Craven's maid, 'that it may be so, for it is too sad to see her as she is. She is sweeter and more lovable than ever.'

And so the weeks passed on, with little change in her suffering and distress, but her mind was active as ever, and she was 'very much pleased' with an article on Cardinal Newman in the *New Review* which had been sent her.

The time came in October when Mrs. Craven left Lumigny and all its consolations for Paris. She had hardly regained her home when her friend, the Marquise de Castellane, died; but the news was kept back, so great might have been the shock to Mrs. Craven. Her health had benefited by Lumigny; her expression, less strained, recovered its old sweet charm. It became somewhat easier to comprehend her wishes, and she read a little every day on the subjects that had always interested her, and was

pleased, after her own child-like fashion of gratitude, by a little reading-frame on which her book could rest without any fatigue of her painful hand.

And so Christmas again came without special incident, except that one day, while her confessor, Père Matignon, was with her in her sitting-room, she fell from her arm-chair and bruised her knee. Her doctor attributed her fall to pure accident, but her knee was hurt, and a sac formed in it, which obliged her for a time to give up even her poor attempt to walk a few steps. As her favourite festival of Christmas drew near, she remembered to send Mrs. Bishop the usual agenda book. For the first time no word was inscribed on it by her. February brought a change for the worse, but never was there any decrease of full intelligence, full capacity to feel, and of resolute will to obey with what may even be called 'strenuous patience and humility,' for only by often repeated acts of resolve and energy of will could Mrs. Craven have borne her long trial as she did.

The author of this Memoir was in the south of France when, on April 1, 1891, she received a telegram announcing Mrs. Craven's death early that morning. Mrs. Bishop had cherished the hope that in less than a fortnight she should see her friend once more. But it was not to be, and she could but garner up the letters which supplied some details of Mrs. Craven's last days on earth. And now she gives them to the reader as testimony in the mouth of many witnesses to the truth of a portrait, necessarily imperfect as it is, in representing the indescribable grace of Mrs. Craven's spiritual life and beautiful soul.

LIX.

THE first account received by the author of this Memoir was in a letter written by the Comte de Richemont to Miss O'Meara. On the day after Mrs. Craven's death M. de Richemont wrote. He speaks of the pathetic sounds which had replaced distinct words as a *cantilena*. Those who heard it describe it as very touching in its sad suggestion of thought and of emotion for ever unexpressed.

M. de Richemont wrote in English :

'PARIS,
'*April* 2, 1891.

'Our dear friend received the last sacraments before yesterday perfectly conscious and willing. Mme. Cochin, who spent the whole time kneeling in the adjoining room, told me she would never forget the assenting and yearning tone of her *cantilena* when she was asked by the priest whether she had the true wish to receive the sacrament of strength. Nevertheless she did not seem to believe still in the extreme gravity of her situation, and to desire the application of the last *indulgentia plenaria*.

'But Nora, her perfect Nora, asked her to do so, and she accepted. The day was not bad, but in the following night her strength declined with extraordinary rapidity. At one o'clock a.m. she accepted a potion ; at two she refused her customary little meal ; and at three, at last, without one word or any sound, the bright lamp ceased to burn for this world.

'I saw her on her little white bed, calm and solemn, as if she prayed. Over her head a Madonna of Raphael, on her chest a large crucifix, and close to her folded hands a little bunch of violets, which an English hand, I believe, had just offered as a last tribute. . . .

'What can I add to these sad remembrances ? Such losses are without earthly compensation. I remember in one of my last visits before her illness, she read a beautiful extract from Newman describing the "passage" from earth to heaven, and ending with these words, "The white throne of God and the

beatific vision." She delighted in those terms, and we also, in our sadness, we must try to delight in seeking and seeing her in the circle of her ever-happy friends, before her "supreme Lord and Redeemer."

'COMTE DE RICHEMONT.'

'Nora, the perfect Nora,' as M. de Richemont had well called Mrs. Craven's maid, wrote on April 5 to Mrs. Bishop:

'PARIS,
'*Sunday.*

'I am sure you will pardon me for not writing before; I am so utterly crushed and broken-hearted I can do nothing. My dear, beloved mistress taken from us, it seemed, so suddenly, at last! At three o'clock in the morning she was not conscious. I will tell you all details when I see you. Yesterday her dear remains were laid with her loved ones at Boury.

'Oh, madame, I cannot describe the desolation in these dear rooms, and not to see that beloved face is more than I can bear, and in a few days all will be in disorder; it seems like desecration to disturb those precious objects that her dear hands touched; it seems selfish to have wished her to live, such a martyr as she was, yet I could not bear to lose her. I loved her so much, my constant attendance on her during the last sad year endeared her more than ever to me. I must try to be resigned to the will of God, as she was always; if only she had spoken a word before the end it would have been a consolation; she looked so well the Tuesday morning when she received the last sacraments; her own sweet look I never shall forget. She had eaten better that day; I began to be more hopeful, but it pleased God to take her. I don't know how long I shall remain in Paris . . . nothing is settled yet. M. Albert de Mun has all to do.'

Translation of a letter from the Vicomtesse de Dreux Brézé to Mrs. Bishop:

'PARIS,
'*April* 10, 1891.

'I write to you of her for whom you are sorrowing as we are, and whose great soul and noble intelligence you knew how to

appreciate. Since I arrived in Paris I could not doubt that her strength was declining. There was no fresh attack, but threatening symptoms announced the approaching end. Still, her eyes were clear and bright as ever, and we read her thoughts in their glances. Seeing her so weak on Monday, March 30, her confessor advised that she should receive the last sacraments. The affecting ceremony took place on Tuesday morning, and I cannot sufficiently express the beauty of her look at the moment of her communion and of the extreme unction. The day passed quietly. Her mind was alert, for when I asked her if I should go to see Princess Wittgenstein for her, I think I understood all that she wished me to say. During the night of April 1 she was seized towards three o'clock by a slight spasm, and died without struggle or pain. She could not have perceived that we were not with her, for her life ceased so unconsciously. I feel as if so long a trial, so patiently borne, gained for her the great reward almost immediately of possessing God and of reunion with all those she had so dearly loved.

'Last Saturday we took her to the burial-place at Boury, where she lies by her husband, and among the greater number of her family. With others are buried there Albert, Alexandrine, my grandmother De la Ferronnays, and Olga.

'You will see in the *Correspondant*, which is published to-day, an article on her by M. de Meaux. I have not read it yet, for the number has not yet reached me ; but I am sure that the task of writing about her could be entrusted to no better hand.

'She has left her property to my cousin, Albert de Mun. She possessed a great many family relics, which are already being dispersed, not only because she ordered them to be given to several persons, but because her apartment has been let already I have not been there since I kissed the cold forehead of my dear aunt for the last time. In truth, to go there would have been an effort which I should have found impossible. To see he rooms now that she is gone would have been a cruel pain, and even their contents would have given me the feeling of hopeless loss.

'I have been glad to write of her, for to do so seems to prolong an illusion which sometimes prevents my believing in the reality of her death. I know that these details will be precious to you.

'For my dear aunt's sake think of me with some regard, for you well know that she was to me a relic of the past. She had remained to me the last of those whom all my life I have loved, and she has been part of my whole existence.'

A day or two later the Comte de Richemont wrote to Mrs. Bishop:

'PARIS,
'*April* 15, 1891.

'The Vicomte de Meaux's pages in the *Correspondant* must have pleased you; but I trust some other voices will be heard in England and America, where she had so many known and unknown friends. And she was herself such a faithful friend of friendship!

'My last record of her alive is the following: I saw her about ten days before her supreme departure. She was lying on a sofa wrapped in a white shawl, and protected by a crystal screen; her eyes and her left hand as expressive as ever. After having spoken to her during a few minutes, answering as I could to the mysterious *cantilena*—this speech or song without words, which I will never forget—I took in hand a periodical placed on a table close to her, and opened it. The first article treated of Talleyrand's "Mémoires." I knew she was interested in that publication, and told her this pretty thought, sweeter than could be expected from such a man, "Les affections lointaines sont un asile pour la pensée." All at once she seemed as stirred by these words. Her eyes, her hand, all was in action; and at last, with a great effort, she said, not with the unconsciousness of barren utterances, but with a complete attention, "Oui." I will always remember those last three letters, expressing so well one of the dearest and brightest characteristics of her long life. I kissed her hand and left her —till Paradise.'

In each of these letters from her friends some different note is touched, strengthening the testimony of the full harmony of Mrs. Craven's life and death. That of Comte Albert de Mun to Mrs. Bishop, written on April 9, is not unworthy of one of Eugénie's sons—those sons of whom their mother

spoke and wrote to Pauline as if she shared her motherhood, '*nos fils*':

'PARIS,
'*April* 9, 1891.

'I have been greatly touched by your letter, which enters so well into our feelings of painful sorrow. My dear aunt's end was as edifying as has been her whole life. After bearing for a year, with a courage that never for a moment failed, the dreadful suffering which her cruel malady had inflicted on her, she received the last sacraments with perfect intelligence and remarkable serenity, and a few hours later she fell asleep in perfect peace. I have the sure hope that God has taken her beautiful soul to Himself, and we may say of it that all its aspirations tended to Him. I know how much my dear aunt loved you and your family, and I ask leave in the name of her memory to send both to you and your daughter a trifle which had belonged to her.'

Another nephew, the Marquis de la Ferronnays, son of Mrs. Craven's brother Fernand, and representative in the male line of her family, wrote soon after to Mr. Bishop, who had expressed to him his regret that he had not once again seen Mrs. Craven before her death:

To Mr. Bishop.

'Yes, I quite understand Mrs. Bishop and yourself might have expected to find my aunt still alive in May. She actually faded away without any serious appearance why this mournful end of her sad state of health should take place on the day it did rather than days or weeks later.

'I had been to see her on Easter Sunday, and very fortunately had spare time which enabled me to wait till she woke, for she was dozing when I called at Rue Barbet de Jouy. For a few days she had been rather restless at night, and consequently often dozing in day-time, and her appetite, which had wonderfully kept up till then, seemed giving way. Those were the only symptoms of any change for the worse, and, as you see, they were slight. When she aroused, I was shown into her room, and sat a few minutes by her bed, having what can scarcely be called a conversation, for she never was able to

utter a word since last spring. I found her, just as I had left her, neither worse nor better, having unquestionably entire possession of her mind, and taking interest in all the little news I gave her.

'You may think, then, how much surprised I was when, on Easter Tuesday early in the morning, I was informed that the last sacraments were to be administered to her at 9 a.m. We instantly hurried, Mme. de la Ferronnays and I, to the small apartment you know, where we found part of the family assembled, and a priest from her parish church, St. François Xavier, just arriving. The scene which followed was one of those which can never be forgotten. All the intelligence, which I believe was as vivid as in former days, had passed into the face, the only really living part of my poor aunt; and her fine features, illuminated by her large eyes glowing with the strongest impression of faith, hope, and, I should even add, joy, were quite unearthly to contemplate. After the ceremony was accomplished, we each of us in turn walked up to her bed and kissed her; then we retired, perfectly secure that we should see her again alive, and wondering why the Père Matignon, who was her confessor and had visited her on Easter Monday, should have decided the time was come when she should be administered. We thought so little the last moments were near, that none of us asked to see her in the afternoon for fear we should tire her. However, at six on Wednesday morning I was informed by her faithful Luigi that all was over. Without suffering or the slightest agony my aunt had breathed her last breath; in a happy smile she seemed to go, and joined those she loved, and on whose sacred memory all her thoughts, all the powers of her mind, had dwelt so long. She was quite unchanged on her death-bed, lying, ivory-like, with the crucifix in her hands, more like sleep than death.'

LX.

The death of Mrs. Craven revived some echoes of the past among Paris newspapers; but modern journalism in Paris is hasty, and though every paper of importance devoted some lines to M. de la Ferronnays' daughter, and to the author of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' the only adequate tribute to her memory appeared in the *Correspondant* almost immediately after her death. As the reader has seen, many of Mrs. Craven's writings had been published in its pages. It was fitting that the obituary notice written by the Vicomte de Meaux should appear within its cover.

Having sketched the chief incidents of Mrs. Craven's life, and described her home in the Rue Barbet de Jouy, M. de Meaux paints her as she sat there alone among the relics of her past, her smooth white hair folded under her widow's cap. 'Her dignified features, animated by her vivid thoughts and emotions, her large eyes, the incomparable brilliancy of which was not dimmed by age, her careful dress, her perfect manner, her incisive speech, gave to her a grace and a dignity which was all her own.'

M. de Meaux continues:

'It was in that apartment that Mrs. Craven spent her old age; it was there that she had watched and prayed on the threshold of her eternal life; it was there that, outliving most of her contemporaries and having no children, she made acquaintance with solitude. Solitude that was, however, interrupted at fixed hours by visitors of every age and country and rank, brought there, whether by old memories of family or friends, or by her literary fame, and retained by the irresistible spell of her conversation. Young and old, French and foreigners, writers eminent or obscure,

politicians of every class and of every party, great ladies and poor people, pious souls and men and women of the world, would often follow each other, and sometimes met in her drawing-room, where her kindly welcome reassured any who might have been abashed before the high tone of the conversation habitual there.

'The circle was seldom large. The best hours for a visitor were those passed *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Craven, who, as she assiduously laboured towards the higher sanctification of her soul, lost none of her personal charm. What a store of varied information was hers! what treasures in her reminiscences! and with what warmth and refinement did she feel! Near her, intelligence revived, and the heart was lifted up. Her talk was often amusing and gay. She knew, according to the Divine precept, how to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. And how ready she was to forgive! how incapable of hatred! She was faithful and tender in her friendships. To those who were unhappy she gave intelligent compassion, and helpful indulgence to the weaknesses of those who came to her. And while she gave thought to individuals, she did not in the retirement of her home fail to care for the public welfare, the happiness of the masses, the future of the human race. The generous impulses rife in her youth, when the century was also young, had not ceased to move her in the decline of her life. She was always ready to interest herself, even to the extremities of the world, in all that is worthy of the consideration of mankind.

'Conversation, her earliest, remained her last enjoyment. She rendered it, by the force of her character, not merely innocent, but profitable—profitable for others, as we know, and profitable for herself. As such she writes of it in her "Méditations," while she prays God to continue to bestow on her while in life "the sweet, good, dear, and holy talks"

which she so enjoyed. Yet God weaned her from them before He called her to Him. He willed that for a time she should only converse with Him alone. Struck by unusual infirmity, paralyzed in half her body, she, who had been the mistress of so many tongues, she, whose language had been so fluent and so expressive, could no longer find the words that answered her thought, could but utter others which did not convey it, and though she spoke could not make herself understood. Later on she ceased altogether to speak, and only formed inarticulate sounds. Neither could she write, yet she heard and understood. She had lost the instrument of thought, but thought remained. In lack of the words wanting to her, the accent of her voice, the gestures of her hand, and her expressive looks welcomed whoever came near her and joined in the conversations held before her. It was evident that her affections survived all else, but the exchange of thoughts, the clear expression of her will and her wishes, were forbidden to her.

'It would have been difficult to find for her a more painful privation—a torture which could more intimately try her, and that torture lasted for ten months. During the ten months' interval between her life and death, those who approached her had, as it were, a vision of purgatory. She slowly absorbed and fed upon its bitterness. Often tears ran down her cheeks, and there was sadness on her face, but never irritation or impatience. Six years before she had been seized in the midst of the night by a sudden and terrible form of pain, and she had, as it were, seen herself die. She recovered, but in that first meeting with Death she had learned not to fear him henceforth, but to regard him as a friend. She had no difficulty in welcoming him, and she had long since invoked him, when at last came the moment for her release, and the end of her sore trial. When she was told that she was about to receive the last

Sacraments, those around her heard, in token of her acquiescence, her soft murmur, which was habitual, change to a sudden cry of joy. When the sacred Host was brought to her, her body, which had been almost entirely inert, sought to rise, and her eyes lightened with a last flame. After that, all for her was finished. A few hours later, peacefully and without struggle, she rejoined in the bosom of God those good and delightful souls of whom she had told the story and immortalized the memory.

'During her long career she had lived the life of the world, the life of letters, and the Christian life, and in each of these three very differing lives she had equally excelled. Hers is a rare, and perhaps an inimitable, example of the supernatural harmony which can blend in one perfection the beauty of natural gifts, of the intellectual powers, and of the spiritual being.'

What can be added to this record of a soul thus witnessing to eighteen centuries of Christian cultivation by its fair and fruitful flower? Conscious of the Divine source of all love, she wove a chain in which are linked human and Divine passion. By the way of human tendernesses, human trial, human aspiration, she followed in the track of the Divine feet; she wrote the 'Roman,' as Louis Veuillot called it—'que Dieu lui-même a fait, et que seul il pouvait faire.'—'PARFUMS DE ROME,' i. 28.

'To show, however imperfectly, how the sister and friend of Albert and Alexandrine herself lived and died has been attempted in this Memoir, which should be but the herald of a more complete record. Of her work M. l'Abbé Mugnier, Vicaire of St. Thomas d'Aquin, well said in a lecture given to Catholic students the year after Mrs. Craven's death:

'When in after-times the Christian apologists of the day are counted, it will doubtless be found that it was a simple

woman, without pretensions to theological learning, who best knew how to raise an imperishable monument to her faith, and hers were the passing and delicate materials of smiles, of kisses, and of tears.'

Smiles and kisses and tears endowed with Sacramental grace !

To God she dedicated 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' God's blessing be on this story of her life.

INDEX.

ABERDEEN, Lord, 428
Acton, Lady, 17
Acton, Lord, 98
Acton, Sir Richard, 17
Aldenham, 40, 98
Amiens, Mrs. Craven visits, 50
'Anne Severin,' Mrs. Craven's novel, 173, 180, 183
Anspach, Margravine of, 21, 241, 376
Arrivabene, Count, 162
Arundel Castle, 76
Assisi, St. Francis of, 333
Augustine, Confessions of St., 393
d'Aumale, Duc, 227
Avenir, writers in the, 18
Awdry, Mrs. Ambrose, 349, 387
Ayrfield, visit to Lady G. Fullerton at, 347

Baden, visit to Palais Stephanie at, 294
Bagnano, Marchesa, 247
Bagneux, Archbishop of, 187
Bal des Bêtes, 395, 400
Ball, death of Mr. John, 480
Bariatinsky, Prince, 441
Bashkirtseff, Journal of Marie, 481, 484
Basilicata, earthquake in, 114
Béarn, Comtesse de, 184
Beauvau, Mdlle. de, 274, 432
Bellew, ball given in Paris by Mrs. Grattan, 266
Benedictines in Southern Italy, 163
Benedictines of La Trinità, 128
Berri, Duchesse de, 4
Berri, Duc de, 2; hasty word of the, 4
Berwick, Lord, 376
Biran, Maine de, 79, 132, 134, 247
Bisaccia, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, 359
Bishop, Mrs. Craven's letters to Mrs., 242, 245, 250, 254, 259, 262, 263, 265-68, 270, 274, 278, 283, 291, 296, 297, 301, 304, 307, 309, 311-14, 316, 320, 321, 324, 330, 331, 333, 335, 336, 339, 347-49, 351, 352, 354, 355, 358, 360, 362, 379, 382, 384, 385, 388, 390, 393, 394, 396, 399-401, 405, 410, 413, 416, 420, 421, 424, 425, 427, 428, 430-34, 437, 438, 440, 443, 444, 446, 447, 450, 456, 457, 460-62, 465, 467, 469, 472, 475, 479, 484, 489, 490
Bismarck, 456
Blacas, Bertrand de, 274, 446
Blacas, Duc de, 358, 385
Blacas, Comte Xavier de, 250
Blacas, Stanislas de, 382, 434
Blacas, Madame de, 382
Blount, Lady, 459
Blunt, Mr. Wilfrid, 416, 420
Boislecomte, Comte de, 156
Bontoux, M., 323, 324
Bouillerie, Monseigneur, 187
Boulanger, 455, 476
Boury, 26, 32, 206, 243, 340, 385, 388, 405, 500, 501
Bowles, translation of 'Le Récit' by Miss, 182
Bowood, 1
Breton race, 2
Bridgewater House, 23
Bright, Mr., 437
Broadlands, 1, 40, 93, 250
Brocket, 72, 73, 91
Broglie, A. de, 170

Broglie, Duc de, 448, 474, 475, 484
Broglie, Duchesse de, 259
Buckingham, life of the Marchioness of, 447
Burrowes, Mrs., 223, 232
Burton, Sir Frederic, 309
Butt, Dr., Bishop of Southwark, 445

Cadogan, Hon. Ethel, 350
Calpini, Abbé, 364, 370, 374
Cameron, Mrs., 287
Capecelatro, Cardinal, 162, 370
Carlingford, Lord, 327
Carlos, Don, 260
Carlsbad, 105
Carlyle, Thomas, 296
Cartwright, Mr., 376
Casanova, Alfonso, 163
Castagneto, 123, 152, 169, 172, 183, 196, 200, 227
Castelar, Emilio, 272
Castellane, Marquise de, 267, 301, 419, 444, 459, 462, 465
Catacombs, visit to the, 10
Caussade, Père, 173
Cava dei Tirreni, 122
Chamberlain, Mr., 421
Chambord, Comte de, 179, 209, 210, 342, 345
Chambord, Comtesse de, 345
Chapman, Rev. Mr., 472
Charette, M. de, 238
Charles X., 2
Chateaubriand, 3, 7
'Chemin parcouru, Le,' 353, 472, 474
'Chez Paddy,' 427, 437
Chocarne, Père, 253
Churchill, Lord R., 425
Claremont, General, 453
Claridge's Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Craven at, 351
Clemenceau, M., 470
Clifford, Mr., 472
Clifford, Dr., Bishop of Clifton, 190
Cloyne, resolutions of, 312, 313
Clumber, visit to, 74
Cochin, Augustin, 260
Cochin, Denys, 427, 428, 456
Cochin, Mme., 378, 424, 440, 456, 459, 499
Coleridge, Father, 402, 426, 436, 451, 452, 454
Coleridge, Lord, 273
Comte, 225
Consort, the Queen's Life of the Prince, 378
Constantine, the Grand Duchess, 261
'Contempt's Purge,' 315
Coombe Abbey, 420
Copyist, story of Mrs. Craven's, 449
Correspondant, Le, 187, 208, 211, 232, 476, 484, 501, 502
Corry, Mr. Henry, 90
'Cotty,' Mrs. Craven's little dog, 466
Couvreux, Abbé, 268, 446
Cowper, Lady, 255
Cowper, Lady Amabel, 255
Craven, Mrs., her capacity for enjoyment, 14; marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus, 25; first visit to England, 27; conversation between Alexandrine and Mrs., 35; appreciation of England, 40; 'liberalism,' 70; serious illness of, 388, 389; eightieth birthday party, 469; last illness of, 488; last year of suffering, 493; death of, 498.
Craven, Mr. Keppel, 21, 47-9
Craven, Mr. A., entered the army, 21; appointed Attaché at Naples, 22; reception into the Church of Rome, 25; appointed Attaché at Lisbon, 32; appointed Attaché at Brussels, 34; appointed Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart, 35; appointed private secretary to Lord Normanby in Paris, 35; defeat in Dublin, 49; 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' 267; letter to his wife, 270; acting, 279; serious illness of, 351, 363, 364, *seq.*, 370; death of, 370, 374-76
Croke, Archbishop, 332, 336, 438, 443

'Dainty,' 439
Damien, Père, 472, 474-76
Dangu, 54, 76, 156, 174
Dante, 62, 133, 378
Dauphin, the, 473
Davitt, Mr., 438
Denbigh, Lord, 414
De Ravignan, Père, 45
Deschamps, Monseigneur, 190
De Vere, Mr. Aubrey, 45, 180, 203, 205, 207, 221, 225, 251, 254, 255, 316, 318
Didier, M., Mrs. Craven's publisher, 254, 296, 297
Dillon, Mr. John, 315
Döllinger, Dr., 45, 188, 243
Dreux Brézé, Monseigneur de, 274

Dreux Brézé, Simone de, 274
Dreux Brézé, Vicomtesse de, 262, 266, 385, 389, 390, 495; letter to Mrs. Bishop, 500
Drummond, attack on convents by Mr., 44
Ducamps, Maxime, 353
Duff, letter to Mrs. Bishop from Sir Mountstuart Grant, 234, 235
Duff, letters from Mrs. Craven to Sir M. Grant, 235, 236, 239, 243, 246, 249, 251, 252, 258, 261, 271-73, 275, 280, 292, 301, 315, 321, 326, 327, 329, 334, 335, 340, 342-44, 349, 353, 383, 387, 397, 408, 411, 417, 422, 435, 437, 453, 464, 467, 476
Duff, article on Mr. L. Oliphant by Lady Grant, 464
Duff, Lady Grant, 482
Duff, Miss Clara Grant, 408
Dunraven, Lord, 214
Dupanloup, Monseigneur, Bishop of Orleans, 188, 214, 254, 424
Duras, Duchesse de, 52, 470

Eastern Question, 269
Education Bill of the Comte de Falloux, 189
Egypt, expedition of the English to, 328
'Eliane,' Mrs. Craven's novel, 319
Ellesmere, death of Lord, 98, 265
Emly, Lord, 45, 427. See also Monsell
Enfield, Lord and Lady, 289
Errington, Sir John and Lady Stanley, 290

Faber, Father, 88, 432
Falloux, Comte de, 147, 187, 189, 208, 227, 448
Farini, 161
Faubourg St. Germain, 450
'Fauntleroy, Little Lord,' 453
Feder, M., 323
Félix, Père, 100
Fénélon, striking words of, 494
Ferrari, Père, 277, 328
Ferronnays, birth of Mdlle. Pauline de la, 2; description of, 6, 21
Ferronnays, Albert de la, 16, 20
Ferronnays, Alexandrine de la, death of, 38, 244, 292, 377, 383, 384
Ferronnays, Comtesse F. de la, 359, 421
Ferronnays, Emma de la, 13, 242, 250
Ferronnays, Eugenie de la, 28, 33, 34, 173, 177, 377, 387, 422, 430, 432
Ferronnays, Fernand de la, 179
Ferronnays, Albertine de la, 13. See Panouse, Vicomtesse de la.
Ferronnays, Olga de la, 13, 34, 244, 376, 392, 422
Ferronnays, Marie de la, 262
Ferronnays, Marquis de la, 375; letter to Mr. Bishop, 503
Ferronnays, Les la, 450
Ferronnays, Comte de la, 2; appointed Ambassador to Russia, 5; liberal politics of the, 7; illness of and journey to Rome with Pauline, 8; nominated Ambassador to Rome, 8; resigns embassy, 13
Ferronnays, family of the La, reside at Naples, 14
ffrench, Mr. Robert Percy, 229, 409; letters from Mrs. Craven to, 415, 419; letter to Mrs. Bishop from, 409
Field, Mr. John W., 281
Figaro, Le, 451
Flandres, visit to the Comte and Comtesse de, 212
'Fleurange,' Mrs. Craven's novel, 198, 202, 204, 211, 219
Fleury, visit to Mme. Swetchine at, 80
Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Craven stay at, 62
Floquet, M., 462
Foisset, M., 187
Fox, Miss Mary, 218
Franco-German War, 202
Francqueville, Comte de, 274
Freeman's Journal, 428, 430
Frognal, visit to, 287
Fullerton, Mr. and Lady Georgiana, 75, 319
Fullerton, Lady G., French novel, 94; Lady G., 173, 182, 206, 225, 292, 302, 319, 350, 352-54, 356, 388, 391, 394, 396, 401, 407, 408, 423, 425, 426, 436, 440, 443, 445
Fullerton, Mr., 401, 421, 436, 441, 495; letters from Mrs. Craven, 303, 391, 402, 441, 442, 447, 449, 451-53, 471, 474, 477

Gabriac, Marquise de, 390

Gaisford, Lady Alice, 414, 425, 430
Galliera, Duchesse de, 322, 460
Gallwey, Rev. Father, 281, 290
Gambetta, 263, 264, 272, 322, 324
Garibaldi, 154, 155, 181
Gaulois, Le, 325
Gerbet, Abbé, 11, 18, 26, 28-32, 51, 68, 163, 167, 176, 178, 181, 188, 209, 357
German, Empress Augusta 238, 244, 283, 453; death of the, 483
German Emperor Frederick, 456
German Empress Frederick, 460, 468
German Emperor William, 485
Gibbons, Cardinal, 190
Giffen, Mr., 413
Gladstone, Mr., 241, 242, 319, 335, 397, 411, 414, 417, 420, 421, 423, 424, 431, 433, 437, 443, 444, 451, 467
Gordon, General, 352-57, 396, 414
Gower, Mr. F. Leveson, 215, 429
Gower, Mr. G. Leveson, 424
Gower, Lord Ronald Leveson, 349
Gracian, Balthazar, 261
Grancey, Baron de, 427
Granville, Lord, 319, 450
Granville, Marie, Lady, 1, 90, 98, 100
Gratry, Père, 79, 81, 114, 156, 210
Greenwich Hospital, Mrs. Craven visits Sir Thomas Hardy at, 27
Greg, Mr. W. R., 239
Gregory XVI., 466
Greville, Mr. Charles, 1, 28, 42, 306, 431, 435
Greville, Mr. Henry, 1, 28
Grünne, Comtesse de, 437
Grünne, Madeleine de, 414, 437
Guibert, Monseigneur, 213
Gurney, Mrs. Russell, 459

Halévy, Ludovic, 326
Hamilton, Duchess of, 186, 204
Hampden, 233
Hampton Court, 214, 233
d'Hanoncelles, death of Zizi, 483
d'Harcourt, Marquise, 259
Harcourt, Sir William, 308
Hardy, Miss Louisa, 247
Hardy, Sir Thomas, 27
Harris, Mr., 464
Harrison, Mr. Frederic, 338
Hartington, Lord, 421
Hatchford, 72
Haynald, Monseigneur, 187
Hecker, Rev. Father (founder of the Paulist congregation), 211, 245
Helvetius, 252
Herbert of Lea, Lady, 239, 355, 356, 406; letters from Mrs. Craven to, 356, 410, 417, 429, 437, 442, 458-60, 478; accident to, 463, 478; letter to Mrs. Bishop from, 496
Herbert, Hon. Michel, 459
Herbert, Hon. Sydney, 376
Herbert House, visit to, 347, 406
Hohenlohe, Prince, 380, 382
Holland, Lady, 409, 415, 416, 419; death of, 478
Holland House, 1, 74, 216, 233
Home Rule, 407, 409, 417, 423, 425, 433, 443
Hübner, Baron de, 468
Hügel, Lady Mary von, 430
Hugo, Victor, 316, 395
'Hurrish,' Hon. Emily Lawless's novel, 443

Infallibility, Papal, 187, 188, 200
Inverness, Duchess of, 93
Italian Reform, Mrs. Craven's thoughts on, 67

Jackson, Mrs., 286
Jerusalem, Notre Dame de Sion at, 435
Jubilee, the Queen's, 438, 440
Juigné, le Marquis de, 419

Kemble, Mrs., 297, 298, 329
Keogh, Judge, 217
Kerr, Mrs. Craven's letter to Lady Amabel, 256
Kerr, life of Henrietta, 425
Kerr, Lord Ralph, 445
Korsen, Albert and Alexandrine visit, 27
Kultur-Kampf, 251

Labouchère, visit to Lady Mary, 93
Lacordaire, Abbé, 100, 167, 208, 209, 404, 433; Mrs. Craven's letter to the, 164; letter to Mrs. Craven, 166
Lagrange, Abbé, 301
Lagrange, Comte de, 174
Lamartine, 7, 461
La Marmora, 170
La Mennais, Abbé de, 7, 18, 28, 29, 38, 143, 144, 188, 209
Lanti, Retreat at the Villa, 193

Lapoukhyn, Prince, 26
La Roche, 424, 455
La Roche en Brény, 109, 186, 231
La Rochefoucauld, visit to the Duchesse de, 156
La Touche, Mrs., 291, 311, 352, 413, 424, 427, 461
Latour d'Auvergne, 477
Lausanne, Curé of, 364. 365, 372, 374
Lefevre, article on Mr. Shaw, 461
Lennox, Lady Alexander, 284
Leo XIII., 321, 410, 459
Lépine, Mme. de, 400
Lichtenstein, Prince, 217
Lieven, Princess, 86
Lilly, Mr. W. S., 353, 372
Lisbon, Mr. and Mrs. Craven at, 32
Lisle, life of Rudolph de, 425
Littlehampton, visit to, 72
'Lothair,' Mrs. Craven's view of, 210
Loudier, Père, 299
Louis XVIII., letters to the Duc de Blacas from, 385
Loyson, M., 253
Lubbock, Sir John, 235
Lumigny, 80, 83, 85, 110, 113. 172, 231, 238, 246, 252, 254, 256, 405, 425-27, 433, 457; last visit to, 251
Lyons, Lord, 335, 443

McCabe, Cardinal, 332
MacMahon, Marshal, 265
Mahmoud, Chief Justice, 328
Maiche, visit to, 221
Maintenon, Madame de, 95
Maistre, Comte de, 18, 52
Malet, Sir Alexander, 376
Manning, Cardinal, 45, 225, 332. 407, 417
Marescalchi, Comte, 90
Maret, Monseigneur, 226
Marseilles, Bishop of, 187
Martin de Noirlieu, Abbé, 24
Mathew, Mary, 258. See Wolff, Mme.
Matignon, Père, 400, 452, 498, 504
Matthews, Mr., 425
Mayo, Lady, 437
Mazzini, 46
Meaux, Vicomte de, 281, 292, 386, 472; his article in the *Correspondant*, 501, 502
Menou, Château de, 382, 383
Mérimée, Prosper, 482, 484
Mermillod, Monseigneur, 187, 191, 221, 362
Mérode, Monseigneur de, 219
Metternich, Count, 5
Milbank, Sir John and Lady, 93
Minutolo, Adelaide Capece, 55, 185
Mohl, Mme., 408
Molesworth. Mrs., 414, 422
Monabri, 220, 230, 243, 254, 257, 362, 363, 379, 441
Mons, visit to, 413
Monsell, letters from Mrs. Craven to Mr., 63, 92, 147, 164, 169, 214, 216
Monsell, Mr., 44, 53; visit to, in London, 89
Monsell, Rev. John, 250
Montalembert, Comte de, 19, 94, 95, 109, 170, 174, 190, 197, 209, 242, 404, 451
Montalembert, Mrs. Craven's letter to the Comte and Comtesse de, 158
Montalembert, Comtesse de, 384, 488; in Rome, 219; in England, 214
Montalembert, the family of De, 378, 400, 433, 440
Montalembert, Madame Catherine de, 321
Montégut, M. de, 176
Montsoreau, Comtesse de, 3
Montsoreau, Marquise de, 4
Moriarty, Dr., Bishop of Kerry, 190, 228
Morley, Mr. John, 288, 289, 341, 411, 465
Morris, letters from Mrs. Craven to Miss O'Connor, 183, 196, 199-204, 207, 209, 216-26, 228, 231, 237, 238. See Bishop, Mrs.
'Le Mot de l'Enigme,' Mrs. Craven's novel, 115, 243, 277
Mouche, Duchesse de, 279
Mount Temple, Lord and Lady, 318
Mugnier, lecture by the Abbé, 508
Mun, Adrian de (Marquis), 33, 100, 111, 112, 173, 252, 488, 496
Mun, Abbé Bernard de, 314
Mun, Comte Albert de, 33, 213, 226, 251, 253, 255, 375, 381, 386, 397, 400, 414, 423, 430, 433, 456, 462, 501, 502; letter to Mrs. Bishop from, 503
Mun, Comtesse Albert de, 380
Mun, Claire de, 110
Mun, Marie de, 274
Mun, Marie Eugenie de, 416
Mun, Comte Robert de, 213. 430, 432-34, 446

Murat, Princess, 250

Naples, Mr. and Mrs. Craven's house at, 55, 145
Naples, state of feeling at, 67
Napoleon III., 46, 224, 258, 408
Natalie Narischkin, 244, 245, 258
Neapolitan Government, Mrs. Craven's opinion of the, 43
Neapolitan prisons, 47
Neapolitan society, 115
Newburgh, Lady, 430
Newman, Cardinal, 203, 241, 242, 309, 310, 467, 497, 499
Nora McCarthy, Mrs. Craven's maid, 379, 439, 495-97, 499
Norfolk, Duchess of, 76, 396, 436
Norfolk, Duke of, 414, 438
Normanby, Lord, 35, 376
Notre Dame, 100, 101
Nottingham, the Bishop of, 417
Nuncio, Papal, in Paris, 356, 394, 414, 417, 438. See Mgr. di Rende.
Nuneham, 57

O'Hagan, Lord, 309
Oliphant, Mrs., 214, 216, 219, 221
Oliphant, article by Lady Grant Duff on Mr. Laurence, 464
Ollivier, M. Emile, 383
O'Meara, Mrs., and her daughters, 248
O'Meara. Miss Kathleen, 248; letters from Mrs. Craven to, 277, 278, 281, 282, 318, 328, 445; extract from Journal of, 381, 389; death of, 457, 458; Mrs. Craven's sketch of, 486
O'Meara, Miss Geraldine, 318; letters from Mrs. Craven to, 458, 463
d'Orleans, Duc, 484
Orleans, Princess Amélie of, 422
Ossington, visit to, 72
Oxenham, Mr., 221
Oxford, Mrs. Craven's impressions of, 57
Ozanam, Frederic, 189, 248, 249; Miss K. O'Meara's life of, 248, 486

Pahlen, Count, 430
Pall Mall Gazette, 183, 428
Palmerston, Lord, 1, 26, 46, 94; Mr. Craven's translation of the life of, 378
Pamphili Gardens in Rome, thoughts in the, 119
Panouse, Vicomte et Vicomtesse de la, 381
Panouse, death of the Vicomte de la, 399
Panouse, Vicomtesse de la, 399. See Ferronnays, Albertine de la.
Papal aggression, 44
Papal envoy, 438, 442
Paris, Comte de, 342, 359, 422, 423, 471
Parnell, Mr., 315, 316, 336, 411, 423, 431, 466
'Parnellism and Crime,' 437
Pellegrini, charity of the, 119, 194
Perrin, M., Mrs. Craven's publisher, 387, 448
Petitot, Père, 83
Pigott, Mr., 467
Play, Frederic le, 224, 250, 398
Plumbers' Company, 480
Poerio, 46
Ponlevoy, Père, 172, 173, 246
Ponsonby, Lady, 218, 285, 344, 480
Ponsonby, Sir Henry, 338, 339 453
Porta, Monseigneur, 25
Porter, Rev. George, 400
Pozzo di Borgo, the Duchesse, death of, 483
'Priest in Politics,' 394
Primrose League, 417
Prince Imperial's death, 278
Priory, visit to the, 71

Queen, interest of the, in Mrs. Craven's books, 349, 350
Queen's letter to Mrs. Craven, 453

Radowitz, 280
Rastadt, 206
Ratisbonne, Alphonse, 78, 435
Ravaschieri, description of Mrs. Craven by the Duchesse, 47
Ravaschieri, Duchesse, 117, 171, 172, 219, 233, 343
Ravaschieri, Lina, 64, 107, 120, 124, 233; serious illness of, 146; death of, 155
Ravignan, Père de, 100, 246
Reay, Lord and Lady, 489
'Récit d'une Sœur,' 1, 17, 27, 28, 35, 53, 54, 78, 84, 119, 172, 174-76, 179-81, 190, 211, 234-36, 239, 240, 242, 247, 377, 387, 421, 432, 434, 451
Relics of the Revolution, 470
'Reminiscences,' 91, 94, 117, 140, 253

Renan, M., 344
Rende, Monsignor di, 256, 394, 414, 416; Cardinal di, 435. See Nuncio, Papal.
Restoration, Society of the, 6
Revolution of July, 1830, 13
Riario Sforza, 161
Richelieu, Duc de, 5, 90
Richemont, Comte de, 463; letter to Miss G. O'Meara, 499; letter to Mrs. Bishop, 502
Rio, M., 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 61, 150
Ripon, Lord, 428
Rivers, Lady, 94
Roche Aymon, Beatrix de la, 329
Rochechouart, memoirs of M. de, 483
Rochecotte, visits to Mme. de Castellane at, 431, 444, 458-67, 488
Rodriguez, Alfonsus, 240, 261
Rome, La Ferronnays family go to, 9; Holy Week in, 60, 116, 171; Mr. and Mrs. Craven pass the winter in, 182, 202
Romney, Mr. Craven's pictures by, 55, 223, 275, 308
Ross of Bladensburg, Captain, 414
Rusbrock, 194
Rushmore, 94
Russell, Lord John, 44

St. Anne's Hill, visit to, 409
Sainte-Beuve, 32
St. Simon, 94
Salinis, Abbé de, 29
Salisbury, Lord, 479
Salvation Army, 332
Salvo, Marquise de, 446
Saturday Review, 221
Savigné, Père, 105
Scott, Diary of Sir Walter, 19
Searle, Canon, 228
Senatore, Luigi, 294, 364, 373, 406
Shaftesbury, visit to Lady, 94
Shakspeare, 133, 378
Sigmaringen, visit to, 212
Simeon, Sir John, 236
Simon, Jules, 325
Sisters of Charity, 244
Smyth, Mr. P. J. (M.P.), 394
Spectator, The, 461, 476, 490
Spencer, Lord, 428
Stanley, Dean, 221
Stanley, Mr. H. M., 490
Stead, Mr., 352, 470
Stendahl, 484
Stephen, Mrs. Leslie, 286
Stephen, Mr. Leslie, 291
Stoke, visit to, 93
Story's, Theatricals at Mr., 183
Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord, 265
Strossmayer, Monseigneur, 187, 228
Stuttgart, Mr. Craven appointed Secretary of Legation at, 35
Suso, Henry, 34
Swetchine, Mme., 80, 81, 126, 134, 152, 156, 239, 262, 266, 321; Mrs. Craven's friendship for, 51; first letter to Mrs. Craven from, 53; death of, 108
Sydney, Lord, 259, 287

Tablet, The, 200, 472
Taine, M., 268, 301, 472
Taj Mahal, the, 240, 243, 408
Talbot, Mrs., 479
Talleyrand, Prince de, 7, 267, 301, 302, 465, 466
Talleyrand, Duc de, 302
'Talleyrand, Mission de, à Londres, en 1792,' 478
'Talleyrand, Memoires de,' 483, 502
Tasmanian Dean, 315
Temple, Sir W., British Minister at Naples, 26
Thiers, M., 74, 213, 229
Thorpe, Elisa, Mrs. Craven's maid, 223, 294, 295, 347, 384, 406, 407, 412, 413
Thouvenel, M., 468
Throckmorton, Minny, 478
Tourzel, Duchesse de, 4
Towneley, Miss, 309
Tractarian movement, Mrs. Craven's interest in the, 39
Trèves, Holy Coat at, 138
Trinità de' Monti, retreat at the, 191

Univers, L', 192, 193, 452
'Unravelled Convictions,' 255
Urquhart, Mrs., 414
d'Ursel, Duc et Duchesse, 413, 415
d'Ursel, Duchesse, 414, 418, 497
Ussé, visit to, 399

'Valbriant, Le,' Mrs. Craven's novel, 362, 403, 417, 419, 422
Vallombrosa, Duchesse de, 296, 426
Vane, Lord Harry, 72
Vatican Council, 183, 201, 241
Veuillot, M. Louis, 167, 189, 200, 301, 337, 508

Villemain, M., 178
Voltaire, 268

Waddington, M., 342
Walewski, Comte, 77
Walsh, Archbishop, 429
Ward, Mme., 425, 436
Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid, 450
Watts, Mr. G. F., 396
Wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Craven's golden, 365
White House, Tunbridge Wells, 344
Windsor, visit to the Norman tower at, 233
Wiseman, Cardinal, 44
Wittgenstein, Princess Léonille de Sayn, 220, 230, 372, 410, 501
Wolseley, Lord, 421
Worsley, 40, 50
Wrest Park, 233, 255

York House, Twickenham, 234, 288, 423

Zendt, Boury sold to M., 340

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